THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

strated Weekly

Fou 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Norman Rockwell

Beginning

Leave it to Psmith—By P. G. Wodehouse

SLICED PEACHES AND CREAM

Besides being a tempting dessert, DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches—just as they come from the can—are one of the finest winter breakfast fruits imaginable. Simply serve chilled with cream.

For another breakfast treat, try them with cereals. They take the place of sugar and cream, combining particularly well with either oatmeal, corn flakes or shredded wheat.

PEACH SHORT CAKE

Mix and sift 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ cup sugar. Cut in 4 tablespoons fat and add ⅔ cup milk. Roll out, cut into circles and bake in a hot oven. Split and spread drained DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches between layers and on top. Garnish with whipped cream.

PEACH BETTY

Mix 3 cups soft bread crumbs with ¾ cup sirup drained from DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches. Arrange in alternate layers with the drained sliced peaches in greased individual molds, sprinkling each layer of crumbs with sugar and a little cinnamon. Have bottom layer of the peaches. Bake 35 minutes in a moderate oven, turn out, surround with sliced peaches and garnish with whipped cream.

PEACH CREAM PIE

Drain 1 can DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches and place them in a pastry lined pie-plate. Mix 2½ tablespoons flour and 2½ tablespoons sugar together, gradually add 1½ cups cream, beat well, pour over peaches, sprinkle ½ teaspoon powdered nutmeg over the top, and bake for 20 to 25 minutes in a hot oven. Serve warm with cream.

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For over 500 other simple, thrifty suggestions for the service of DEL MONTE foods, write for a copy of "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor." It's free. Address Department 30, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

—and ready to serve— in the dead of winter?

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—but peeled and prepared—even sliced if you wish?

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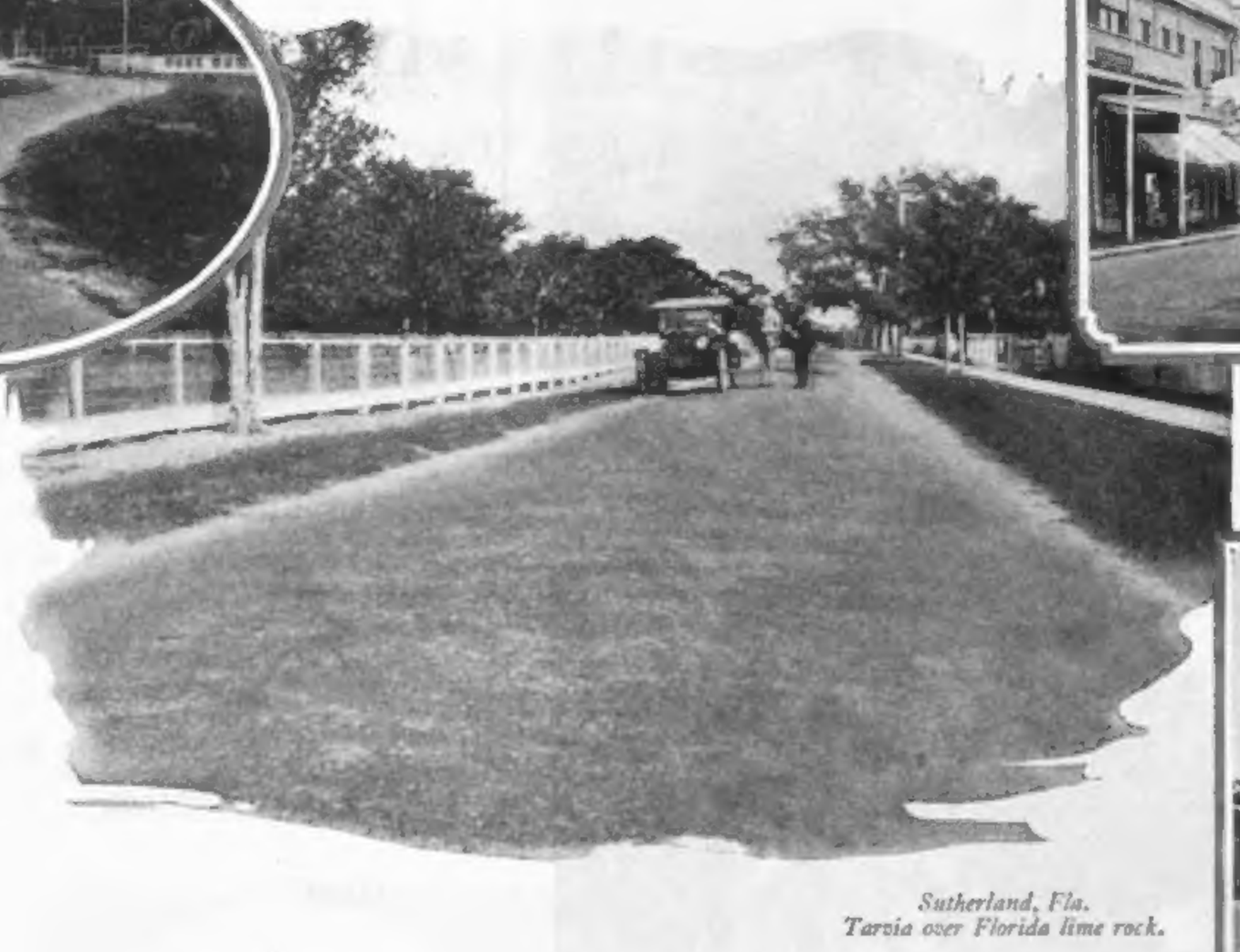
Or perhaps you wish peach halves. Ask for either Yellow Freestones (commonly called Yellow Peaches) or Yellow Clings—packed in three sizes of cans for the convenience of large, medium and small families. Or Melba Halves—an extra large fruit packed in No. 2½ cans.

That's the service of DEL MONTE—its one aim—to bring you the finest fruits and vegetables grown—prepared the way you want them—at economical cost. Whether it's peaches, pears, apricots, cherries, pineapple, asparagus, spinach, or a host of others, under the DEL MONTE label each variety is at its best—ready to add healthful freshness and flavor appeal to your year-round menu.

Prove their supreme goodness by serving some every day. The recipes above illustrate the menu possibilities at your command—not only with Sliced Peaches, but with more than a hundred other varieties of canned fruits, vegetables and food specialties packed under the DEL MONTE label.

Gulf Beach Drive, Ozona.
Tarvia over Florida lime rock.



Sutherland, Fla.
Tarvia over Florida lime rock.

Clematis Ave., West Palm Beach.
Tarvia treated.

A typical section of Tarvia surface on the famous Dixie Highway, Palm Beach County.

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How?

By washing *clean.*
By washing *with less boiling or hard rubbing.*
By washing *without fading.*
By *rinsing out completely.*

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***Faded* clothes are *damaged* clothes—**
The *soap* has failed!

P and G The White Naphtha Soap possesses cleansing properties which few women expect to find in soap—your laundress can *boil* with it, *rub* with it, *scrub* with it, if she likes; but she seldom needs to do *any* of these. P and G washes easily.

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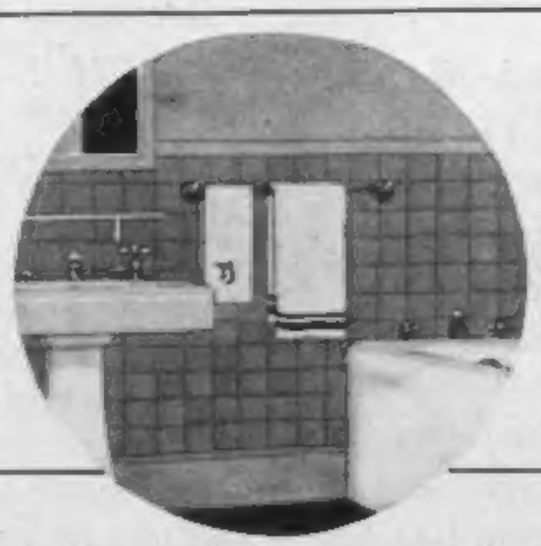
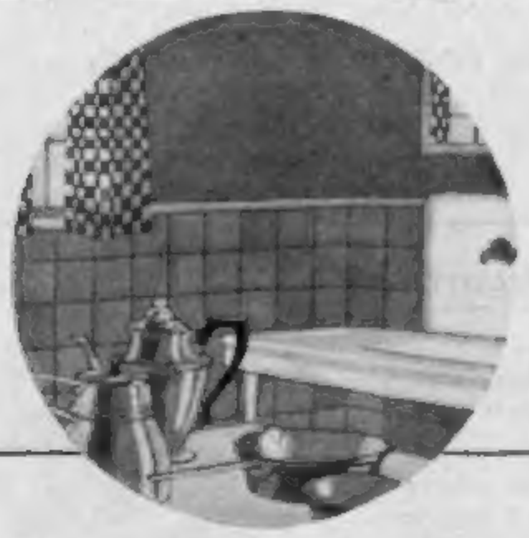
PROCTER & GAMBLE

THIS IS *a safe, sure* washing method for children's colored dresses: Dip in lukewarm water, soap with P and G, let soak half an hour. Then wash, without boiling. This method brings out the *best* in them—no wear, no fading.



PART OF THE DIRT from hands and face comes off on towels. Soap both sides of towel with P and G, soak and wash. Result: The original fresh whiteness is restored.



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Not merely a white laundry soap,
But the best features of both combined.

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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LEAVE IT TO PSMITH

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

CHAPTER I

AT THE open window of the great library of Blandings Castle, drooping like a wet sock as was his habit when he had nothing to prop his spine against, the Earl of Emsworth, that amiable and bone-headed peer, stood gazing out over his domain. It was a lovely morning and the air was fragrant with gentle summer scents. Yet in his lordship's pale-blue eyes there was a look of melancholy. His brow was furrowed, his mouth peevish. And this was all the more strange in that he was normally as happy as only a fluffy-minded man with excellent health and a large income can be. A writer, describing Blandings Castle in a magazine article, had once said, "Tiny mosses have grown in the cavities of the stones, until, viewed near at hand, the place seems shaggy with vegetation." It would not have been a bad description of the proprietor. Fifty-odd years of serene and unruffled placidity had given Lord Emsworth a curiously moss-covered look. Very few things had the power to disturb him. Even his younger son, the Hon. Freddie Threepwood, could only do it occasionally.

Yet now he was sad. And—not to make a mystery of it any longer—the reason of his sorrow was the fact that he had mislaid his glasses and without them was as blind, to use his own neat simile, as a bat. He was keenly aware of the sunshine that poured down on his gardens, and was yearning to pop out and potter among the flowers he loved. But no man, pop he never so wisely, can hope to potter with any good result if the world is a mere blur.

The door behind him opened, and Beach the butler entered, a dignified procession of one.

"Who's that?" inquired Lord Emsworth, spinning on his axis.

"It is I, your lordship—Beach."

"Have you found them?"

"Not yet, your lordship," sighed the butler.

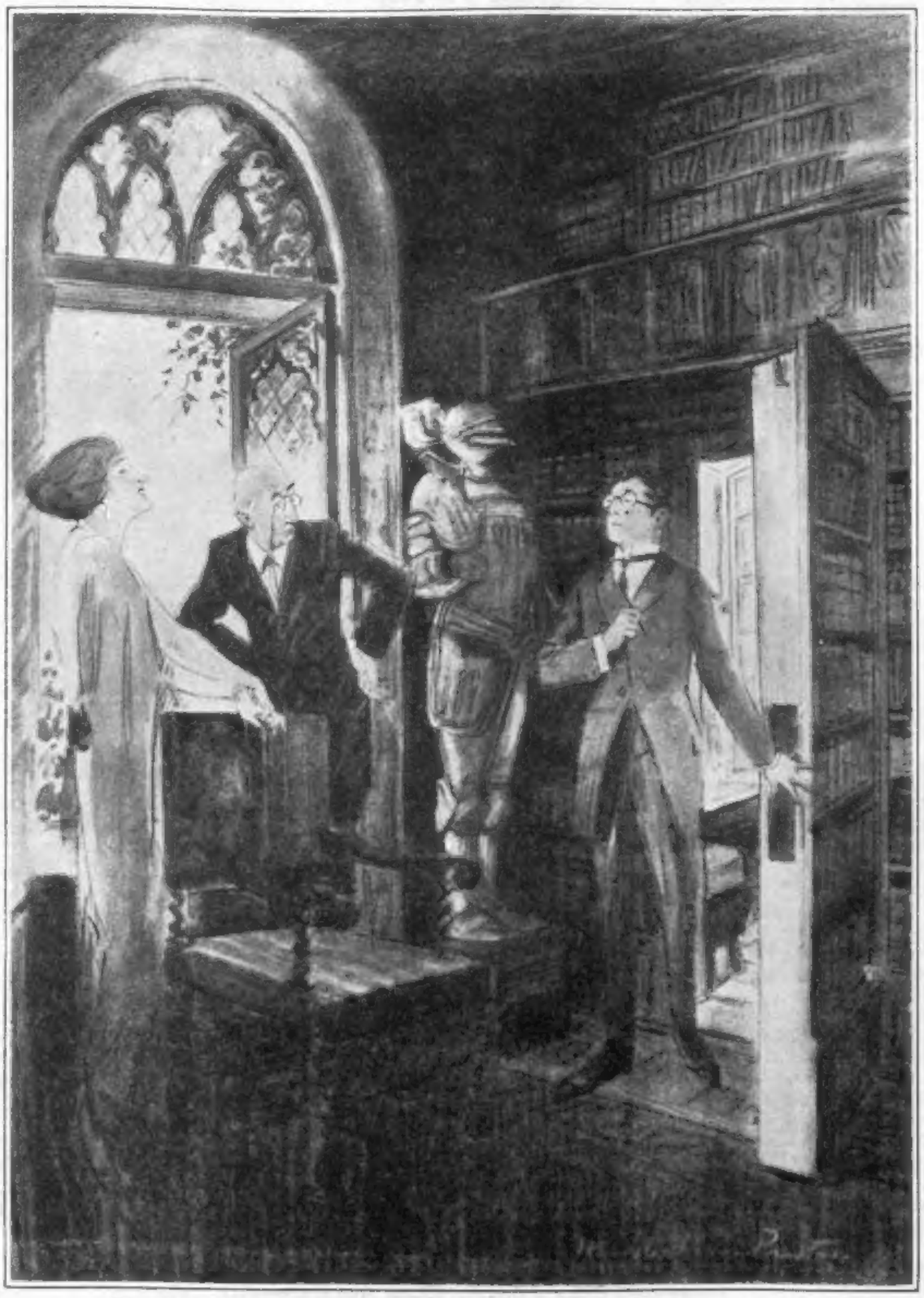
"You can't have looked."

"I have searched assiduously, your lordship, but without avail. Thomas and Charles also announce nonsuccess. Stokes has not yet made his report."

"Ah!"

"I am redispatching Thomas and Charles to your lordship's bedroom," said the master of the hunt. "I trust that their efforts will be rewarded."

Beach withdrew, and Lord Emsworth turned to the window again. The scene that spread itself beneath him—though he was unfortunately not able to see it—was a singularly beautiful one, for the castle, which is one of the oldest inhabited houses in England, stands upon a knoll of rising ground at the southern end of the celebrated Vale of Blandings in the county of Shropshire. Away in the blue distance wooded hills ran down to where the Severn gleamed like an unsheathed sword; while up from the river rolling park land, mounting and dipping, surged in a green wave almost to the castle walls, breaking on the terraces in a many-colored flurry of flowers as it reached the spot where the province of Angus McAllister, his lordship's head gardener, began. The day being June the thirtieth, which is the very high-tide time of summer flowers, the immediate neighborhood of the castle was ablaze with roses, pinks, pansies, carnations, hollyhocks, columbines, larkspurs, London pride, Canterbury bells and a multitude of other choice blooms of which only Angus could have told you the names. A conscientious man was Angus; and in spite of being a good deal hampered by Lord Emsworth's amateur assistance, he showed excellent results in his department. In his beds there was much at which to point with pride, little to view with concern.



"To Suit Everybody's Convenience I Have Arranged That Miss Halliday Shall Call to See You at Your Club Tomorrow After Lunch"

Scarcely had Beach removed himself when Lord Emsworth was called upon to turn again. The door had opened for the second time, and a young man in a beautifully cut suit of gray flannel was standing in the doorway. He had a long and vacant face topped by shining hair brushed back and heavily brilliantined after the prevailing mode, and he was standing on one leg. For Freddie Threepwood was seldom completely at his ease in his parent's presence.

"Hullo, guv'nor."

"Well, Frederick?"

It would be paltering with the truth to say that Lord Emsworth's greeting was a warm one. It lacked the note of true affection. A few weeks before he had had to pay a matter of five hundred pounds to settle certain racing debts for his offspring; and though this had not actually dealt an irretrievable blow at his bank account, it had undeniably tended to diminish Freddie's charm in his eyes.

"Hear you've lost your glasses, guv'nor."

"That is so."

"Nuisance, what?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Ought to have a spare pair."

"I have broken my spare pair."

"And lost the other?"

"And, as you say, lost the other."

"Have you looked for the bally things?"

"I have."

"Must be somewhere, I mean."

"Quite possibly."

"Where," asked Freddie, warming to his work, "did you see them last?"

"Go away!" said Lord Emsworth, on whom his child's conversation had begun to exercise an oppressive effect.

"Eh?"

"Go away!"

"Go away?"

"Yes, go away!"

"Right ho!"

The door closed. His lordship returned to the window once more. He had been standing there some few minutes when one of those miracles occurred which happens in libraries. Without sound or warning a section of books started to move away from the parent body and, swinging out in a solid chunk into the room, showed a glimpse of a small studylike apartment. A young man in spectacles came noiselessly through and the books returned to their place.

The contrast between Lord Emsworth and the newcomer, as they stood there, was striking, almost dramatic. Lord Emsworth was so acutely spectacleless; Rupert Baxter, his secretary, so pronouncedly spectacled. It was his spectacles that struck you first as you saw the man. They gleamed efficiently at you. If you had a guilty conscience they pierced you through and through; and even if your conscience was 100 per cent pure you could not ignore them. "Here," you said to yourself, "is an efficient young man in spectacles."

In describing Rupert Baxter as efficient you did not overestimate him. He was essentially that. Technically but a salaried subordinate, he had become by degrees, owing to the limp amiability of his employer, the real master of the house. He was the brains of Blandings, the man at the switch, the person in charge, and the pilot, so to speak, who weathered the storm. Lord Emsworth left everything to Baxter, only asking to be allowed to potter in peace; and Baxter, more than equal to the task, shouldered it without wincing.

Having got within range, Baxter coughed; and Lord Emsworth, recognizing the sound, wheeled round with a faint flicker of hope. It might be that even this apparently insoluble problem of the missing *pince-nez* would yield before the other's efficiency.

"Baxter, my dear fellow, I've lost my glasses. My glasses—I have mislaid them. I cannot think where they can have gone to. You haven't seen them anywhere by any chance?"

"Yes, Lord Emsworth," replied the secretary quietly, equal to the crisis. "They are hanging down your back."

"Down my back? Why, bless my soul!" His lordship tested the statement and found it—like all Baxter's statements—accurate. "Why, bless my soul, so they are! Do you know, Baxter, I really believe I must be growing absent-minded." He hauled in the slack, secured the *pince-nez*, adjusted them beamingly. His irritability had vanished like the dew off one of his roses. "Thank you, Baxter, thank you. You are invaluable."

And with a radiant smile Lord Emsworth made buoyantly for the door, en route for God's air and the society of McAllister. The movement drew from Baxter another cough—a sharp, peremptory cough this time—and his lordship paused reluctantly, like a dog whistled back from the chase. A cloud fell over the sunniness of his mood. Admirable as Baxter was in so many respects, he had a tendency to worry him at times; and something told Lord Emsworth that he was going to worry him now.

"The car will be at the door," said Baxter with quiet firmness, "at two sharp."

"Car? What car?"

"The car to take you to the station."

"Station? What station?"

Rupert Baxter preserved his calm. If he found his employer a little trying, he never showed it.

"You have perhaps forgotten, Lord Emsworth, that you arranged with Lady Constance to go to London this afternoon."

"Go to London!" gasped Lord Emsworth, appalled. "In weather like this? With a thousand things to attend to in the garden? What a perfectly preposterous notion! Why should I go to London? I hate London."

"You arranged with Lady Constance that you would give Mr. McTodd lunch tomorrow at your club."

"Once and for All, Joe," Said Lady Constance, Losing Her Amiability and Becoming Suddenly Imperious and Cleopatrine, "I Will Not Keep That Necklace in a Bank"

"Who the devil is Mr. McTodd?"

"The well-known Canadian poet."

"Never heard of him."

"Lady Constance has long been a great admirer of his work. She wrote inviting him, should he ever come to England, to pay a visit to Blandings. He is now in London and is to come down tomorrow. Lady Constance's suggestion was that, as a compliment to Mr. McTodd's eminence in the world of literature, you should meet him in London and bring him back here yourself."

Lord Emsworth remembered now. He also remembered that this positively infernal scheme had not been his sister Constance's in the first place. It was Baxter who had made the suggestion, and Constance had approved. He made use of the recovered *pince-nez* to glower through them at his secretary; and not for the first time in recent months was aware of a feeling that this fellow Baxter was becoming a dashed infliction. Baxter was getting above himself, throwing his weight about, making himself a confounded nuisance. He wished he could get rid of the man. But where could he find an adequate successor? That was the trouble. With all his drawbacks, Baxter was efficient. Nevertheless, for a moment Lord Emsworth toyed with the pleasant dream of dismissing him. And it is possible, such was his exasperation, that he might on this occasion have done something practical in that direction had not the library door at this moment opened for the third time, to admit yet another intruder—at the sight of whom his lordship's belligerent mood faded weakly.

"Oh, hullo, Connie!" he said guiltily, like a small boy caught in the jam cupboard. Somehow his sister always had this effect upon him.

Of all those who had entered the library that morning, the new arrival was the best worth looking at. Lord Emsworth was tall and lean and scraggy; Rupert Baxter thickset and handicapped by that vaguely grubby appearance which is presented by swarthy young men of bad complexion; and even Beach, though dignified, and Freddie, though slim, would never have got far in a beauty competition. But Lady Constance Keeble really took the eye. She was a strikingly handsome woman in the middle forties. She had a fair, broad brow, teeth of a perfect even whiteness and the carriage of an empress. Her eyes were large and gray and gentle—and incidentally misleading, for "gentle" was hardly the adjective which anybody who knew her would have applied to Lady Constance. Though genial enough when she got her way, on the rare occasions when people attempted to thwart her she was apt to comport herself in a manner reminiscent of Cleopatra on one of the latter's bad mornings.

"I hope I am not disturbing you," said Lady Constance with a bright smile. "I just came in to tell you to be sure not to forget, Clarence, that you are going to London this afternoon to meet Mr. McTodd."

"I was just telling Lord Emsworth," said Baxter, "that the car would be at the door at two."

"Thank you, Mr. Baxter. Of course I might have known that you would not forget. You are so wonderfully capable. I don't know what in the world we would do without you."

The efficient Baxter bowed. But, though gratified, he was not overwhelmed by the tribute. The same thought had often occurred to him independently.

"If you will excuse me," he said, "I have one or two things to attend to."

"Certainly, Mr. Baxter."

The efficient one withdrew through the door in the bookshelf. He realized that his employer was in fractious mood, but knew that he was leaving him in capable hands.

Lord Emsworth turned from the window, out of which he had been gazing with a plaintive detachment. "Look here, Connie," he grumbled feebly. "You know I hate literary fellows. It's bad enough having them in the house, but when it comes to going to London to fetch 'em ——"

He shuffled morosely. It was a perpetual grievance of his, this practice of his sister's of collecting literary celebrities and dumping them down in the home for indeterminate visits. You never knew when she was going to spring another on you. Already since the beginning of the year he had suffered from a round dozen of the species at brief intervals; and at this very moment his life was being poisoned by the fact that Blandings was sheltering a certain Miss Aileen Peavey, the mere thought of whom was enough to turn the sunshine off as with a tap.

"Can't stand literary fellows," proceeded his lordship. "Never could. And, by Jove, literary females are worse! Miss Peavey ——" Here words temporarily failed the owner of Blandings. "Miss Peavey," he resumed after an eloquent pause—"who is Miss Peavey?"

"My dear Clarence," replied Lady Constance tolerantly, for the fine morning had made her mild and amiable, "if you do not know that Aileen is one of the leading poetesses of the younger school you must be very ignorant."

"I don't mean that. I know she writes poetry. I mean who is she? You suddenly produced her here like a rabbit out of a hat," said his lordship in a tone of strong resentment. "Where did you find her?"

"I first made Aileen's acquaintance on an Atlantic liner when Joe and I were coming back from our trip round the world. She was very kind to me when I was feeling the motion of the vessel. . . . If you mean, what is her family, I think Aileen told me once that she was connected with the Rutlandshire Peaveys."

"Never heard of them!" snapped Lord Emsworth. "And if they're anything like Miss Peavey, God help Rutlandshire!"

Tranquil as Lady Constance's mood was this morning, an ominous stoniness came into her gray eyes at these words, and there is little doubt that in another instant she would have discharged at her mutinous brother one of those shattering come-backs for which she had been celebrated in the family from nursery days onward; but at this juncture the efficient Baxter appeared again through the bookshelf.

"Excuse me," said Baxter, securing attention with a flash of his spectacles. "I forgot to mention, Lord Emsworth, that to suit everybody's convenience I have arranged that Miss Halliday shall call to see you at your club tomorrow after lunch."

"Good Lord, Baxter!" The harassed peer started as if he had been bitten in the leg. "Who's Miss Halliday? Not another literary female?"

"Miss Halliday is the young lady who is coming to Blandings to catalogue the library."

"Catalogue the library? What does it want cataloguing for?"

"It has not been done since the year 1885."

"Well, and look how splendidly we've got along without it," said Lord Emsworth acutely.

"Don't be so ridiculous, Clarence," said Lady Constance, annoyed. "The catalogue of a great library like this must be brought up to date." She moved to the door. "I do wish you would try to wake up and take an interest in things. If it wasn't for Mr. Baxter, I don't know what would happen."

And with a beaming glance of approval at her ally she left the room. Baxter, coldly austere, returned to the subject under discussion.

"I have written to Miss Halliday, suggesting 2:30 as a suitable hour for the interview."

"But look here ——"

"You will wish to see her before definitely confirming the engagement."

"Yes, but look here; I wish you wouldn't go tying me up with all these appointments."

"I thought that as you were going to London to meet Mr. McTodd ——"

"But I'm not going to London to meet Mr. McTodd!" cried Lord Emsworth with weak fury. "It's out of the question. I can't possibly leave Blandings. The weather may break at any moment. I don't want to miss a day of it."

"The arrangements are all made."

"Send the fellow a wire—unavoidably detained."

"I could not take the responsibility for such a course myself," declared Baxter coldly. "But possibly if you were to make the suggestion to Lady Constance ——"

"Oh, dash it!" said Lord Emsworth unhappily, at once realizing the impossibility of the scheme. "Oh, well, if I've got to go, I've got to go," he said after a gloomy pause. "But to leave my garden, and stew in London at this time of the year ——"

There seemed nothing further to say on the subject. He took off his glasses, polished them, put them on again and shuffled to the door. After all, he reflected, even though the car was coming for him at two, at least he had the morning, and he proposed to make the most of it. But his first careless rapture at the prospect of pottering among his flowers was dimmed and would not be recaptured. He did not entertain any project so mad as the idea of defying his sister Constance, but he felt extremely bitter about the whole affair. Confound Constance! Dash Baxter! Miss Peavey ——

The door closed behind Lord Emsworth.

II

LADY CONSTANCE, meanwhile proceeding downstairs, had reached the big hall, when the door of the smoking room opened and a head popped out; a round, grizzled head with a healthy pink face attached to it.

"Connie!" said the head.

Lady Constance halted.

"Yes, Joe."

"Come in here a minute," said the head. "Want to speak to you."

Lady Constance went into the smoking room. It was large and cozily book-lined, and its window looked out onto an Italian garden. A wide fireplace occupied nearly the whole of one side of it, and in front of this—his legs spread to an invisible blaze—Mr. Joseph Keeble had already taken his stand. His manner was bluff, but an acute observer might have detected embarrassment in it.

"What is it, Joe?" asked Lady Constance, and smiled pleasantly at her husband.

When, two years previously, she had married this elderly widower, of whom the world knew nothing beyond the fact that he had amassed a large fortune in South African diamond mines, there had not been wanting cynics to set the match down as one of convenience, a purely business arrangement by which Mr. Keeble exchanged his money for Lady Constance's social position. Such was not the case. It had been a genuine marriage of affection on both sides. Mr. Keeble worshiped his wife and she was devoted to him, though never foolishly indulgent. They were a happy and united couple.

Mr. Keeble cleared his throat. He seemed to find some difficulty in speaking. And when he spoke it was not on the subject which he had intended to open, but on one which had already been worn out in previous conversations.

"Connie, I've been thinking about that necklace again."

Lady Constance laughed.

"Oh, don't be silly, Joe. You haven't called me into this stuffy room on a lovely morning like this to talk about that for the hundredth time."

"Well, you know, there's no sense in taking risks."

"Don't be absurd. What risks can there be?"

"There was a burglary over at Winstone Court, not ten miles from here, only a day or two ago."

"Don't be so fussy, Joe."

"That necklace cost nearly twenty thousand pounds," said Mr. Keeble in the reverent voice in which men of business traditions speak of large sums.

"I know."

"It ought to be in the bank."

"Once and for all, Joe," said Lady Constance, losing her amiability and becoming suddenly imperious and Cleopatrine, "I will not keep that necklace in a bank. What on earth is the use of having a beautiful necklace if it is lying in the strong room of a bank all the time? There is the hunt ball coming on, and the county ball after that, and—well, I need it. I will send the thing to the bank when we pass through London on our way to Scotland, but not till then. And I do wish you would stop worrying me about it."

There was a silence. Mr. Keeble was regretting now that his unfortunate poltroonery had stopped him from tackling in a straightforward and manly fashion the really important matter which was weighing on his mind, for he perceived that his remarks about the necklace, eminently sensible though they were, had marred the genial mood in which his wife had begun this interview. It was going to be more difficult now than ever to approach the main issue. Still, ruffled though she might be, the thing had to be done; for it involved a matter of finance, and in matters of finance Mr. Keeble was no longer a free agent. He and Lady Constance had a mutual banking account, and it was she who supervised the spending of it. This was an arrangement, subsequently regretted by Mr. Keeble, which had been come to in the early days of the honeymoon.

Mr. Keeble coughed; not the sharp, efficient cough which we have heard Rupert Baxter uttering in the library, but a feeble, strangled thing like the bleat of a diffident sheep.

"Connie," he said—"er—Connie ——"

And at the words a sort of cold film seemed to come over Lady Constance's eyes, for some sixth sense told her what subject it was that was now about to be introduced.

"Connie, I—er—had a letter from Phyllis this morning."

Lady Constance said nothing. Her eyes gleamed for an instant, then became frozen again. Her intuition had not deceived her.

Into the married life of this happy couple only one shadow had intruded itself up to the present. But unfortunately it was a shadow of considerable proportions—a kind of supershadow, and its effect had been chilling. It was Phyllis, Mr. Keeble's stepdaughter, who had caused it by the simple process of jilting the rich and suitable young man whom Lady Constance had

(Continued on Page 101)

"I Say, Gus'ner, Do You Think I Might Go Up to Town With You This Afternoon?"

The Sunny Side of a Small Town

By CORINNE LOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE end of my great romance came in a sordid way. I suppose, indeed, that many similar affairs are concluded in the same fashion. A look at the sapphire bracelet, at the fittings of a limousine, at a bunch of orchids with their lolling, mottled tongues—in some such concrete presentment of the cost of a love mankind is swept frequently to a final valuation of a love. Is she really worth it—all the effort of brain and hand demanded by those gifts?

After this prologue I proceed unblushingly to my story. I had taken three friends of mine to an ephemeral Broadway show. The cost of our tickets was fifteen dollars. A preliminary dinner had uprooted seventeen more of these coins. Taxis to and from the theater had still further thinned the mob scene of dollars with which I had begun the evening. Even so, however, I was filled with a sense of negligent performance, of defective hospitality.

The after-theater supper! How about that? The specter of this rose suddenly to chill a mind already somewhat chilled by previous expenditures. Finally I bethought me of a compromise.

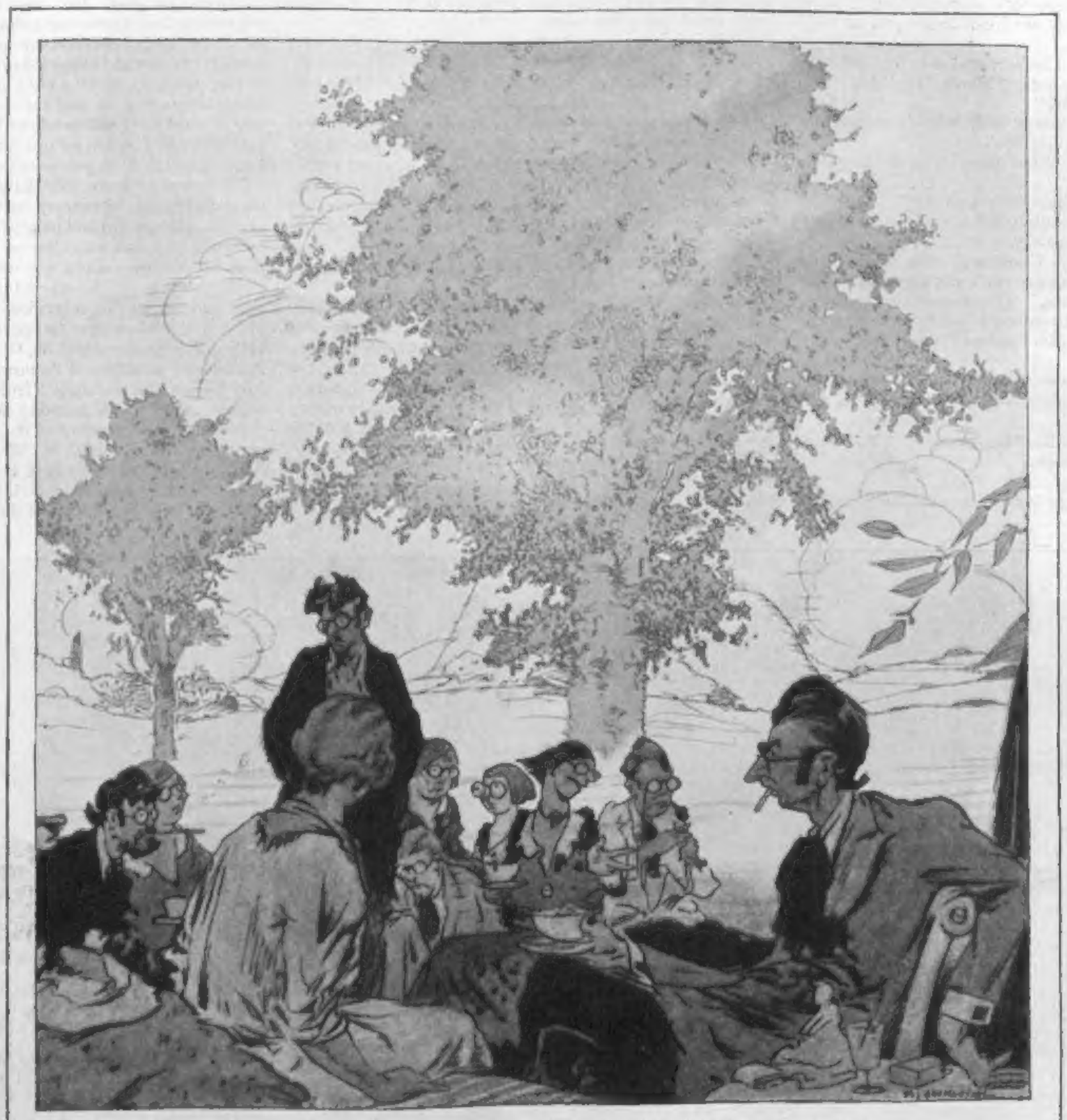
"What about a lemonade or a sundae?" I suggested.

Everybody agreed at once, and we jumped out in front of a certain dispensary of soft drinks and other rare delicacies. I forget now what it was I ordered, but I do remember that it was nothing to call forth either costly ingredients or superior talent.

"Two dollars and eighty cents," demanded the man behind the window.

"What?" exclaimed I. "I only ordered four!"

"Two dollars and eighty cents," repeated the man with a certain expression.



I Replied That it Was a Town in the Cumberland Valley. "And Don't You Find it Difficult to Go Back?" Asked He

Cured

WELL I knew that look in his eyes. I had met it a thousand times before in my negotiations with metropolitan purveyors, and long since I had interpreted it as saying, "Well, well, I thought from the minute I saw you that you couldn't afford to be here." Heretofore the expression had always goaded me into the largest orders, the most reckless gratuities. Tonight, however, I failed to react in my customary manner. And as I sipped my seventy-cent drink through its straw I had the experience of Henry Esmond when Beatrix came upon his duel with the prince. The love of many years fell dead at my feet. My romance with New York was at an end.

I am not exaggerating the infatuation from which I was thus finally delivered. For twelve years the great metropolis had possessed me. I had felt as uncomfortable when I was away from it as an English sparrow banished to the lonely haunts of a whippoorwill. I loved its great skyscrapers biting into the sunset clouds. I loved Madison Square when in the early evening a thousand golden windows fall like flakes upon its high tower, flakes that brush softly against the lilac night. The sight of its cañons swimming in the saffron haze of late afternoon, of its Fifth Avenue sailing under the flags of a holiday—these always caused me to break out into an ecstatic rash of metaphors.

Even the faults of New York were endearing to me. I didn't mind its crowded Subways or its convulsive busses. The clang of the Elevated had the same tonic sound in my ears as a bugle. All the multiple noises and smells—what were they, indeed, but an aspirate of that subjective contact which never failed to thrill me? The touching of mind against mind, the sharp click of ideas, the constancy of novelty—this was what New York meant to me.

You may gather from all this that I was in a state of thorough prostration before my idol. In fact the extent of this slavery may surround the moment of my final disillusionment with an atmosphere of the grotesque. What? Give all this up because of one costly soft drink? Yes, but remember that this was no isolated experience. It must be taken into account by all who are scandalized by such apparent shallowness of nature that the lemonade straw which finally broke this worshiper's back was added to an already intolerable burden of disproportionate expenditure.

And what, in return for this long and patient carrier service, had New York given me? It is to this inquiry that I burn to dedicate whatever wisdom, whatever sense of life's values may be left to me from my devastating passion.

First of all, I wish to say that I never lived in New York. I merely experimented with animation. To live there requires at least ten or twelve thousand dollars a year. Nothing less will cover the cost of a comfortable apartment in an agreeable neighborhood, of a maid or man servant, of good food, good clothes, entertainments and shock absorbers. The last-named element of expense includes taxis or a private car, gratuities and all those other agencies which stand between you and the pressure of the metropolis.

I myself started my New York career in a hotel in the downtown section. This hostelry, which was at that time inhabited chiefly by people trying to get some muse to keep her appointments, is an exceedingly good one, and gives you more for your money than any other institution I found in Gotham. Unfortunately, however, I had not at first much money to give it, and so I got in return a sort of arrow showing you where the room ought to be. This indication was fitted up with a narrow couch bed—it was so hard only a creek could have rested on it comfortably—a chair, a desk and a piping hot radiator. Compressed between these articles, parched by the desert blasts of steam heat, I started out to commit literature.

On My Own

EVENTUALLY I moved into more commodious quarters, and it was eight years before I fled these proved advantages. My only reason for moving at all was a progressive sense of having taken the vows. The inmates, save for a few married couples, were as unswervingly celibate as they were artistic. And as autumn after autumn I came back to find the other single fellows—men and women—a little more sallow, a little plumper, a bit more middle-aged, I began to fear that eventually people would call me Sister Corinne.

After I exchanged the institutional life for the individualistic one, my first tilt was with an apartment on South Washington Square. This contained a large living room, adjoining a felicitous mixture of kitchen and bedroom. So fused were the functions of the latter space that it was hard to tell where the ice box left off and the box couch began. The lettuce laid its weary head close to my own and the garlic cloves mingled their fumes with my nocturnal hair tonic. However, with a futuristic curtain to cut off this vista of mingled tubers and tubes, cream and cold cream, talcum powder and baking powder, the front room did very well.

The coziness of the company section was largely dependent upon a wood fire. Unfortunately this feature predicates wood, and it was not until I undertook keeping the home fires burning that I discovered how shy a commodity this really is. To be sure, the sum of one dollar used to purchase me twelve toothpicks that the imaginative vender described as logs. But a little bundle like this hardly lasts through one cold day, and so in order to be

I Didn't Mind Its Crowded Subways

cozy I often had to spend eight dollars a week. Sometimes as I sat by that furtive blaze an old English Christmas carol came to haunt me. If the merry, merry boys had been told to bring in one of these yule logs, the noise with which they were recommended to come would have been one indignant yelp of "Where is the durned thing?"

The house where I was billeted was old and dark. The stairs were decrepit and the janitor more so. There was no service in the house—elevator, telephone or front-door custodian. My bath was at the end of a long corridor, and when I wanted to wash dishes I introduced a pastoral touch by carrying pails of water from this distant source of supply to my rooms. Once, I remember, when I was in transit with my bucket I was caught by the representative of a certain publishing house. He stared at me in alarm.

"Why, what's the matter? Anything on fire?" he asked.

"Yes," said I with marvelous composure; "I've just had a small fire."

This was quite true. My last toothpick had been consumed only a few moments previously.

Yet for this rococo abode, identical with the foundries in which our chief Greenwich Village poetry and batik are forged, I paid forty dollars a month, a sum for which I could rent the most comfortable house in my own home town. Remember, too, that this was four years ago, and that now this same apartment would require at least twenty dollars more.

I suppose there has always lingered in my heart an unworthy affection for shining white porcelain and some division of space between my casserole and my toothbrush. This ineradicable bourgeois taint finally drove me to East Thirty-fourth Street. Here I obtained a large, unfurnished front room with bath. The landlady must have taken a fancy to me, for she let me have these quarters—in a house without service and almost a square shy of the fashionable boundary—for seventy-five dollars a month.

I tried this room for a reasonable period, and then I had to admit that I could not sleep in it.

"What!" exclaimed another inmate of the house. "Do you mind the noise?"

'Twixt Bootleggers and Four-Leggers

I CONCEDED that I was awfully neurasthenic, but that a street-car line combined with the heavy trucks which thundered to and from the post office across the street had managed to rob me of my usual rest. Thereupon I was moved to a back room on the same floor. Here the nights were more or less inviolate, but the days made up for them. For somewhere in the neighborhood a piano teacher, who had evidently inspired the confidence of every New Yorker unable to tell C from G, worked steadily at his job. Unfortunately, too, his professional inflictions were often accompanied by the recreational ones of a waiter in a near-by establishment. The waiter had a melancholy temperament and strong lungs. Both were liberated through a cornet, and hour after hour he swung between two selections—There is a Land Mine Eye Hath Seen and Flee as a Bird.

From this medley I was transported to the most curative phase of my residential experience in New York. Lately, you know, there has been a movement on the part of the professional and artistic classes to redeem certain neighborhoods from the foreign element. Some good friends of mine were involved in this current, and together we moved into a three-story home in the Italian section below Washington Square. Our street still bears evidence in its charming white doorways of the substantial citizens who almost a hundred years ago put up these brick dwellings. The doorways enthralled us, and in the comparative cheapness of the rental we thought we had solved the vexing problem of obtaining space for money.

But we had not been quartered here more than one night when we realized that space is intimately connected with location. This latter element certainly had its shortcomings. A friend of mine, meeting me one day soon after I had moved into the foreign quarter, asked me how about the neighborhood.

"More neigh than hood," retorted I.

There was really some justification for that pun. I had been goaded into it by the fact that a livery stable adjoined our new abode. The partition between this and my rooms was a thin one. This fact permitted me to share in every mood of both equines and keepers. Just at midnight, when I was trying to doze off, I would hear the home-coming horses being brought up on their elevator. This transportation wouldn't have been so bad if the subsequent behavior of the beasts had indicated any appreciation of the purpose for which they had been brought in. As a matter of fact, I never dreamed that horses could be so sleepless. All through the night they plunged and tramped and snorted. Sometimes a kick of those great hoofs against my wall would positively shake the house.

Mingled with these manifestations of unrest were the cries of the attendants. One that I never failed to distinguish among alternate blandishments and oaths was the bellowing command, "Bring up the whisky horse!"

I always waited for that whisky horse; his attainments were so superior. From the strength of his kick I am sure he was named long before the Volstead Act.

The stable was not the only test of an iron resolve to sleep. That street is a magnet for trucks, and the magnetic influence starts just about midnight. From that time on all the most obese vehicles of the city commence to bump over the cobblestones, and when they get tired bumping I am sure that a New Jersey contingent comes over to enjoy the exercise. If there is a single sluggish liver left among the truck drivers of New York it is not because of any failure to resort to the bunkers of that thoroughfare.

Yet even this was not all. A tumultuous life was still further safeguarded, for a month or so after we penetrated this ferny nook a placid-looking Italian family moved in on the lee side of us. They must have been there for weeks before we noticed anything more offensive about these neighbors than a piano player. Then suddenly one afternoon we heard shots—one, two, three. Almost immediately afterward came a terrible crash of glass and of furniture. Two bluecoats had jumped through our third-story window.

"Did he get in here?" asked one, brandishing his gun.

"Who? What is it?" we gasped.

"Why, one of them bootleggers next door! He's just shot an officer and then he gave us the slip."

This was our first intimation of the fact that while those on one side of us had been calling for whisky horse, those on the other had been called upon for whisky. Unfortunately the information came too late to assure us of any of the benefits of the intimacy. For, whereas the purveyors of drink stayed on, the drink itself was hauled away that day.

But this location here between the bootleggers and the four-leggers did not end the ingratiating features of our residence. In order to get to it from all uptown sections on the East Side one was obliged—unless in a mood for the Subway shuttle—to take a Fifth Avenue bus to Washington Square and an anæsthetic from there on.

Possibly Picturesque, Certainly Smelly

THE Italians who inhabit this domain may possibly own rooms, but if they do they value them only for the more public offices of their lives. The private ones are reserved for the street. On a cold day, when the benevolent wind comes along to lift the odors of garlic and fish, of decaying vegetables and unwashed humanity, one may even admire the picturesqueness of this alien section. But on a hot day, after a rain, when the air is thick with moisture and the muddy, cluttered pavements are swarming with people, web-feet are the only sensible provision.

While I was putting up with this neighborhood I once had my cousin drive the car which I keep in my home town up to the city. Incidentally I may mention that I quartered it in a tiny garage in this foreign quarter, much

(Continued on Page 55)

"Ah," She Cried, Describing an Arc in the Air With Her Brush, "See How It Moves!"

POSSESSIONS

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THERE are many scenes at which the high gods must laugh; but surely none which elicits from them heartier guffaws than this: A moonlit night, a shadowy veranda. On the veranda a young man; one of those carefree, casual lads who has sworn never to marry. Not for him the ties and cares of wedded life; his soul, an artistic one, craves constant excitement, perpetual change, freedom to travel unhampered. Roses are blooming on a trellis; roses with the moon on them. The young man is not alone. A girl is close by—in his arms in fact, her head upon his shoulder. He has just asked her to marry him.

When Bob Dana came back to Mayfield, his home town, to paint a resurrection portrait of the late Henry Benedict, there wasn't a girl on his horizon. Eugene Benedict, now president of the First National, had written that he desired a portrait of his father to hang in the new quarters of the bank, and Bob had welcomed the opportunity. He was just back from Europe, where he had been studying art; and five years of wandering had depleted his purse, but had not satisfied him. His immediate plan was to earn a little money, after which, he told himself, he would fare forth once more, and every port where a ship touched was on his itinerary.

Even after he had seen Della Benedict again his purpose did not consciously alter. The grown-up Dell was sweet and clever and desirable, and if he had been settled in a good business—but he wasn't; he was an artist, and he knew well that artists should not marry. The very idea frightened him. His wanderings over, his career endangered, stagnation, worry, responsibilities. Oh, no, he was too agile to be caught like that! And all the while the high gods were laughing: "We heard different. What do your little pictures matter? The urge, young man, is as old as the race. Here is the girl, your future wife. Get on with it!"

He was pretty far on with it this July night, standing there in the shadow on Eugene Benedict's porch, dazed, a little breathless, with Della in his arms. Give the girl credit. She had not led him on; rather she had discouraged him from the first. And none save the most hardened cynic would intimate that she knew only too well the provocative nature of discouragement.

He Found Himself Standing With Dell Before a Little Man in Black. "I Do—I Will—All My Worldly Goods"

"What's it all about, Dell?" the boy said. "Something's happened—something wonderful. Are you really fond of me?" She nodded, lifted her head.

"I'm fond of you, Bob; fonder than I ever expected to be of anyone. And you—you haven't said it, you know——"

"I can't find words, Dell. I can usually talk, but now —— You know, something has been wrong, something lacking, for a long time. I didn't understand. I was just—kind of lonesome, lonesome for you—and I didn't suspect. I had to come back to Mayfield to find it out."

"To find what out, Bob?" she prompted.

"That I loved you. Oh, Dell, the words seem weak. But I do—I love you, and from now on I'm going to prove it in other ways; not words alone."

Somehow they were sitting together in the hammock.

"Isn't life funny, Bob?" Dell said. "Only a few weeks ago I was here on this porch and you came wandering up the front walk. The same old Bob—and different too. And you said—do you remember what you said?"

"I only remember what I thought—about how almighty sweet you were."

"But I remember what you said," Dell told him. "You said that girls weren't for you; that you had to keep away from them. Otherwise you might marry one, and you intimated that would be terrible."

"I was crazy," he cut in. "Foolish! Why shouldn't an artist get married the same as anybody else?"

"Well, why shouldn't he, Bob? You tell me. You seemed to have a lot of reasons—when you first came here. Money, I believe, was one of them."

"Silly reason, Dell. Why I'll work as I never have before! Marrying you—it will give me new inspiration, a new thrill, new excitement."

"And after the thrill wears off?" she suggested.

"It never will, with you. Why, Dell, you're a thousand girls! And every one a wonder."

She smiled at him.

"I like to hear you say it," she admitted. "And yet, how about that talk—the travel business? Simply had to keep going, you said. 'Dell, there are a few places I haven't caught that old moon shining, and thank God the boats still run.' All that about having no one to bother with, no responsibilities, just locking the door some bright morning and hitting the old trail again."

"But you'll go with me. You said so. Not five minutes to pack—you promised; an overnight bag."

"Yes, I know." She was silent for a moment. "Oh, Bob, I'm frightfully fond of you, and yet—I suppose it's the Benedict in me—practical people always. I wonder ——" She stood up. "Look," she said, "out there in the moonlight; the front walk. It isn't just Maple Avenue at the end of it. It's the Orient you've been talking about, the South Seas, China. It's Europe and the whole glittering world. Just wandering as you please, no responsibilities, no girl tagging along. Think hard, Bob." He seized her hand, but she drew it away. "It's not too late. In less than a minute you could be out on that walk, on your way. I wouldn't blame you, dear boy. I wouldn't even ask you to kiss me before you go. Bob, it's your chance."

The idea appalled him.

"Do you want me to go?"

"That isn't the point."

"Do you want me to? Because if you do you're going to be disappointed. Not a step! Not a step again, Dell, without you—tagging along!" He seized her in his arms.

"Oh, Bob, that's what I wanted you to say! We'll make a go of it, won't we? I'll be the kind of wife you need."

"You couldn't be any other kind, dear. Have I told you the news? I love you."

"Go on saying it," Dell urged. "Get the habit, Bob. I've heard it now and then from other men, and it always bored me. But you, Bob—you certainly do make it sound interesting."

He continued his interesting talk for three hours, with suitable interruptions from Dell. When he walked down Maple Avenue on his way back to the hotel he was a happy man. Only a few weeks before he had traveled this same thoroughfare, saying to himself, "Me married! Terrible, terrible! Watch your step, old son!" Yet here he was, abroad in the midnight calm, engaged and exulting. Life was a funny proposition. Big ambitions stirred within him.

"Got to get busy now—do something fine, make Dell proud of me; and when the work's done we'll look about a bit. She'll be game. She's that kind. Five minutes to pack! She said so. And why not?"

He was roused the next morning by the ringing of his telephone. Leaping to his feet, he crossed the room, bright with hot July sunlight. His spirits rose with every step. Pretty good old world, now that he remembered. Dell's voice came pleasantly to his ear:

"Bob, what's happened to you?"

"Wha-what's that? Hello, Dell."

"You don't mean to say I woke you! Why, I've been up hours! I couldn't sleep."

"Well, I—I've been gathering strength, Dell. That's me from now on; gathering strength to work for you."

"Bob, I had to know. Do you still feel as you did last night?"

"I surely do, honey! Why not?"

"Well, I couldn't be sure. The moon's no longer shining."

"But the sun is. And look here—how about you, my girl?"

"Me? Well, I called up. Shows I'm still interested."

"Glad to hear that." A bright idea recurred to him "Say, Dell, on the way home last night I got to thinking why can't we be married today and go East "

"Today! Why, Bob, what a notion!"

"Well, why not? It's very simple Just call round at the city hall or something like that."

"Bob! Mother would be horrified! And I well, every girl expects a wedding. I know I do."

"A wedding?" His heart sank. "You mean one of those big affairs?"

"Oh, no! Just a little wedding here at home Do you mind? It's probably the only chance I'll ever have."

"Why, that's all right, Dell. Anything you say. When? About Saturday?"

"You silly old thing! It would take a month at least."

"Dell! I couldn't wait that long. I'll give you two weeks "

Silence.

"We-ell, perhaps I could make it if I rushed. Of course, there are a million things—clothes ——"

"Yeah, clothes. Well, I'm all ready now. I've got a new suit. Give me a gardenia and I'm practically married."

"Have you evening clothes, Bob?"

"Sorry—no. I had an outfit, but I couldn't get it into my trunk when I went abroad, so I gave it to the janitor You see, it's always been my rule, Dell—never own more stuff than you can crowd into a steamer trunk "

"Oh!" She was silent for a moment. "I haven't told a soul, Bob. The trains are running. You can still escape."

"Dell, I won't listen to you I'm going to be a married man or know the reason why."

"Then you'll order evening clothes, won't you?"

"And a red vest, if you tell me to. Oh, by the way, I don't suppose I could rent a suit."

"Bob!" He heard her laughing

"Well, I may never need it again."

"Oh, yes, you will!"

"You know best. I'll get measured this morning. It will mean another trunk."

"Get a good big one. I can fill it if you can't."

"All right, Dell."

"And come up to lunch. If I'm to be a bride in two weeks I may as well get going. I'll break the sad news to the family before you come. Then you'll be in for it."

"I suppose so. However, I'll go through. I'll be up about one. And, Dell ——"

"Yes Bob?"

"What was I going to say? Something of no importance—oh, yes, I love you "

"Stick to it," said Dell. "And heaven help you!"

He had need of heaven's help at lunch Dell had evidently spread the news, and the atmosphere in the big house on Maple Avenue was mostly gloom. Mrs. Benedict, that haughty beauty of the '90's, was red about the eyes, and she greeted Bob as though he were a bailiff come to dispossess her. Eugene, having rushed home from the bank for his usual luncheon and met unusual tidings, was fussy and pompous and disturbed

They sat in the drawing-room, talking about nothing All about were the tokens of material prosperity and success wide chairs, soft carpets, expensive hangings; a stronghold of convention and respectability; the sort of home that had been only a memory to Bob Dana these past five years Yet here Dell had been born and grown up; it was all she had ever known; and now he was planning to link his life with Dell's, with this sort of household. For the first time he had misgivings. But they vanished when he looked at Dell—Dell, who was smiling and competent and clever, and who would see him safely through the most difficult luncheon of his life.

They went into the dining room—gleaming silver, costly linen and an old colored butler who moved as silently as time. When the man had gone and they were alone Eugene seemed to feel that it was incumbent on him to begin

"Er—well, Bob, what's all this?"

"You mean about Dell and me?" Bob tried to smile. "I I suppose she told you?"

"She certainly did. It's come as a good deal of a shock."

"Well, I I suppose I ought to have spoken to you first."

"Heavens, Bob!" said Dell. "That went out with Victoria!"

"Oh, did it?" He hoped the perspiration on his forehead was invisible. "You see, it—it happened so suddenly All at once we discovered we loved each other. A shock to us, too, but a pleasant one." He waited hopefully. No one seemed disposed to help him along. "Of course, I suppose I'm not just the sort of son-in-law you would have picked "

"Hardly," said Mrs. Benedict; but that was no help

"I—I mean, I'm not in the Rotary Club, and I haven't got a business, and and "

Well, this sort of thing wasn't doing any good. He stopped.

"Of course, all we want," said Eugene, "is Dell's happiness "

"Then, father dear," Dell suggested, "there's nothing more to be said."

"Oh, yes, there is!" Eugene insisted. "Happiness depends on many things—money, among others. Can you support a wife? That seems to me to be the question "

"Precisely," said Mrs. Benedict. She never appeared to need more than one word. That was plenty

"You haven't, I take it, found the art game very profitable," went on the president of the First National

"Not as yet," Bob told him. "I'm just getting started, you know. For a while Dell and I will have to live very simply. She understands that."

"Of course I do!" said Dell

"However, we'd be sure of a roof anyhow. I've already wired about a cottage at Provincetown. I intended to buy it even before I—I thought of getting married. You know, I just sold some land that belonged to my father—got six thousand for it—and I've nearly eight hundred left from what you paid me for the portrait. I can get this place for twenty-eight hundred."

He paused. Was he buying Dell, or what was all this?

"Is it—er—a large cottage?" asked Eugene.

"Cottages aren't, as a rule," Bob reminded him. "This one has three rooms."

"Three rooms!" repeated Eugene.

"Three rooms!" said Mrs. Eugene, and wailed it

"It's really quite a charming place," Bob said. "Stands back of the town and you get a fine view across the roofs to the harbor."

But Eugene was not interested in views "Were you planning to pay for it outright?" he inquired.

"Why not? I've got the money "

"Well, it might be better to leave a thousand on mortgage."

"Oh, no!" Bob shuddered. "I couldn't get mixed up with that sort of thing; I'm too innocent. All I know about mortgages is that somebody always forecloses them in the dead of winter. I'd hate to see Dell put out in a Provincetown snowstorm; they're pretty fierce."

Continued on Page 66

"But I Remember What You Said," Dell Told Him. "You Said That Girls Weren't for You: That You Had to Keep Away From Them"

Retrogressives and Others

Being a Further Record of the Musings of David Augustus Flack

DAVID AUGUSTUS FLACK inserted his hand cleverly between the shoulders of a former ambassador to a great European power and one of Washington's eighteen thousand real-estate dealers, both of whom were hunched studiously over a low desk, and withdrew it with one of the Metropolitan Club's menu cards clutched firmly between his fingers.

The ambassador and the real-estate dealer looked coldly at Mr. Flack and Mr Flack looked coldly at them, and then all three men exchanged nods in the most approved cold-roast Metropolitan Club manner. Members of the Metropolitan Club are apt to resent interference when studying a menu. Thereupon Mr. Flack withdrew to the cigar stand with a dignified air for five minutes of uninterrupted communion with the menu card

One of the beauties of the Metropolitan Club is the manner in which the members order their meals. Instead of proceeding to the dining room and disturbing the surrounding tranquillity by nervously and indecisively attempting to choose between numerous dishes and by conferring frequently with a mere waiter, the Metropolitan members repair, just before lunch or dinner, to the office of the club. Here they devote themselves entirely to the business of selecting their provender. Later, having written down their selections and had them taken to the kitchen by one of the club's dusky Ganymedes, they are decorously elevated to the dining room, where conversation is carried on in true Olympian fashion, with as few references as possible to anything so ordinary as food.

"Today," said Mr. Flack, tormenting his gray mustache in a meditative pre-luncheon manner and staring earnestly at the menu—"today we must have some terrapin. It's quite so-so here. In fact, there are only two other places in the world where the terrapin is so so-so, if you will permit the expression. You know, there is a certain similarity between terrapin and baked beans.

"As you doubtless know, terrapin were so plentiful in the old slave-owning times that Maryland slave owners of a frugal turn of mind could, by feeding their slaves on terrapin three times a day, support them at practically no expense to themselves. In fact, contracts were frequently drawn between kind-hearted persons who sold slaves and those who purchased them, by the terms of which the purchasers agreed not to feed the slaves on terrapin more than five times a week, or something like that. That is to say, terrapin was about as highly esteemed along the Chesapeake at one time as is the boarding-house prune in New York City. As a result of this glut of terrapin, the art of terrapin cooking reached its highest development and its finest flower among the negro cooks of Maryland. It is an art that has been passed down through generation after generation; but owing to the facts that those who are familiar with the art are constantly moving to sections of the country where terrapin is rarer than elephant stew and that the terrapin itself is now so rare and expensive that the terrapin artists who remain are seldom called on to practice their art, it is increasingly difficult to locate a master of terrapin cooking."

The Capitol Reflected in the Fountain of the Botanical Gardens, Washington

Good Things of Other Years

"THE difference between terrapin that has been properly cooked and terrapin that has merely been cooked is as great as the difference between a dog and a dogfish. Properly cooked terrapin is a dish to make the sun seem brighter, to make a lady's voice sound as melodious as that of an angel, to make the world seem better and to gild the future with an iridescent coating of optimism and glory. To put it coarsely and bluntly, it's a grand little dish. Your first taste of it makes you want to put your head down on the napery among the silver and burst into tears of sheer gratification. But terrapin that has been treated by a cook who has not inherited the true artistic touch is not so much—Not So Much. Mock-turtle soup or hash or rabbit pie or oxtail or a cluster of wienerwurst is in the same class. In fact, I'd almost as soon eat lamb stew."

Mr. Flack mournfully pressed down his gray mustache with the forefinger of his right hand, and held it down for a moment with his lower lip. Then he blew it loose with an absent-minded air and scribbled hastily on the order slip beneath his hand.

"Baked beans," he went on, "are admitted to be humble fare, and yet the New England cooks who were artists at cooking were able to bake beans with such preëminent artistry that they belonged in the same class with properly cooked terrapin. The baking of beans, like the proper cooking of terrapin, is rapidly becoming a lost art, and the reason for it is the unwillingness of the present generation to devote the necessary twenty-four hours to the preparation and the cooking of the bean."

Mr. Flack's pencil poised itself over the last empty line on his order slip. "What will you have to drink?" he asked solicitously. "As you know, I never take anything except a Black Cow now and then. Will you join me in a Black Cow? The sarsaparilla takes the curse off the cream and the cream takes the curse off the sarsaparilla. No? Then suppose we move up to the dining room and continue our very interesting talk.

"At the last elections," continued Mr. Flack when he had been elevated to the fourth floor and had taken a seat at his favorite corner table, "a number of estimable legislators were defeated for reëlection by candidates who were no doubt equally estimable, because of the repeated and reverberating promises made by the latter gentlemen to the effect that their first act on arriving in Washington would be to secure an immediate reduction in taxation. Unfortunately there are two good reasons why these estimable gentlemen can't do what they promised to do. The first reason, which is a very good one indeed, is that a new legislator has about as much influence and about as much chance of getting anything done in Congress as an amateur astronomer has of persuading Mars to change its course. The second reason, which is an even better reason, is that taxes are already about as low as they can be made."

Taxpayers' Worry

"A LARGE part of our taxes goes toward paying the interest on government bonds. These bonds, when they fall due, will not be refunded at a lower rate of interest. They have to compete with Federal Farm Loan Bonds, which are not subject to any taxes at all, and which pay from 4½ to 5 per cent., and with state and municipal bonds, which yield from 4 to 6 per cent. Consequently if the Government tried to lower taxes by reissuing government bonds at a lower rate of interest the bond-buying public would emit a hoarse and prolonged burst of laughter and turn eagerly to bonds that yield higher rates of interest Therefore that part of the Government's expenditures which is represented by the interest on its bonds is fixed.

"Then if the Government is going to exist at all—if there is going to be an Army and a Navy and a Senate and a House and a President and an Agricultural Department and a Post Office Department, and so on—then the amount that is now spent on it must continue to be spent on it. The Budget Bureau has cut expenses to the bone; cut them so far, in fact, that half of the cabinet officers in Mr. Harding's cabinet are constantly on the verge of bursting into wild screams of resentment.

"In fact, if the most brassy-lunged and hard-boiled advocate of lower taxes is shown a list of government expenditures and asked to lop off enough items to reduce taxes materially, he is as helpless and bewildered as a smelt in an aquarium. He is probably one of the large and blustering number who declare blatantly that it ought to be a cinch to reduce taxes 30 per cent; but when confronted by actual expenditures he is forced to admit that the country has got to have a sinking fund, and that the money that it's spending on disabled soldiers is certainly not too much, and that it's impossible to cut the money that's being spent on good roads, and that you can't decrease the amount allotted to the extermination of the boll weevil, and so on. By the time he has gone through the entire list he may have succeeded in lopping off twenty or thirty million dollars—an amount that would have very little effect on taxes, and that he wouldn't have lopped off if he had known anything at all about the things for which the money was appropriated.

"The thing for taxpayers to worry about is not a reduction of their taxes—for that is something they won't get, in spite of the new congressmen who tell them they will—but whether they are getting and whether they are going to get a dollar's worth of service for every hundred cents that they pay out in taxes. For years the printers down in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing had insisted that the work be done partly on hand presses and partly on regular modern presses, which was a situation very similar to the one that would arise if the stenographers of some big corporation should insist that half of the corporation's letters should be written on typewriters, but that the other half should be written in longhand. A short time ago Martin Madden, the chairman of the Appropriations Committee, led a fight against this ridiculous waste; and when

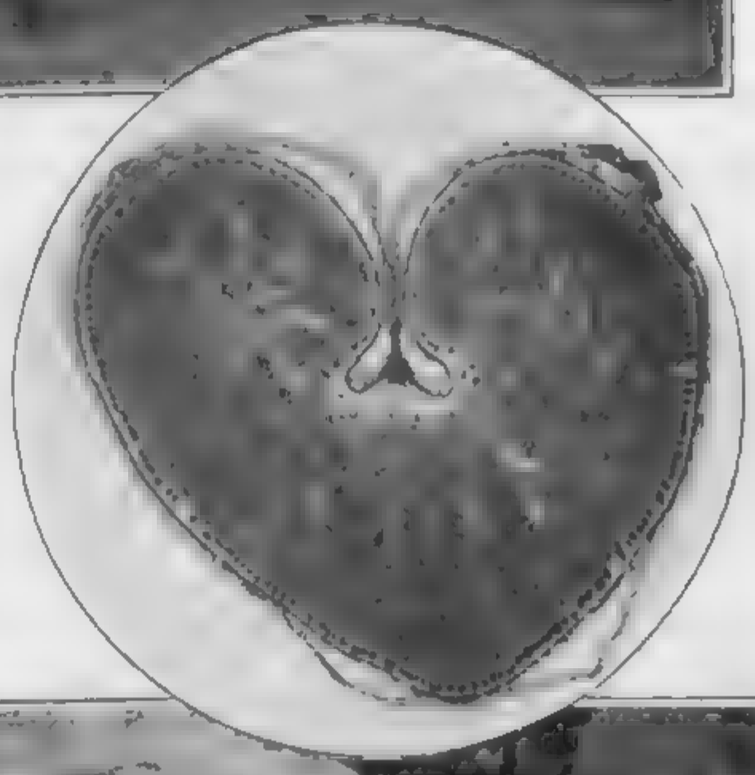
(Continued on Page 79)

Europe's Larger Food Needs and Smaller Means of Payment

By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

THE winter of 1922–23 threatens to be crucial for Europe. The Continent is suffering from crop failure and currency failure. Whether the wand of Fate or the hand of man has been the more destructive remains to be seen. The accentuated difficulties impose intricate problems upon the governments, and the governments are weak.

Following the months of uncertainty after the Armistice the material affairs of Europe, outside of Russia, exhibited steady amelioration. During 1922 conditions in manufacturing throughout Europe displayed improvement, with the exception of Czecho-Slovakia. Transportation has been improved everywhere except in Poland, where the situation is stationary; and in Rumania and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, where deterioration has been resumed. Conditions in mining have progressed, though with continuous difficulties over wages. Food supply and standard of living have been definitely bettered since 1920. The processes of distribution and marketing have continued to improve, aided by partial subsidence of nationalistic fanaticism at the frontiers. Political relations, fiscal policies and monetary regulations have improved in some countries, deteriorated in others. All in all, conditions of living and the processes of industry and trade would seem to have promised for the present winter definite improvement over last winter, had not partial crop failure and currency deterioration intervened.



Full-Blooded Horses on a Hungarian Farm. At the Right—Microphotograph of the Transverse Section of a Wheat Grain. The Layer of Rectangular Cells Contains Gluten Albumin, Valuable in Nourishment

Partial Crop Failures

THE collapse of the currencies was not provoked by crop failure, though exaggerated by it. During 1922 marked alterations developed in the exchanges. The currencies of Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Switzerland have been maintained or improved. The Polish mark seemed to find at least a temporary level, but recently has again fallen; the franc and lira have suffered disquieting declines, largely seasonal with the latter; the German mark, Austrian and Hungarian crowns and the dinar have suffered extreme depreciation. Suggestive as the figures for exchange are, one is not permitted to judge the condition of a country by its rate of exchange alone.

The year 1921 brought partial crop failure of bread grains in Russia and of fodder grains in Central and Western Europe, thereby necessitating for Russia foreign relief measures that must be continued through another year.

In Western Europe, however, the crop of bread grains was unusually good for the acreage, and the quality was high. The feed grains and to a certain extent the other fodder crops suffered heavily from drought, so that the operations of animal husbandry have been considerably embarrassed.

Hungarian Children of Noble Birth Among the Farming Tribes of the Villages of Szent István and Mezo-Kovesd, Near Budapest

The present crop year has been a disappointing one for bread grains in most sections of Europe. The planting season in the fall of 1921 was unfavorable, the soil dry and poorly prepared. The season was delayed in 1922; temperature was low and rain excessive, particularly late in the season, in all countries north of the latitude of the Alps. The result was moist grain, low in protein, soft in gluten and inferior in milling qualities. In some parts of Central and Eastern Europe the weather was so wet at the time of harvest that considerable rye was never cut. This state of affairs existed in the United Kingdom, over a large part of France, throughout Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, and to some extent in Hungary and Poland. In the United Kingdom much of the grain is so wet and poor that a part of the crop will be used for feed. In France buyers for the mills are in some sections rejecting as high as one-fifth of the grain offered. The grains of Germany, Austria and Czecho-Slovakia grade low, but are millable for gray flour. The rye crop in Poland is relatively excellent in terms of yield and millability.

Reduced Yields

SOUTH of Budapest the conditions were practically reversed. The winter-wheat crop was fair. After July, drought had the effect of greatly reducing the yield of maize. Since maize is the primary crop of the Balkans, this has the effect of nullifying the wheat crop, because wheat will be used for feeding animals. All over Europe, therefore, though for different reasons in different countries, bread grains will be used for feed for animals. Taking Continental Europe as a whole, Russia excluded, the present official figures indicate that the crop will measure from 170,000,000 to 190,000,000 bushels less than the crop of last year. The millable crop, which appears in the bread supply, is apparently another 100,000,000 bushels short. Thus the shortage, in terms of flour, may amount to the equivalent of over 7,000,000 tons of bread grain. In the judgment of the trade the crop estimate is low.

The crop of bread grains was harvested practically one month late in Europe in 1922. This means that the crop of 1921 maintained the bread supply for thirteen months; and if the crop of 1923 will be harvested on time, the present crop need cover requirements for only eleven months. This makes a favorable difference, but places a crucial importance on the weather of next season. The condition

(Continued on Page 110)

ADVENTURING

By Tristram Tupper
ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"The Other Night His Little Two-Masted Schooner Didn't Ride Out the Storm. Some of Them Have Come In. I'm Waiting for Him"

VII

LATE in the afternoon Jay Singleton of Singleton gazed at a girl across the limited distance of the Beatrice's cabin. He had never loved a woman before; and thus, he told himself, was the reason he had never before been despised by one. The lights had not as yet been switched on. And there in the blue dusk Jay was regretting the thing he had done. The trouble was this: He had kissed her.

Down the valley of the Shenandoah, down to Norfolk a good town, full of people—down through the inland waterways, Dismal Swamp, Albemarle Sound, Pamlico Sound and Neuse River, down to the sea Jay Singleton had come, thinking perhaps of Sappho, asking himself "Where is she now?" And his quest—had it suddenly ended?

What was this thing in his brain, making a different Singleton of Singleton? What had happened back there, along those tortuous waterways, miles from this town that looks from its little houses out on a dreaded sea? Who can say? Perhaps a delay of hours, something the matter with the engines there in Dismal Swamp. Dismal Swamp! Black men crawled through it back in the '60's, dreaming feverish, delirious dreams—as if there were such a thing as freedom! Black mire smacking its lips, pallid cypress knees sticking up, black bodies writhing with fever, dying, struggling on. Dismal Swamp! Perhaps that was the trouble—miasmic fever incipient in Jay Singleton's brain.

And what lamentable thing had he done earlier in this day of days? "Too bad, mighty bad!" And yet, only this: He had stood upon the deck of his little old tub of a boat—this most graceful of all ships, the schooner yacht named Beatrice; had merely stood there while the crew were making her fast to a wharf that seemed to exhale an odor of gasoline and exude oil from its pores. Three huge tanks were high above the Beatrice's varnished lifeboats, and the planking of the wharf was a step above her deck. Captain Ackerman, with pockmarks and other scars on the back of his neck, was leaning over the port rail, wrangling with a tall, square-jawed man—the keeper of the oil dock—while the crew of the Beatrice, immaculate in white, were taking hitches around the spiles, and the voice of the chief engineer was audible, coming from beneath the awning abaft the cabin: "Open up Tank Number Two. Sixty gallons in there."

It was then that Jay Singleton heard another voice, and so musical it seemed to him, with miasmic fever incipient in his brain, that he thought of the laughter of bathers through the Ægean starlit dusk.

Jay looked over the starboard rail, and he reckoned his journey had ended. A girl had come alongside in a dilapidated open boat. "Mighty poor boat for such a girl," said Jay to himself. "Now that's too bad, mighty poor. Ought to have a trireme—something like that." She was holding her boat off with her hand against the dazzling white side of the yacht; she was looking up at Jay Singleton. And her eyes were violet color, no mistake; and the sunlight was on her hair, warm as wine. And there was the rest of her. No use going any farther; his quest had ended right here.

Now the girl was saying something, asking for the owner of the Beatrice or the captain—either one. And Jay Singleton was pulling himself together. He reckoned he was the owner.

"You!"

Incredible. For the trouble with Jay Singleton was this: No one could distinguish him from plain folks. Didn't wear yachting clothes, didn't have any to wear.

"Yes, mum, I reckon I'm the owner."

"You've never been here before? Never in these waters?"

"No, mum."

"Then you'll need a pilot."

Yes, he was sure they would need a pilot. But wouldn't she come aboard? "I'll get some steps or something. I'll help you come aboard."

And, later still, in the cabin of the Beatrice, what had taken place? He couldn't remember any of it, or forget any of it—a kind of mistiness, a sort of fragrance, like a flight through centuries red with roses, forgotten roses; luminous with stars, golden with innumerable dawns. Twenty-five hundred years. He had faltered something about that: "Reckon I've loved you for twenty-five hundred years, maybe longer." And he didn't even know her name!

And now the dimness softened the girl's features as he gazed across through the dusk at her. Her lips were red—deep red, for she was in a shadow, looking out at him from the shadow of a carved chair. Her eyes were wide, seemingly uncertain whether to laugh or not; at the same time hating him. It was palpable. He could feel it—she feared him a little and, suddenly, she hated him a great deal.

Yes, he could feel it in his chest—it stung there; and in his brain; it puzzled him. Hate. And Jay blamed himself entirely, knowing nothing of her life, her history or The Captain Clem and the men she had known. He reckoned it was because he had never loved a woman before, hadn't known how to start about it. "Ought to made her want to come to me." But how? He didn't know. And suddenly he felt cold, awkward, devoid of emotions.

"It doesn't matter why you came alongside," said Jay, breaking the silence. "Doesn't matter why you happened to come here." But still he sort of wondered.

After a moment the girl replied. "This." There was a slight motion of her head, no other gesture. "This schooner yacht."

"Maybe you thought it was a mighty pretty boat. You wanted to see it?"

"I wanted it," said the girl. Her voice was steady but almost inaudible.

He thought of the children back at Singleton, picking sumac for a penny a pound because they wanted some toy. "How hard?" he asked. "How much?"

"I want it." That was all she could tell him. But Jay somehow understood.

"Now that's too bad," he said.

And the girl replied, "You don't know what it is to really want anything."

"No, I reckon not."

"You have things—everything." She was sure of this

"Three things," said Jay Singleton: "This"—he nodded his head as she had done, indicating the Beatrice—"a tannery and a town."

"Tannery?"

"Leather," Jay explained.

"You've made your money out of leather, the soles of shoes? A whole town!"

"But it's only a village. Just a few hundred men and women and children. Have you ever tried to count a heap of children playing in the tanbark and catching rides on the tramcars?"

"No," said the girl in the shadows

"Well, it can't be done. And the tannery," said Jay Singleton, "that's sort of young too. Fifteen years old." While he was talking the girl's eyes were frankly taking in the details of the room they were in, the compact little saloon. "Now I've started to wander about a bit," Jay ended lamely. He wondered what she was thinking.

"Wandering about on the soles of other people's shoes," said the girl vaguely.

She had heard what he had said; but she was not thinking of him at all. This room was not like a ship's cabin, ran her thoughts. It was too cluttered up. Hangings of flowered brocade, rugs made fast to the floor, cabinets containing books, a gun rack holding a shotgun and two rifles. But, most grotesque of all, a fireplace! She had never seen a fireplace in any ship. Above it, set into the wainscot, was a painting of elephants—a herd of elephants, with trunks raised, breaking through a jungle: dark figures against a gaudy background.

Jay Singleton had followed her gaze. "The man who built this didn't like people. Told me so himself up at Norfolk, out in Hampton Roads. Always lived in queer places and hunted animals. Sort of funny too; liked animals, and liked to kill them. Then he tried to settle down; told me so right here in this room. Tried to settle down; and this was his idea of settling down. Built it for himself and a woman. They'd been in love all their lives, then they got married, and it lasted only eight months. Sort of too bad it kind of soured him, kind of soured him," repeated Jay. Both he and the girl were looking at the panel of elephants. "Built it for a home, and the woman left him. He said marriage wasn't the great adventure, said it was the least of all adventures. So he just sold the old tub and went back to where there are elephant herds."

Something Jay Singleton had said depressed Joe. Perhaps it was the suggestion of a home, settling down. Anyway it depressed her. She could see very clearly the former owner of the Beatrice—a big man. And in her mind she was comparing the two. She gazed across at the present owner and told herself: "He's a little, ordinary man. He stops here and there in port, he invites people on his yacht, he kisses the girls in payment." That was the trouble: He had kissed her.

Her mind began to zigzag—two distinct lines of thought that crossed each other but never ran parallel. She was thinking about the yacht and she was thinking about its owner, loving the one, despising the other. He was a little, ordinary man. She refurnished the cabin. In her mind she ripped out the fireplace, purged the whole interior of objects that cluttered it up. It should be a ship, not a house—simple and graceful as the lines of its hull. Her mind zigzagged back to the man. Not physically—he wasn't little physically. But wasn't it worse to be strong physically and yet, at the same time, little and ordinary? And that deep crease in his forehead, like thinking wasn't easy

And his eyes—she had noticed them. They were red, bloodshot.

The dusk deepened. The lapping of the water at the ship's side and the gurgle of it under the wharves were the only sounds. The slight motion of the Beatrice told the girl of the change of tide. And now the breeze, which had died at sundown, was springing up again. It came in through the open windows of the yacht's cabin, making the curtains seem limply alive. Joe thought of what the man had said about marriage. She repeated the phrase to herself. "Marriage is the least of all adventures." Her thoughts nimbly leaped along: How many of these knick-knacks that cluttered up the ship's cabin had come from this man's sole-leather mind. The guns? No, the guns had belonged to the former owner—a big man.

Why didn't he smoke, she wondered. She thought of the men aboard the old Captain Clem, their rank pipes, the clouds of smoke hovering against the black ceiling. She wondered if he had great knuckles on his feet, like the men of The Captain Clem. She tried to recall the last thing that had been said, but could not.

Jay Singleton was the first to speak. He said, "Wandering about on the soles of my own shoes, not other people's."

Then there came another silence, an eventful silence, not a sound, except the little waves outside, making a curious noise, kind of laughing! Indeed, what thoughts were racing through his mind? And hers? What emotions? And what was happening now? A steward in white jacket came down the companionway to switch on the lights. But Singleton stopped him.

"Don't need any lights; not yet. But I want you to show this lady the Beatrice—stem to stern."

Fever incipient in his brain, during that moment before the steward entered the cabin, Jay Singleton had kissed her again.

VIII

HE IS groping for something, this Jay Singleton of Singleton. Perhaps, there in the dark, he is looking for his pipe. Yes, for now the light of a match reveals the deep crease in his forehead and he is sucking the flame down into the tobacco that overhangs the bowl. But to Jay Singleton the light reveals only the emptiness of this compact room with its fireplace and painted elephant herd, its table neatly arranged, its brocades, and its cabinets with diamond panes of glass. Things. Many things. To her it had seemed cluttered; to him it seems entirely empty, for she is no longer in the carved chair—the chair that he is gazing upon in the flare of a match. Emptiness. And Jay is groping again—for something less tangible than smoking paraphernalia. He is groping for an idea.

"I got to think, straight and fast," he tells himself. "I made the same mistake twice. Now that's too bad, mighty bad." But Jay is not so miserable as he knows he

(Continued on Page 44)

It Has Passed Beyond the Breakwater—the Most Graceful and Gull-Like of All Ships, a Schooner Yacht Under Sail

THE HEART OF WILLIEBOY

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

IF IT ain't for that fluff-headed skirt slapping a trump on the chief's thirteenth heart, maybe I'd be in California yet, lapping up that climate they is so quiet about, and living off the fatheads of the land; but after what Willieboy done they ain't nothing left for me and Jem except to pick up our dogs and beat it while the beating's still at par.

I guess I told all you fellers how me and Hargis, the English golf shark, got wrecked on a dump out in the middle of the ocean called Tuara, and how this bozo fixes up a course and learns the king how to kick the pill around the pasture till he got so good he was a knock-out. You remember—don't you?—that right in the middle of the big game between Jem and Willieboy for the championship of the world a ship comes and pulls us off the island after I knocks Hargis cold with a wallop on the jaw. The sucker wanted to stay and finish the match. Matter of honor, he keeps barking, and that's how I skid into this new bunch of grief.

About six months after Hargis gets back to England he writes me a letter, saying that he's got it all fixed up with a friend that's got a yacht to take him back to Tuara to finish up the row with Willieboy, and wants that I should go along. It looks like a chance for a swell trip, and besides I'd kinda taken a liking to Jem, so I says yes, I will go. They is to pick me up in New York.

When I gets there the boat's in and the papers is got a spiel with Hargis in which he says he ain't the champion golfer of the world, which the records say he is; but that King Wullamboo—that's Willieboy's real monïker—is it, because he made a seventy-four down at Tuara, while the best that Jem could do was seventy-six. Everybody tries to tell him that the island stuff don't count in the big leagues; but he just comes back and says that it does with him, anyways; and besides, he must finish up the game, busted up by the ship coming, as a matter of honor. This cuckoo thinks more of his honor than most guys does of their right eye.

Well, in a coupla days we starts out. The yacht belongs to a guy that's a duchess or something, and outside of never having heard no jokes that could make him laugh he ain't a bad feller. Him and Hargis is always chewing the rag about golf, while I don't do much but sit around and congratulate my stomach for behaving itself so good. Every once in a while I try to bust into the talk with a funny story or with a yarn about something that I done, and they listen so damn polite that it ain't no fun telling them nothing.

To make a long trip short, we gets to Suva in about three weeks and then we starts for Tuara with some maps that Hargis got from the British Admirals, which is the only

Some of the Janes Beats It, But the Rest of the Crowd Sticks and Is With Us

guys in the world that ever heard of the place outside of me and Jem. We finally gets to the attitude where the map says the island is, but we don't see nothing. Hargis nearly cries when the captain says maybe it's been blown away. The bird that owns the yacht—Hammersley, his name is—thinks he's kidding.

"Absurd!" says he.

"You never seen the wind blow in these parts, has you?" I asks. "Oncet I was in a gale down here that pulled a ten-ton rock outta the ground, swung it around in the air for a coupla days and then dropped it back where it came from."

"Really?" says Hammersley, and looks at Hargis.

"There have been some strong winds here," comes back Jem, "but I don't remember the occurrence of which Mr. Higgins speaks. When was that?" he asks me, serious.

They ain't no time for no more snappy reparty. We pipes something that looks like land, but it don't remind me none of the island, being nothing much but a rock sticking outta the water. When we comes nearer it gets bigger and pretty soon we make out trees.

"That's Tuara," says Hargis, excited.

"Don't look like it to me," says I. "Tuara's about five times larger than that dump."

"Perhaps," comes back Jem; "but don't you remember that tree, the one leaning over there? It was on Number 5, just to the side of the green. In the last game I struck one of the branches, rebounded and went out in a birdie three."

"Where do you get that noise?" says I. "Number 5 was in the middle of the island near the goat sheds. What's it doing on the beach? Playing hooky?"

Hargis admits it's strange, but pretty soon we find out what's what. Me and Jem and Hammersley and a coupla sailors get into a boat and row ashore. It's Tuara all right, but something has happened to it. A bunch of natives come running down, and there, big as life and with a grin a foot wide, is Willieboy waving a mashie niblick at us.

"Hello, old kid!" I greets him. "How's the game?"

"No play no more," says he. "Balls she go, holes she go."

Hargis shakes hands solemnlike and calls the old bozo your majesty. So does Hammersley. Them Britishers is got the God-save-the-King stuff in their systems so strong that I guess they bow when they get a king or queen dealt them in a poker game. Then Willieboy tells us his troubles, and believe me he's got more of them than Europe's got debts.

When Jem and I beat it that time we left the sticks and a coupla bunged-up balls, both of which he loses in about a week.

Then he tries to play with rocks, and pretty soon he's got all the sticks busted up but one. He ain't got nothing else to lose now except the course, and a typhoon does that for him. A coupla weeks before, the big wind comes and just about wrecked the joint. Half of Tuara is washed into the ocean and lots of the natives was drowned, including Helluwa, Willieboy's daughter, that was cuckoo on Hargis and nearly knocked us for a row of missing heads. They ain't enough left of the island to set up a merry-go-round.

"Well," says I to Hargis, "the works is off."

"Maybe," suggests Hammersley, "that golf course is swinging around in the air like that rock you was telling me about, and will come back when the wind is done with it."

But Jem ain't got no heart for no pleasantries. They ain't no chance now to save that honor that's been keeping him up nights, and he looks so sad I'm ready to loan him all the tears I got.

"Listen here!" says Hammersley. "Why not take his majesty home with us for a short trip? I'll have him brought back. A match between him and you should be ripping."

Hargis brightens up considerable, and then he puts the question to Willieboy. The chief don't seem so stuck on the idea.

"Plenty golf balls," I tells him, "like coconuts."

"Grow on trees?" he asks.

"Practically," I tells him

That fixes him. A place where they is lots of golf balls is heaven to this cuckoo.

"That'll be just fine," says Jem. "We'll be just in time."

"For what?" I asks.

"For the American open," he replies, "which they will play in California next month. We can get there quicker than we could to England."

That suits me fine, but I'm a little worried.

"Something tells me," says I, "that they is going to be lots of trouble looking after this bozo. He ain't civilized."

"When honor is involved," comes back Hargis dignified, "no trouble can be too great."

II

IN A COUPLA days we leaves. Willieboy ain't got nothing to take along but a change of breechclouts. He did want to work in a gang of wives and the collection of heads he has nailed over his door, but we bulled him outta that. It took me a coupla hours to convince him that it wouldn't give him no special stand-in in America to have a mess of his enemies' topnotches; and besides, I told him, deadheads was so common in this country that nobody paid no attention to them.

I got lots of laughs watching Hargis and Hammersley trying to teach Willieboy how to wear clothes and eat with a knife and fork, but I got to admit that the boy gets hep pretty quick. In about a week they figure he's so civilized that they starts to learn him to play bridge. I ain't played the game more 'an a couple of times, and don't see no sport in no game where you got to have 'em and can't bluff; but to help out in the training of Willieboy for high society I agrees to sit in. The chief's got card sense, and in no time at all plays a pretty good game; and before I knows it he's bawling me out for not returning his lead and not noticing his discards.

The hardest job was draping clothes on this baby. Hammersley was about the same size as Willieboy, but we couldn't get the chief to keep anything on him for more than a few minutes at a time. They wasn't no chance to put shoes on his feet. He just wouldn't stand for it; so we decided to let that part of it go until we got to San Francisco, where we figured in a pinch we'd get enough guys to hold him down while we jammed his dogs into brogans.

"Why can't a guy play golf barefooted?" I asks.

"Barefooted!" gasps Hammersley. "Are you greening us?"

"Are I what?" I asks.

"Spoofing," explains Jem.

"No, I ain't," says I; "but it's gonna be harder work getting this lad's kicks into a set of dog blankets than it is to wash the spots out of a leper. I don't see what they is against Willieboy going the route without no shoes."

"It isn't being done," comes back from both them Britishers, and they say it in a voice just like a landlord would use if you was crazy enough to ask him to reduce the rent. They ain't no use arguing no more, but just to have the last word I take one more fling at them.

"When honor is involved," I says solemnlike, "anything is being done."

Well, we gets to San Francisco without no trouble, and for a guy that ain't never seen no automobiles, or even street cars, the chief acts pretty good. On the way to the hotel he pipes a flapper that he likes and practically orders Hargis to get her for him; but I tell him she's the wife of the King of Labrador and that they would be a war if we copped her, so he lets the baby slide.

Willieboy don't look so savage the way he was dressed up. He has on one of Hammersley's suits and a straw hat and a pair of carpet slippers that we finally talked onto his feet. You understand, this bird is not a smoke, but a kinda Kanaka, and even lighter than them ukulele players down in the How-are-you Islands. He's a tall, well-built boy, even if his tummy looks like he swallowed a pillow in his sleep; and between what me and Hargis learned him and what he got from them copra traders that used to be on Tuara oncet, he can talk United States pretty good.

We sticks around in the big burg for a day while Hargis gets around and buys up a lotta golf rigs, and then we beats it to the country club about thirty miles outta town where the championship is gonna be played in a coupla weeks. Jem is got a big drag at this joint, and when he tips them the info that he's bringing along a regular king and another guy that bats around .387 in the British beerage they ain't nothing too good for us.

Well, after lunch I takes a nap; and when I comes downstairs, there is Willieboy on the front porch surrounded by a flock of Janes, and from the fuss they was making over him you'd 'a' thought he was the king of the May. He gives me the office to come over, which I does.

"Me want she, she and she," he says, pointing out three of the dames.

"What for?" I comes back. "A bridge game?"

He shakes his head.

"Big wind kill most wifes. Get more. Want she, she and she," and he points again.

I leads him away by the arm.

The Old Janes is Giggling and Fussing Around Him

"Forget it!" I hisses. "This ain't Tuara. You can't grab off no skirts around here like you can do down there Cut that stuff out or some of these Janes' husbands will knock you for a row of garbage cans."

"Me king," says this bozo, looking surprised.

"You may be down in what's left of that dump of yours," I comes back; "but up here you ain't nothing but a deuce of clubs in a dirty deck."

He shuffles away in them carpet slippers to where Hargis is sitting on the other side of the shack. I flop into a chair for a quiet smoke, when one of them skirts that's been goo-gooing with Willieboy giggles over to me. This baby was a flapper when a dollar was important money. She musta been thirty-five on her last birthday, and believe me it had lasted a long time already.

"I think his majesty is wonderful," she gushes up at me.

"In what way?" I wants to know.

"He is so interesting and so flattering," she tehees.

"How did he flatter you?" I asks.

"He said he just loved my hair," she comes back. "I don't suppose they have any blondes in his country."

I take a look at the peroxide mop.

"No," I says, "they ain't none there, and I guess he figures he could knock the other chiefs cuckoo if he could slap a yellow topnotch in the collection he's got plastered over his door." She don't make me, so I goes on, "Listen here, lady! You mustn't let him fall in love with you."

"Why not?" she giggles.

"Because," I says, "if he does he'll want to bring you presents, and he only knows one kinda present that's fitten for a frail that he's nutty about."

"Yes?" she says eagerlike. "What kind of presents?"

"Heads," I says. "If this bozo kicks in on you, you is likely to wake up some morning and find a platter of your best friends' heads at your door with the chief's card stuck among them."

"Heads!" she gasps. "Heads! Really?"

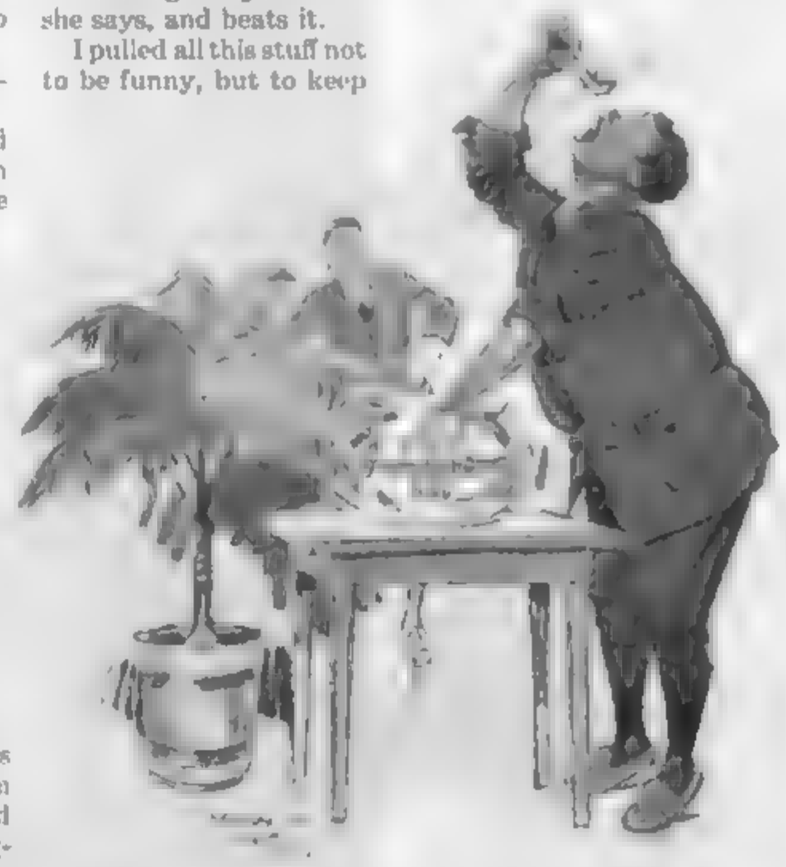
"Sure!" says I. "Down at Tuara, instead of taking a girl to the movies and blowing yourself for a ice-cream cone, the young blood says to his baby 'See what I brung you,' and slips her the dome of some lad he's borrowed it from with a knife."

She turns white underneath the drug store she's got smeared on her map.

"For a classy looker like you," I goes on, "anything less than twenty heads would be a insult, and if he pikes and only brings you five or six I'd throw them in his face."

"What ghastly humor!" she says, and beats it.

I pulled all this stuff not to be funny, but to keep the Janes away from Willieboy. I figure the old bird will spread the news and the gals will give him the go-by, my reason being that I'm scared the chief will pull some rough stuff that maybe will get us all in bad. Jem drops by and I tells him what's happened.



He Grabbed a Coupla Goldfish Out of the Bowl and Swallowed Them Before I Could Interfere

"He is a bit difficult to handle," admits Hargis. "I just had an unfortunate experience with him myself."

"What did he do?" I asks. "Throw a bellhop outta the window?"

"No," says Jem, "but he grabbed a coupla goldfish out of the bowl back there and swallowed them before I could interfere."

III

EARLY the next morning, when they ain't nobody on the links, me and Hammersley and Hargis take the chief out for his first round of pasture pool in the big leagues. Willieboy is all diked out in a regular golf layout, excepting his feet, on which he is still wearing them carpet slippers.

Well, the Tuara bearcat takes a swipe at the ball and misses it about eight feet. He takes a half a dozen more swings and don't come no nearer the pill than I does to being president of Africa. Hammersley gives Jem a funny look, as if to say where did he get that stuff about this goof being a shark, but Hargis just pats the chief on the back and tells him to take it easy. Pretty soon the bozo gets the range and knocks the ball for a gool, just missing the hole a coupla inches. From then on he's pretty fair; nothing like he was on Tuara, but not so worse, considering.

"It's the clothes that's bothering this baby," I tells Hargis. "Strip him and he'll run Old Man Bogy off the lot."

Jem figures Willieboy will be O.K. just as soon as he gets used to the greens and the surroundings generally, but I ain't so sure. It's the doll rugs he's got to get used to. Par on the course is seventy-one, but it takes the chief eighty-five to make the grade.

(Continued on Page 132)

The Girl Who Would be Queen

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

ILLUSTRATION BY C. J. McCARTHY

ON AN afternoon in late April Patricia Tremaine walked up Fifth Avenue. Spring was everywhere—in the debonair swing of manly canes, in the tilt of self-conscious new hats, in the seeking glance of passing eyes. And all eyes sought hers in the way eyes have when a girl looks like Patricia.

Confidently she walked on, surveying the Avenue with the inflated look of one who has at last come into his inheritance. "This dazzling affluent world is my oyster," sang her supercilious golden head; and "It is at my feet," said her lovely self-satisfied eyes. And all the assured grace of her slim body and the disdainful correctness of her frock proclaimed to the fashionable Fifth Avenue world that a queen had entered her kingdom.

From the gay windows of florists' shops pussy willows and jonquils and violets smiled at her; from the street costly limousines poured songs more beautiful than music in her ears. She was in the pretentious heaven that she had been dreaming of for years. To be blond and beautiful and young—and in New York at last! To gaze into windows the sacred eyes of the four hundred itself fell on, to breathe the air it breathed, step out of the way of its imported motors, to eat at tables not six feet separated from it. All this was bliss enough. But to have within her the excited conviction that this indifferent world was soon to open to her eager touch, to clasp her to its proud heart and make her its own—this was what reared her bedazzled head disdainfully on her slender neck, caused her importunate feet to spurn the hallowed pavement.

She drew an ecstatic breath. New York was all she had dreamed it way back there in Chesbrook, Ontario. There was nothing she would have wished changed. That she was on the stage was merely a passing, a temporary circumstance of her life here in the city. She never saw plebeian Broadway except on her way to and from the theater. When she was not lost in dreams on Fifth Avenue she was deep in magazines devoted to social exploits along the east side of the Park. Her interests were as far removed from the scene of her nightly activities, the stage, as they were from small-town life in Canada.

"Good-by, take care of yourself, dear!" had called the friendly but, she felt, rather common group gathered at the station to see her off. "Don't be too proud to look at us when you are Mrs. Astorbilt." Patricia had looked pleased even while she protested, for she knew as well as they why she was going to the States. She had been brought up in the understanding that she was far too beautiful and cultured to throw herself away on a small town, and she accepted this very naturally. She had been given a great gift by a kindly heaven and it was her duty to make good her one talent. She was taking her beauty to New York as unaffectedly as she would have carried paints and easel to Paris. She was quite unspoiled by her looks, but she felt that in the natural order of things they must have a setting of wealth and, most especially, of the utmost social glamour.

"Patricia would grace any court in the world," said her mother to her afternoon bridge club. "She is a natural-born duchess!"

"Very Pleasant Over by the Window," He Murmured

She was one of those militant women who render the most problematic things ordained and certain merely by alluding to them. And the envious bridge club, thinking of its own less favored daughters, sniffed to a woman. But down in their hearts they knew she spoke the truth.

Along the magic thoroughfare on this bright blue day Patricia walked and dreamed. At Fiftieth Street she was almost run over by a thoughtful young man, whose gloom lightened perceptibly as he gazed at her even while he applied his every faculty to the matter of not running her down. Wrapped in visions of grandeur Patricia did not favor him with a glance, but passed superbly on. Her preserver gazed after her as his practiced hand pointed his shining car northward.

"Roars of applause!" said Stephen Van Cuyler Jenkins to himself. "I could have sworn that type was not extinct!" And as he threw out his clutch: "God could not be so cruel!"

Slowly he followed the stream, his eyes searching the sidewalk for Patricia. But when he found her again the traffic drew him on past.

"Such is life," he sighed to his mahogany dashboard. "We meet but to part!"

Under his skillful guidance his engine felt its way uptown and left his mind free to roam. Many young women and girls bowed and waved to him from passing motors, and received from him the peculiar little half smile that women found so attractive. But he was hardly conscious of them. He was accustomed to having women anxious to be on good terms with him; and it was on account of one of them, he reflected—if not, on the whole, all of them—that he had only now been so depressed.

The traffic advanced with long pauses and sudden halts and he kept his place in it without thinking of what he was doing. He was conscious that he was more cheerful than he had been five minutes before, but he did not attribute this lightening of his load to the subtle influence of spring coupled with the sight of Patricia. He only suddenly knew that he was vaguely glad to be free again and no longer a fiancé at the beck and call of a too, too modern young woman. For that certainly was what Millicent Twitchell, with her red-brown eyes so vivid in her oval, eager, impudent face, was—a modern type, a regular flapper. But though he liked the sensation of freedom, of being his own man again, yet he had contrary feelings of lonesomeness too. He felt untied and unsettled, and the spring was getting under his tanned skin, and the fleecy white clouds in the aisle of blue sky before him gave him small sensations of sadness and regret.

But he was not sorry that his engagement to Milly was broken. He felt that they would have been very unhappy together. She contended that he was an old fogy, and he certainly could not see himself in that light. Not that she was not a bear! No, indeed, Milly was there forty ways. But he found her wanting somehow in small and trifling things that yet he felt to be important. It was only lately that he had begun to object to her extreme flapperism. He had thought that when she put up her bobbed hair and let down her skirts according to the new fashion she would also adopt less hoydenish mannerisms. It was not, he said to himself, that these things in themselves were objectionable, but that a man somehow wanted his wife to be above the general herd. He felt like an old fogy to say it, but, darn it, he wanted to be able to see an outward difference in the speech and carriage and the style of his wife. His mother had managed to keep smart and up to the minute under post-war conditions. She was a lady, and, by George, he didn't see why he couldn't expect his wife to be a lady also.

That girl in the street now. Her hair had never been bobbed, her face was not made up—at least it did not look it—and he was convinced that she had never smoked in her life. He could not help regretting that that radiant vision had passed out of his life. But one thing she had shown him—that a girl could still look like a lady, dress like a lady, walk like a lady. How gracefully she moved, with that suggestion of flight in her lithe walk!

"Let us always be friends," Milly had said. And they would be. He did not know a soul on earth he admired and respected more than Milly. But she was out as far as marrying was concerned. When he looked back on it all it seemed to him that it was her speech that jarred on him the most. "Perfectly damn splendid" was the phrase on her airy little tongue every minute, and when you had said that, she seemed to say, you had said everything

(Continued on Page 34)

BY JOVE!

By J. C. HOWARD

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

NEITHER Xanthine Waring nor the Hon. Rupert Fordingbrace remembered afterwards what indefinite someone pattered their names introductorily at that London dance club.

But a vague wonder as to exactly how on earth this pretty girl with the snow-white shoulders ever got into or out of her chocolate dance frock; then a swift realization that never before had he met a partner who made a fox trot so well worth while; then a brilliancy of conversational ability that left him reeling unbelievably at his own unsuspected powers, and—somehow set miraculously under honey-gold hair, just a little lower than big round eyes like black pools twinkling in moonshine—a pair of shyly bewitching lips that he kissed under a friendly palm outside the dance room—those were the sensations and psychological whirlwinds that tied the Hon. Rupert Fordingbrace captive to Miss Xanthine's bow and spear—at once.

"Oh!" screamed Miss Xanthine as the kiss happened. And "Oh!" she repeated, not quite so alarmedly as he might have feared. "And we've only just met!"

"Old thing," began the Honorable Rupert—"or—that is —— I mean dear old soul—er—in fact, Miss ——"

"That's it!" literally blushed aloud Miss Warirg. "Why, I don't even remember your name! Do you often kiss people like that?"

"My sacred aunts and uncles, no! I never in all my life ——"

"Then why —— "

He laid one big hand gently upon her shoulder.

"You should look at yourself in the glass, old thing. Besides, I do know you. I must know you. I never lost my head before, you know. Didn't really. But, d'ye know, little girl, I'm clean bowled over, and all that rot, what? Do be kind. I'm Rupert. Who're you?"

Something that he managed to recognize as "Xanthine Waring" came from behind a half-averted golden curl. But he had to lean forward to see that her mouth was puckered in a deliberate struggle against the laugh that would mean surrender

"Xanthine?" he repeated "Topping name, what?"

And her laugh came at last.

He breathed relief undisguisedly.

"Thank the Lord for that," said he. "I was beginning to think I'd torn things. Been too swift, and all that Wondered if you didn't hate me, as it were. Loathe me like ——" He bit one manicured finger in the effort of finding something really loathable

"How can I?" laughed Xanthine at him, her black, black eyes twinkling and all-forgiving. "It's been too short an acquaintance."

"—— like I do the johnnies with the writs," completed the Hon. Rupert Fordingbrace, having found his phrase unexpectedly.

"I don't follow," murmured Miss Waring.

"Good job for you, Miss Xanthine," remarked her partner, with obvious sincerity. "They follow, though!"

"Who follow?" asked the puzzled girl.

"Oh, the writ johnnies, the duns, the lads who want the money. Oh, hang! What's that got to do with it? I am an ass really. Miss Xanthine, look here, it sounds absurd, but really I'm just aching to see a lot of you, so to speak. Will you? I mean, where do you get to? Could a chap toddle up here and find you again?"

"I've got a week in town," Xanthine told him. "Two girl cousins brought me here. I could come again if ——"

"If what?"

"If I wanted to."

"And don't you? Won't you want? I do. Awfully!"

"Haven't I been very nice to you for a first evening? There's my cousin."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Hon. Rupert Fordingbrace as she fled straight into the arms of a tall girl in blue, the two lithe figures short-stepping into the jazzing crowd.

Well, of course, he came again. Xanthine came again. They danced, talked, laughed together in good comradeship—and greater crime perhaps—made love with eyes and ears and speech, and all the other attributes with which a handsome youngster calls to a pretty maid when the world seems young. Cousin Clara and Cousin Ethel the first married, and the second with a satisfactory love matter of her own—smiled tolerantly, amusedly, and not unkindly at the persistent Fordingbrace. It was a happy time

But on Xanthine's last evening the girl and Fordingbrace got down to facts

"I want you, Xanthine dear," the boy whispered earnestly. "But I've been a bad, sad lad. The dad spoiled me. I've got no job, no trade. In fact, dear old nutmeg, I've got nothing in prospect but debts, so to speak, you know."

"The johnnies that follow?" she laughed.

"The self-same johnnies. Rotten, isn't it?"

"But," queried Xanthine doubtfully, "couldn't you do something, Rupert?"

"Tell me what, dear old thing. The old man thinks I ought to marry money."

"Then that's all right," nodded Xanthine more cheerfully. "I've got it."

"Oh, I say!" returned Fordingbrace, suddenly abashed. "Doesn't that rather tear it, so to speak?"

"Why?" asked her pretty lips, and her eyes asked volumes more. "Why, Rupert? If your father says marry money, and I've got enough ——"

"Kid of kids, I couldn't. Everybody knows me. Knows I'm broke to the wide, and—dear, I didn't know; I just met you, loved you. Don't say you've got lots of money!"

She stared at him, open-mouthed. And then a little sadly: "I'm afraid I have, Rupert; or, rather, dad has. And he's the dearest old man. He's John Wilberforce Waring."

(Continued on Page 138)

Standing in the Porch, His Generally Well-Brushed Black Hair Tossed Untidily in a Cold East Wind, the Hon. Rupert Fordingbrace Interviewed One Driver After Another

THE POOCH

By JOHN NELSON JAMES

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

THERE was born to the House of Wykeham—flat anticlimax to a most portentous day—one scrawny puppy of the species designated as more deadly than the male

Ordinarily such an event in this large and aristocratic establishment would have passed almost without notice, but this was a decidedly special case, and the entire household, from the master down to the lowliest kennel boy, was much concerned. For this was no common or garden variety of whelping; this was to have been the advent of a crown prince to a reigning dynasty, the offspring of Champion Wykeham Victoria and Champion Tristram of Kildare, two of the greatest wire-haired fox terriers ever bred a crown prince who would carry on the torch to the honor and glory of Victoria and Tristram, and, incidentally, Wykeham Kennels. And instead of a scion of a great house, a mutt—and a female mutt at that!

No wonder the master, sick with disappointment, turned away from the royal bedchamber to console himself at a decanter of pedigreed liquor.

No wonder Fenton, the manager of the kennels, spoke of sudden and more or less humane disposal, and grumbled when his plans were countermanded

Only Doctor Crowley, famous veterinarian, remained loyal to the queen mother and her brat. Once again he looked upon the tiny atom that had caused such a stir in this big household, and smiled ruefully as he looked. The length of a woman's hand, the thickness of her two fingers; a rounded bumpy head, with short snipy muzzle; a long body with stubby misshapen legs; a smooth sparse coat; no markings, save a mousy-gray patch on one low-set ear; a long hairless tail. All in all, this daughter of the Tristram-Victoria dynasty might well have been mistaken by the uninitiate for a white rat. Everything that a blooded wire-hair puppy should not be, this descendant of champions was. And she had grappled with life and conquered, seeking sustenance at the maternal fount and snuggling to sleep when satiated.

Said Fenton, professional dog handler, as he looked sourly upon the mother, "You're a fine one, you are! Champion, my eye!" His piglike eyes skewed to the offspring. "And as for you, ye rat, I ought to drown ye, so I should. Ye're a disgrace to Wykeham Kennels. By gad, that's what ye're gonna be called—Wykeham's Disgrace!"

And even so was the newborn entered in the Wykeham stud book.

Crowley, man of no little science and great understanding, was more moderate. "Poor little Vicky! Old Mother Nature played a mean trick on you, little dog. One mutt puppy, when you might be nursing five future champions. You can't beat Nature all the time. But don't you care, little mother-dog."

And Vicky, cuddling and licking her sleeping baby, cared not a whit.

Not so Champion Tristram of Kildare. He cared a lot. His reputation as a proved sire of champions had been shaken grievously. He sulked in his kennel, as if the news of Wykeham's Disgrace were too much for his usually plethoric disposition.

II

DESPITE Fenton's oft-repeated threats of sudden and untimely end, Vicky's puppy lived and prospered. The runt seemed to have taken to herself all the strength that should have been shared among her little brothers and sisters that were to have been. She was a hardy baby. Also a typical terrier. From the hour her watery bottle-blue eyes opened on this great and interesting world she began to investigate all its mysteries at no little personal risk and discomfort; but invariably the discoveries thus made were most gratifying to an insatiable curiosity. And being utterly worthless to the famous kennels of which she was so unworthy a representative, she was allowed liberties not accorded most Wykeham youngsters

As Though Shot From a Bow The Pooch Launched Herself Straight for the Jaws of Death. Her Teeth Fastened on the Bear's Tender Snout

This insatiable curiosity almost proved her undoing at an early age. Her inquisitive nose found one day something in the form of those rock-hard biscuits that were tossed her at feeding time. It was of similar shape, only most pungent of odor, and most delightfully slippery when touched by an investigative tongue. All things pleasing to the smell must be intended for inward consumption, her infantile reasoning told her. So she ate much of a cake of strong dog soap, and immediately wished she had not. Being inwardly disturbed, she drank deeply. And then she was a sick puppy!

Had she remained in retirement, all might have been well. But some instinct prompted her to seek out her one friend, the kennel boy who fed her. That startled youth, seeing an excited puppy with foam-flecked muzzle bearing down on him, shrieked "Mad dog!" and ran in terror, the puppy in hot pursuit.

Others joined in the chase, and there ensued a pandemonium of human and canine cries, interspersed with indiscriminate shooting. From seeking aid the puppy turned to seek safety. Instinct came to her rescue this time. She scratched and tore her way through a tiny hole under the sill of the stables and scrambled to the farthest corner of her new-found den, there to lie cowering and quaking with fright, and most amazingly unwell.

Three days later hunger drove her into the open. She found the atmosphere calmed, and once more she was tolerated around the place.

From the day of her unwelcome début into this world the puppy had been cheated of the birthright of every dog—a name. Be it ever so humble, but some one inflection of the human voice that would cause the heart to swell with joy, the eyes to light up, the stumpy tail to wriggle. The Wykeham kennel register bore the date of her birth, her parentage and her name of shame, but no one deemed her sufficient of a personality to be worthy of concrete designation. She passed out of the master's recollection, save as an unsavory interlude. Fenton, when unwittingly she forced herself on his attention, called her by several rude names. To the handlers about the kennels she was simply "the pooch."

So The Pooch she became, and she grew in body and mind, unloved and almost unknown. Her mother, Champion Wykeham Victoria, had long since forgotten all about her, and now passed her by without recognition. One met so many dogs at all the shows during the season that really one could hardly be expected to take up with all the animals about the place. Vicky, having gone through her brief interlude of maternal affection, was once more busily engaged in the social whirl, running about the country from bench show to bench show, stopping at home only long enough to snatch a little needed rest for the next social engagement. Thus The Pooch's moral growth was left to her own intelligence, which kept pace with her physical development, and her inborn courage and nerve soon outstripped both. Even Fenton tempered his pronounced disapproval when, at the age of four months, The Pooch slew two rats, single-handed, in almost as few seconds. The rodents were not trapped for her either. She smelled out their den and went after them, thus running true to breed in instinct if not in outward appearances.

Dearly won experience now told her that soap was not an edible commodity; that one should not venture into premises occupied by dogs more favored, on pain of severe disciplining; that grown dogs were to be treated with all due respect; that one could always gain surcease by hiding under the stables, and that it is wise to give mother cats a wide berth.

This last lesson was painfully learned. There was a large matronly cat that lived in the stable, ostensibly to keep the place free of mice. Actually she was highly prized by the stable hands because of her short temper and her ability to handle herself with credit in personal combat. To this short-tempered feline The Pooch was introduced There was a litter of kittens in a basket. The Pooch, invited so to do by Fenton, investigated basket and contents. The smell seemed to waken an unknown hatred in her puppy subconsciousness. The bristly hair along her backbone rose, her lips parted in a snarl, and from her throat there rumbled a ludicrous baby growl. Then Fenton's sense of humor suggested to him a happy climax Grasping the short-tempered feline by the scruff of her neck he threw her on the unsuspecting puppy.

Now a full-grown cat usually is quite sufficient of a match for most dogs anywhere near its own size. When that full-grown cat happens to be a mother, even an Irish wolfhound exercises discretion. So it is not difficult to imagine what happened to this four months' fox-terrier puppy, taken unawares. Any youngster less hardy would have been killed on the spot. The Pooch never came closer to death in all her career, and she was to engage in several

quarrels in her time. Clawed, bleeding, almost blinded, one ear torn into a fringe, she finally dragged herself to her one place of refuge, her den under the stables.

Hours later, when kennels and stables were wrapped in slumber, a cautious though much bedraggled nose appeared at a crack under the sill of the stable door. It reported to its owner no scent of cat. Slowly and painfully the said owner followed into the open air. There, 'neath a midnight moon, The Pooch swore to herself an oath of eternal damnation to be visited upon everything that mewed and purred and scratched. A vendetta, to the death! Signed and sealed in blood! Her enthusiasm for the cause overcame her discretion, and she voiced aloud to the moon above her, eternal hatred of the feline tribe. All of which awoke the premises to sudden and decidedly hostile activity against her person, so that The Pooch was forced to close her melodramatic aria with a comic exit amid a shower of missiles.

Ludicrous though it may seem, this vendetta business was a decidedly serious matter with The Pooch. She cherished it for months. A dog worth his salt forgets neither friend nor foe. The Pooch had no friends, but she had an enemy to remember. She was willing to bide her time, but when her day came

And what a weird instrument of vengeance she presented! Kennel men took delight in exhibiting her clandestinely to fellow professionals. Never was dog bred so thoroughly faulty. As Wykeham Kennels had produced best of breed on numerous occasions, so had Wykeham now produced the very worst of breed. The kennel men were willing to back this claim with wagers. So far they had not lost a bet

One ear, of distinct hound cast, flopped low on her skull. The other, a mere stub, stood out straight, deckle-edged from that memorable conflict with the short-tempered cat. Relic of that same encounter, one eye had a rakish slant: the cat's claws had torn the eyelid so that it hung in a perpetual half wink. The short snipy muzzle was deeply scarred and almost bare of hirsute adornment. On her chin a straggly tuft of hair gave her the appearance of a dissipated nanny goat. Her tail, but an inch-long stub, made it necessary to wag the entire rear end on the rare occasions when it was desirable to manifest pleasure. Long of body and sway-backed; forelegs bowed, cow-hocked behind: add to this a nasty temper and untrusting disposition. Such was The Pooch on this first anniversary of her birth.

She went her round with an unwonted enthusiasm on this particular day. Her human enemies seemed much engrossed with important duties, thus leaving her entirely to her own devices. That was what she desired above all things Of late there had been altogether too much of being dragged around to be poked and thumped and ridiculed by unfriendly persons with a doggy smell, but without a dog's manners.

Unwittingly The Pooch committed a grave error during the early moments of this precious day of freedom. She knew she had no business in there,

She Backed Out of the Den, Bearing Her Victim With Her

yet that puppy curiosity, never quite overcome, urged her to cross the threshold that was taboo to every dog on the premises, the room that reeked of nasty tastes, the room where were kept those shiny sharp nippers that were sometimes used on one's toenails with much personal discomfort—in short, the veterinarian department. The humans were all there, but too occupied with other matters to notice the intruder. She was noticed, however, by the object of all this human attention, Lady Victoria, once more about to produce her kind to the honor and glory of Wykeham and to the salvation of her own reputation and that of one Tristram of Kildare. Vicky's greeting was not at all maternal. She evinced a desire to tear her eldest child into very small pieces, and the excitement of the queen mother attracted inimical notice on the part of Fenton. The Pooch escaped two inches ahead of one large boot, lustily propelled

Oh, very well! If she wasn't wanted there, there were lots of other places that might be visited. For instance, one might go hunt for squirrels in the back pasture Or there was that bone that had been abstracted from a more favored youngster and buried deep in a secret spot; it ought to be ripe by now. A day of peace and meditation

Hold on there! No squirrels today. Here's real game. Before the stable door, serenely sunning herself, lay that cat! The Pooch bristled like a hedgehog, and from her chest there rumbled a deep growl of hatred. No baby growl, this; the snarl of an angry dog that meant business.

Months of fending for herself had developed The Pooch beyond her age. Her teeth were sharp and strong. Her muscles were lithe and powerful as steel springs. Her disposition was far from mellow. She cherished a resentment—which may not be entirely ethical, but is intensely human. And she had an undaunted courage, it herited from a long line of courageous ancestors, a courage that no amount of hard knocks and bullying had been able to cow.

The ensuing skirmish was short, but very, very sweet. The Pooch ran headlong at her enemy, the impact knocking the cat off its feet. It was a life-or-death struggle, simple, elemental, brutal. Nor was it a triumph for virtue, for vengeance is hardly virtuous. But it was a fair fight and a decisive one. The cat had fought her last engagement.

The Pooch came out of "the fog of fighting" to find herself surrounded by enemies.

The noise of the conflict had brought the humans running to the scene. Powerless to stop the cat slaughter, they now demanded revenge for the death of the pet of the stables a life for a life. But their anger was nothing as compared with the blind rage of Fenton, archenemy of The Pooch.

"That scrawny little rat!" he snarled. "Let me at her! Here's Vicky whelpin' when this infernal mutt starts all this row. By gosh, I'll fix you this time!"

He started for The Pooch, a heavy club in his hand. Death was in his eye.

Time was when The Pooch would have hung her stump of a tail and scurried into hiding. But not now The blood lust had gripped her. As Fenton, stooping, made for her, club upraised, eighteen pounds of rage-crazed, fearless dog leaped at his throat. Fenton barely had time to raise an arm to defend himself from the slashing tusks. The Pooch buried her teeth in that arm until they met, and, unable to shake her enemy as she would have shaken another rat, shook

(Continued on Page 73)

It is Not Difficult to Imagine What Happened to This Four Months' Fox-Terrier Puppy

THE MAGNETIC WEST

Sungates—By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

With Three Bullet Wounds He Rode His Horse Up and Down the Main Street for More Than an Hour, Daring Anyone to Arrest Him

THE first impression that San Francisco made on me, seen in the early darkness from an Oakland ferryboat, was of a dramatic and strange beauty; it lay in a glittering band of light against a low cloud more purple than black; and above the city and the cloud the sky, clear and cool and pure, was so brightly green that the stars were indeterminate. The water of the bay was black and lustrous, with reflections like solidly inlaid colored materials, and the steep silhouettes of islands bore a rich illumination of signals on their unexpected peaks. The cloud—in a moment, it seemed—swept up and covered the sky, and a sudden heavy plunge of rain fell on the land and the bay and the decks of boats. It was over before the ferry was fast in its slip; the quickness of the drive to the St. Francis Hotel showed nothing more characteristic than an excessively wide street; there were the granite walls of banks, the ornamented shells of moving-picture theaters, and then the wide anonymous comfort of the hotel.

The night following I had a totally different view of San Francisco, from the land, the heights of Twin Peaks; but that more than repeated the quality of drama—it emphasized it, magnified its vividness, and added an aspect of brilliant and scornful danger. I was in a motor at an edge with a single railing that dropped through sheer vertical space to the city, spread like a map in burning gold. Every street, every intersection and park, was clear, evident; and yet, perhaps because of that sharpness of design, it was difficult to realize that what lay below me was, in all its familiar and universal aspects, a city. The commonplace was inescapable but the exceptional was far more clear; I was bewildered by the manner in which, through a tangible means, San Francisco disturbed me with its intangible being. Seen from that distance all the violence of its force, its harsh early vigor, its spectacular splendors, appeared to be lingering over it in a windy spirit.

Roads Like Lanes of Air

NOTHING that had passed there, tragic and humorous and sinful and extravagant, its immeasurable hospitality and intolerant honor, had completely vanished, but remained in echoes and influences mingled in the air, suspended just beyond sound in the atmosphere. It was as perceptible as the uneasy wind stirring across the lifted peaks; and when I descended to the streets, dropped into their inevitable features, that other impression of a generated and deathless force, at once glaring and somber, affected all my recognitions. I never, in the ten days of my stay there, grew familiar with the pattern of San Francisco; I early got a competent general idea of Chicago—in reality immensely more complicated—but San Francisco, in spite of the apparent regularity of its plan, continued to evade my understanding. I came to know Post Street and Market, with its web of tracks, Kearny and Powell, at the end of which the small cable cars were swung on a wooden turntable; I was secure in the vicinity of Union Square; I could even, at necessity, find Sansome Street; but beyond that, for me, the city was like the coruscating whirl of a pinwheel.

I departed for Sausalito and Oakland and returned; I became acquainted with the Pacific Union Club and drove through the green reservation of the Presidio, wandered in the courts of an amazing baroque ruin left from the late exposition; I followed the sea and was lost in long exotic parks that held beds of pansies like designs in stained glass; I went out to golf clubs on curving roads so smooth that they might have been lanes of air—went out one way and came back another; I lingered under the vermilion paper streamers of Jackson and Dupont Streets; but I was never certain of the next turning nor of any direction.

Parties and days and people, like the squares and vistas, the sudden views of the bay, the sharp drifts of wind, succeeded each other in an unbroken hospitality without special name. There was a lunch at the Bohemian Club, where the circle of the table was filled by the relaxed humor and decorations of an extraordinary number of generals in the United States Army. I had met a general, say, in St. Louis, a general and a colonel, perhaps, somewhere else; but only in San Francisco had I come upon a collection of generals at one pleasant occasion. And this, I thought, was characteristic of the city. That evening I went to another party to see Edith Mason -I had last met her on the roof of the Oregonian in Portland -but there I saw such an uncommonly lovely woman in silver brocades that I totally forgot the opera. Again, I found myself at an elaborate dinner in a private suite at the St. Francis, and there were more hors d'œuvres, more and better, than ever I had dreamed the existence of. There were Tait's on the Beach and that lumberman with the fine dignity of his trees; a narrow crowded place with superlative chicken and a name I never learned; the oval dining room of the St. Francis with not one but a hundred graceful and charming and vivid women—the girls that danced there late in the afternoon were like arrows tipped with red and gilt feathers—and a dinner party in a house with wide windows that again showed San Francisco spread far below in a shimmering veil extinguished by the sea. All this progressed, swept me into it, without effort, preparation or planning; it went on in the manner that night succeeded to day; in San Francisco, I was made to feel, it was expected, and belonged to the traditions, the gayety of courage, of the city. Here it wasn't a mere vanity but a serious commitment—the engagement of an unconquerable spirit scoffing at an inappropriate and censorious age.

Explorers

PLEASURE, there, the rattle of voices and music, was incessant; but the soundless clamor that I had at once been conscious of in San Francisco, the edge of dread, was no less apparent. The winds, gray and disturbing, drawing in from the sea, bore it; there was a constant restlessness on the streets, in houses, an expectancy and intentness without placidity or peace. The air seemed to hold the vibration of iron bells, of that bell on the Monumental Engine House which was a signal for the assembling of the Vigilantes There was a sense of marching mobs, the voices of mobs suddenly hushed in public executions. And, still deeper, there was another sound, a ground bass from below the ground, the indefinable muttering threat of earth melting beneath the city. The scars of disaster were laid in another manner than on the insensate walls of buildings; in San Francisco the strings of consciousness were held at a tension not too sharp for music, yet shorn of rest.

The singular thing was that, highly individual and peculiarly American, San Francisco showed no evidence at all of the Mexican Spain which had founded California. Its beginning as Yerba Buena was relatively unimportant; and it was amusing to reflect that its bay had been discovered by mistake in the effort of Gaspar de Portolá to find Monterey.

Later Pedro Fages, with twelve soldiers, a priest and two servants and a pack train, explored San Francisco Bay—La Bocana de la Enseñada de los Farallones. On an evening in August, 1775, the San Cárlos, Juan Manuel de Ayala, master, anchored in twenty-two fathoms off Sausalito; and Juan de Anza had left Tubac the year before on his inland journey to Monterey. He passed over the Camino del Diablo, reaching from the dry sink of the Sonoyta a hundred and twenty miles to the junction of the Gila and Colorado Rivers with but two watering places, where, in eight years, between Altera and Yuma, four hundred travelers had died of thirst; he crossed the black lava slope of the Mal Pais from the Sierra Pinto to the Sierra Pinecate, and saw the Yuma Indians in feathers and rings, their hair glittering with silver luster; he found his way through the shifting sand hills, the desolate mud volcanoes of the Colorado desert; and, reaching his destination, in recognition of his fortitude, De Anza was commissioned to establish a presidio and mission on San Francisco Bay.

That, it seemed to me, was almost the sum of Spanish influence there, for, almost immediately, gold had been discovered, the '49 was a fact. In 1843 gold had been found near Los Angeles and two thousand ounces sent into the United States; the ship Admittance took on ten iron flasks of gold at San Pedro; and a package assayed at the Philadelphia mint was .906 fine. San Francisco, however, showed small interest in this, until miners appeared on the streets with gold dust in bottles, in tin cans and buckskin bags. And in 1848 Governor Mason proclaimed that so many men had deserted their wives and obligations in the city that, unless it were guarded against, the gold region would be taken possession of by the military.

In the swift change of the American occupation, El Paraje de Yerba Buena, where mint grew, and the little island of Yerba Buena, soon lost their original title; the Punta del Embarcadero became Clark's Point and the Punta del Rincon was shortened. Captain William Richardson had two schooners with Indian crews supplying the ships in the bay with the produce of the missions and farms; and in 1837 he built his *casa grande* on the first grant recorded. Jacob Leese, come from Los Angeles, established a store and commission house; there were three partners; and their grant later became the block formed by Dupont and Stockton, Sacramento and Clay Streets. Their house was ready for the Fourth of July of 1836, and the American flag was then first flown in San Francisco. Those buildings were on the Calle de la Fundacion, leading to the presidio; this became Dupont; and Leese built a second large wooden store and dwelling on the beach where, afterward, Montgomery Street lay between Sacramento and Clay, subsequently selling it to the Hudson's Bay Company.

Some of the Old-Timers

THESE, seen even through a short perspective of time, were small affairs, momentary names, and yet they constituted the authentic history, the individuality, of the city; they bore the color, formed the associations, which became San Francisco; and, for me, they were more engaging, more significant, than larger and obvious chronicles. Nathan Spear, from Boston by Honolulu in 1837, brought a ship's house, twelve feet by eighteen, which he put near the beach. He called it Kent Hall, built a store north of it, and, in 1846, sold his property to William H. Davis. In 1838, when Spear became associated with John Perry, an American from Nicaragua, the region of San Francisco was a wilderness with groves where there were deer and elk and antelope, panther and bears. Nine years later there were about a dozen houses, perhaps fifty inhabitants. A Swiss sailor, Vioget, made a survey in 1839 that showed the Calle de la Fundacion leading to the Puerto suelo and Montgomery Street interrupted by a lagoon and again, farther south, by a pool of sweet water. This map hung in Ridley's billiard saloon, where all strangers gathered, and bore the names of those to whom grants were made.

In 1847 Jasper O'Farrell projected a second and extended survey; it covered eight hundred acres and, by O'Farrell's Swing, corrected the sharp angles of the first plat. Two years later the city's limits were again expanded, to Larkin and Eighth Streets. The Indians had a temescal, for hot bathing, at the foot of Sacramento Street; at the end of Clay a spring supplied the ships with fresh water; Francisco Cáceres, an ex-dragoon, built an adobe house at what became a corner of Dupont and Pacific Streets; at the head of a little cove near Sansome, Thompson constructed a house of hides—he was from Maine, a shipowner, married to a Spanish girl.

The house of Vioget, the Swiss, became a hotel, with an English sailor as cook and steward; later a widow, Mrs. Mercy Narrimore, was engaged as housekeeper; Lucy Nutting was waitress and Sarah Kittleman cook, and they were all Mormons. The beds were made of Sandwich Island moss, the blankets of heavy flannel, and there were calico quilts. The Hudson's Bay Company's store, opened with a ten-thousand-dollar stock of merchandise, was thirty by eighty feet long; and, bought for five thousand dollars, it was turned into the United States Hotel. Juana Briones had an adobe house on the west side of Telegraph Hill, and the milk and eggs and vegetables of her small farm were famous. Peter Sherreback, from Denmark, built a wooden house at Washington and Kearny Streets, where the El Dorado was to stand. Brown's Hotel, opened in the fall of 1846, became the old City Hotel; and through the '49 was the favorite resort of the gamblers. William Leidesdorff ran it, and, as well, he owned the first steamboat—called generally the Steamer—on San Francisco Bay. She was built at Sitka, thirty-seven feet over all; and she was so crank that there was a contemporary legend about an accident brought about by a mother shifting her baby from one arm to the other.

It was about this time that, after a complaint regarding the peculiarity of the water, a drowned Russian sailor was found in the well of Alfred Ellis' boarding house; and John Tinker established a bowling alley where the Bella Union Theater later stood.

In 1848 Mellus and Howard, continuing intimate town details which, for a whole beginning American period less than a decade in length, formed the ingratiating history of San Francisco, constructed the first building of brick, and sailors from the Portsmouth constructed a defense at Clark's Point: a location that became the Battery and later Fort Montgomery. Two hundred and thirty-eight Mormons, with Elder Brannan, arrived in The Brooklyn from New York; they had procured a hundred and fifty stands of arms in Honolulu, and Brannan announced to Brigham Young his intention of establishing a commercial city of the saints on San Francisco Bay; but this, at his arrival, he shrewdly gave up. The Mormons camped on the beach, some went into the woods as lumbermen, others stayed in the old mission building and the *casa grande* on Dupont Street. Brannan, who had brought with him a printing press, type and paper, flour-mill machinery and plows, soon dropping his Mormon connections, became the richest man in California.

The Wharves of the Forties

THE California Star, in 1847, estimated the population, exclusive of a company of New York Volunteers, at four hundred and fifty-nine; there were a hundred and fifty-seven buildings, of which a half had been erected in the past four months. There was a little pier at the foot of Clark Street, for boats of shallow draft; but the main landing was at Clark's Point, now the corner of Broadway and Battery Streets. William Clark built a small wharf there, and in October, 1848, the brig Belfast docked at it, the first vessel to discharge a cargo without lighters in San Francisco. A wharf two thousand feet long, laid from the bank between Sacramento and Clay Streets, became the Central Wharf; at one time it was a favorite promenade; but it was soon changed to Commercial Street. Its success started many others—California Street was extended four hundred feet into the cove, Sacramento, eleven hundred, Clay Street took on nine hundred feet, Washington, two hundred and seventy-five, Pacific and Broadway, two hundred and fifty feet. These wharves were private enterprises and brought large returns, but they were rapidly absorbed by the city.

(Continued on Page 64)

The Saloons, More Elaborate Than the Theaters or Hotels, Were the Principal Places of Gambling

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Superhonesty in Business

EVERYONE is agreed that the reputation for being a good moral risk is one of the most highly esteemed of all the intangibles of business. Material assets may be swept away by reverses of fortune, and the recognition of obligations that takes no account of the bankruptcy act and never will plead the statute of limitations may still remain and, in the end, pay out dollar for dollar.

Fine as this sense of obligation is, it is in essence nothing more nor less than the urge to do exact justice; and it must, therefore, give precedence to a still loftier set of standards which, when they come to be analyzed, are so closely akin to the Golden Rule that it would be a waste of time to seek a more accurate designation for them. The Golden Rule was not so called because there is money in practicing it; but big business is becoming increasingly aware that it pays richly in more ways than one.

Select twenty concerns, all of good standing, in the same business, and it will usually be found that four or five are more highly regarded than the others; and of these one will occupy a position almost unrivaled in the length and breadth of the entire industry. These upstanding leaders are not the smart-Aleck concerns, not the ones with the supershrewd little managers who are sticklers on microscopic technicalities, but those which are known to get the worst of a trade occasionally because their passion for fairness leads them to give others the benefit of a doubt even when that doubt is very slender. And this love of fair play, over and above common honesty, often goes with a finely tempered consideration for the other fellow, and a reluctance to take undue advantage of his necessities. An established reputation for the possession of this spirit is not quickly or cheaply acquired, but once attained it is worth a hundred times whatever it has cost.

An eminent clergyman who has spent many years studying the means employed in the accumulation of upwards of four thousand American fortunes—3780 of which were built up by men who started without a dollar—declares that so far as he can learn only forty, or less than 1 per cent, of them were made dishonestly. It is possible, even probable, that scantiness of data was partly responsible for this showing; but even supposing that two shifty millionaires enjoyed an undeserved reputation for probity for each one who was known to be a slippery customer, the figures would still be more flattering to the very rich than many would have supposed. It is not to be denied that some of these money kings were notorious penny pinchers at home and veritable Shylocks in the market place; but for the most part great fortunes have been built up by men of broad gauge who were too much absorbed in the execution of large policies to devote much attention to the unremitting exercise of low cunning. Men of this stamp realize, like Baron Rothschild, that the best bargain is the one that yields a profit to both parties to it.

There are those who are fond of asserting that there is no sentiment in business, though the most casual observation must show that it plays quite as large a part in trade as in the other affairs of life. Sentiment is by no means the airy, intangible thing it is sometimes made to appear. It is often built on very solid underpinning, though its foundations may consist only of an aggregation of minor episodes, unimportant in themselves but of the highest significance in determining the character of those upon whom they reflect either credit or discredit. Sentiment once established operates with silent and often unsuspected power in making or in marring those whom it raises up or drags down according to their deserts. Happy is the business or firm or corporation that has this mighty undercurrent working for it rather than against it!

No Opportunity

MANY nations today are working on the basis of democratic ideals and institutions, but these are a hollow mockery unless opportunity is afforded the individual to make the most of himself. Theoretically each man and each woman should obtain all that his or her capacities warrant, within the necessary physical limitations of existing material resources and national income. The one abhorrent idea is lack of opportunity.

Young men and women in America must not face a hopeless future.

Whatever may be said of the present American civilization as compared with others, one of its distinguishing features is a practicality, an almost pragmatic sense of reality, in adapting means to an end. There may be cause for lament in the lessened culture of diminished Latin and Greek in high-school curriculums, but courses in secretarial work and above all in vocations are the application of the practical American mind in realizing those democratic ideals upon which our institutions are supposed to be founded.

The very simple idea involved in teaching high-school children in their first year the essential facts concerning the more important occupations, and the almost equally simple scheme of combining college courses with actual industrial practice, strike at the very heart of the average man's lament at lack of opportunity.

Every employer and teacher of youth has heard the sad story many, many times, the alibi, as it were, of the young man who wants to go somewhere but does not know where he wants to go, and who does not really burn with zeal to get there.

Perhaps it is natural for the young to lack purpose, definite ambitions and exact knowledge of aims and ideals. Many men take nearly or quite an entire lifetime to find themselves. Yet the increasing emphasis of the vocational idea in education shows that those most familiar with the mind of youth consider the attempt to instill knowledge of opportunities and qualifications for different kinds of work at an early age at least worth while. Certainly anything that can remove even a fraction of the haziness of the young man who doesn't know just what he wants to do or where he is going is worth trying.

"I went to hear Charles M. Schwab lecture not long ago," once remarked an officer of a large mining corporation.

"He said in substance that he never had a mere job to offer a young man in his organization, that there was no such thing, but always had an opening for anyone who had something definite to do and could do it. I was interested because it fitted in with my own experience, as we are always getting applications from well-educated young men for positions, but I did not expect such a quick confirmation of the speaker's point.

"The next morning two young men called to apply for positions. Both had a good education and numerous qualifications. Both were in the room at the same time and each heard what the other said. One had no idea what he wanted to do or what he could do. He just wanted to do something. I put him off. The other started in by saying, 'I want a job as a mucker in one of your mines.' I reached for a telegraph blank and wired to one of our general managers, 'Mr. —— arrives Thursday evening.' Of course the other applicant for a job was surprised, but why should he be?"

Not all young men need to start as muckers in mines, but all young men make a false start when in the same breath they praise their own qualifications and cry that there is no opportunity. There is never any opportunity for those who do not go right after it hard, straight and definitely. There is no opportunity for those who complain that there is none. Nor does opportunity come mainly to those who are bright and clever, who are well endowed physically, who are charming, who have personality.

For the most part it comes to those who fairly burn with zeal—in other words, to those who make it instead of waiting for it.

Part of the fog which keeps men from going straight to their goal is ignorance of ways and means, and that the public school can clear up measurably. Part of it is lack of character, and that is a process for the ages themselves.

The Rise of the Questionnaire

REFERENCE was made in these columns a few months ago to the evils of the chain letter, but a good argument can be put up to show that the ultimate consumer is suffering just as much from the questionnaire. This is one of those great labor-saving devices of the modern era, like the automobile or electric lighting, but it easily exceeds them in importance. For whereas the automobile merely shortens distance and the electric light does nothing more than illuminate the world, the questionnaire goes much further: it saves the necessity of thinking.

Time was when a high-school or college student preparing for a debate spent several days or even weeks in the library boning up. Now by sending out a few score or even a dozen or so of typewritten questions the material for argument is almost certain to come back in predigested form.

Perhaps youth is to be forgiven for always seeking. His day of giving, of production, will come later. But not so the adult on profit bent. It has reached a point where those who seek knowledge on any matter in hand send a beautifully gotten up questionnaire to every name in Who's Who, instead of going to the already existing body of information on the subject in question. Perhaps this is merely another symptom of that fast-spreading disease, the making of new investigations on any topic which for the moment engages public interest, instead of reading the reports of those already completed.

The possibilities are terrible indeed. Suppose for a moment this method should be applied to the law. The steady trend toward perfection in the wholesale manufacture of imitation typewritten letters may soon make it cheaper for a lawyer with a case to look up to questionnaire a few thousand other lawyers together with all the judges on the bench, than to set a junior clerk at work in the musty tomes of the bar-association library. Why think or study for yourself if the other fellow will do it for you?

The spread of the questionnaire cannot be stopped as long as the recipient's vanity is tickled by answering it. Then, too, the country is filled apparently with people of means willing to immortalize themselves by founding a new institute or bureau able to send out questionnaires more rapidly than any other similar institution. And are there any smooth-talking, well-dressed young men willing to act as managing directors of such institutions at large salaries and with plenty of assistants? Are there!

Why, they would be willing to head bureaus or institutes to send out questionnaires on why roosters crow and dogs bark if the salary and title were right. Anything in this world is easier than working and thinking.

IN THE TRAIL OF AN ELECTION

IT IS 2:30 A.M. The candidate comes into the room and closes the door. He faces his family. His wife, who also has dark circles under her eyes, has retreated to this semiprivacy on her way to bed. Now she takes his hand. This moment is a milestone in long years of companionship.

A knock!

Everyone says wearily, "No."

A voice outside: "It's the last report from Oregon!"

No one knows whether this chirpy intruder means Oregon County or some other kind of Oregon; no one cares. It was Fred's voice. There is always a Fred on the personal staff.

The candidate falls back into one of the upholstered chairs. He stares ahead of him. A sheaf of telegrams flutter from his lap to the floor. He has been elected? Or has he been met by a landslide which has buried him once for all? He stares and stares He is too tired to think

The telephone rings. Someone who has answered tells him it is his headquarters. Headquarters? Oh, yes, the place where he has been that evening, where his right hand got so jellied and boneless with shaking, and so many insinuating lips tried to get near his off ear, and the cigar smoke got into his eyes and his head ached, and he covered himself with the thick, hard shell of the pretense of perfect calm and nonchalance.

Candidates do not know as much of candidates as I do. I have seen a lot of them: candidates for selectmen in Connecticut towns, candidates for the Houses of Congress, gubernatorial aspirants, and four candidates for the presidency—all at close range and in or near the moments of the election agony. The universality of human nature finds its adequate proof in candidates.

I leave the present man, staring blankly ahead of him in his upholstered chair, to say that he, like every other candidate, believed he meant what he said when he told, at one time or another, his wife, his friends and his enemies and himself that he did not want the nomination. His private affairs would suffer. He had no taste for power and no liking for titles and place. They all say that. They all go on and say later that they hope they will not be elected. They devise ways to convince themselves as well as the inner circle about them.

One hundred per cent of candidates feel during the first nine-tenths of a campaign that there is little chance for them. They are bright without; but within, a sinking of the heart

Last-Moment Confidences

DURING the last tenth of a campaign, as if the whole affair were a disease which had a sure prognosis and a definite course, every candidate changes. He reaches the crisis He begins to believe he will be elected. He says this to almost no one. But there are always two or three friends to whom he asserts it. He feels an intuition. Politics is uncertain. Though he be a man who is about to be beaten into a little froth of political extinction, the moment will always come when he has the revelations of election. Surprises have happened. They will happen again. Those around him say he will be elected, and do not mean it; when he takes you out under the stars and slips his arm through yours and says "I have said almost nothing of this before, but I'm going to be elected," he means it. They all say that to someone, sooner or later, in the last six days before the ax of reality cuts the heads off at least 50 per cent of the phantasies. A candidate without a chance is as firm a believer in miracles as his opponent and often more so.

I have never heard a man say he was sorry he was elected. I have never heard a candidate who had lost say he was sorry. Both have a surplus of cheerful philosophy in the face of misfortune.

But there is always this 2:30 A.M. moment on election night when, if you catch the candidate as we have caught this one—tired, eyes smarting, voice still hoarse, legs aching, sunk in a chair before he goes off to bed—we see him stare. He stares because he feels the stone of defeat sagging down his heart; or he stares because a responsibility—in the case of the presidency an awful responsibility—is for the first moment shaking its finger in his face.

I often think of the emotional ride which Hughes took when first there was doubt, then victory, then defeat—all of them brought to him with con-

(Continued on Page 117)

THE CALL OF THE WILD

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Woman

WOMEN are dear and women are queer;
Men call them, with a laugh,
The female of the species,
Or a husband's better half.
They sing their praise in many ways,
They flatter them—but, oh,
How little they know of Woman
Who only women know!

Now women are pert and women will flirt,
And they're catty and rude and vain;
And sometimes they're witty and sometimes they're pretty
And sometimes they're awfully plain.
But Woman is rare beyond compare,
The poets tell us so;
How little they know of Woman
Who only women know!

Women are petty and women are fretty,
They try to hide their years;
They steadily nag and nervously rag,
And frequently burst into tears.
But Woman is gracious, serene and calm,
Above all tricks or arts,
Her sympathy's like a soothing balm
To sad and sorrowing hearts.

Women are very perverse and contrary,
They will contradict you flat;
Oh, women I'll call the devil and all,
There's no denying that!
But Woman, oh, men, is beyond our ken,
Too angelic for mortals below;
How little they know of Woman
Who only women know!

—Carolyn Wells.

"Every Day in Every Way Things are Getting Snappier and Snappier"

Preceding Chapters

I SETTLED down for a pleasant evening with one of those magazines of pure entertainment which include two hundred dimly printed, gray, straw-flecked pages within covers of scarlet, ultramarine and gold. I began the first story:

THE VENGEANCE OF THE PURPLE GHOUL

A Doctor Bunkle Story

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters: Dainty Chloris Van Cleef comes to New York for the first time, with the intention of singing in the opera. She goes to a quiet boarding house recommended to her by the Pullman porter. On arising the following morning she is alarmed to find the dead body of a policeman in her trunk. There is no clew to his identity save for half a bran muffin in one of his pockets. She puts the matter out of her mind, and goes to see the manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Hardly has she sung more than half of My Curly-Headed Babby when he whips out a silk handkerchief, gags her, ties her to a chair and rushes from the room. Mystified, but with all the courage of her Southern forebears, she works her way to the window and, raising her left foot, drives it through the glass.

The falling glass and the dainty foot projecting through the window awaken the trained crime sense of Doctor Bunkle. He forces his way to the room where Chloris is held prisoner. She tells him her strange story; as soon as he hears of the half muffin he sets his face grimly. "This is the work of the Purple Ghoul! Quick! There is not a moment to be lost!" They speed to the dingy boarding house. Doctor Bunkle goes directly to Chloris' trunk and opens it. He finds within it the body of a policeman—but it is a different policeman! In his pocket is the half of a bran muffin.

But read the rest of this baffling tale, so baffling indeed that it has baffled even the author.

I turned hastily to the next story, and began:

BUNNY'S FIRST BILLION

An Adventure in Big Business

Synopsis: Bunny Whymper is a shipping clerk in the great House of Underwood—Underwood's Underthings; They're Caressing!—Winsome Flora Phipps, stenographer to Old Man Underwood, tells Bunny that the Old Man is being hard pressed by the competition of Ochs & Bloch's Dreamwove Netherwear. Bunny, packing a case of Milady's Knickies for Fort Wrangell, Alaska, discovers that the knickies consist in fact of bundles of tar paper. He advises Old Man Underwood of the substitution, but the Old Man profanely orders him to keep his mouth shut. Flora privately informs Bunny that the firm is bolstering up its credit by faked orders.

Bunny passes a sleepless night, alone with his conscience. By morning his Big Idea has taken shape. He goes to Old Man Underwood. "Be honest," he says, "and make Honesty pay! You Can do what you Will to do! Have Vision, and you can popularize tar paper as a material for netherdraping. Have Faith, and you can make the world wear Underwood's Pickaninny Pantalonnettes—They Cling!" "But do you think you can put it over?" said the old Man, half convinced. "I know I can," said Bunny quietly; then, taking Flora's hand—"if this little girl will help me." At this point the story commences.

At this point I turned the pages to:

THE WINE PRESS OF HELL

A Great Story of a Great Love and a Great Sacrifice

Synopsis: Arachne Arnold has been forced, through poverty, to marry wealthy Beekman Varick, of the fast Long Island hunting set. After she is installed in the great old family mansion she discovers that she does not love her husband, and orders him to leave her house forever. She meets Houston Van Dam, the masterful multimillionaire, and her heart tells her that she loves him. But Van Dam is infatuated by Anisette MacDougal, the dancer, wife of Ludwig MacDougal, the theatrical producer. MacDougal is paying ardent court to Arachne and annoying her with his gross attentions. Meanwhile Anisette is shamelessly pursuing Duane Lispenard, who secretly loves Mrs. Van Dam, who loves Beekman Varick, who is carrying on a clandestine affair with Mrs. Lispenard. These eight people meet by chance at a gay country club in the Hackensack Meadows. In this great installment each of the central characters falls in love with an entirely different person. Do not fail to read this tale of spiritual regeneration in an absorbing setting of decay and bestiality.

So I went to the movies, after all, with a murmur of thankfulness to the editors for publishing the Synopses of Previous Chapters. *—Morris Bishop.*

The Freedom of the City

PROFESSOR OTTO WEINSTEIN had achieved undying fame
By the well-known Weinstein theory that immortalized his name.
His home was filled with medals, he was swamped with Ph.D's,
No Fahrenheit thermometer could boast of more degrees.

They honored him at Harvard, at Wisconsin and Cornell,
At Princeton, Leland Stanford, Yale and Michigan as well,
And at last, in New York City, Weinstein reached his highest goal—
'Twas the Freedom of the City on a handsome parchment scroll.

Professor Otto Weinstein said that evening to his wife,
"Oh, I'm tired of all these functions. I can't stand this social life.
I am sick of fêtes and banquets, so I'll tell you what we'll do,
Let us slip away and spend a quiet evening—just us two."

So that evening Doctor Weinstein and his plump but charming spouse,
When they'd finished with their dinner, gayly stole forth from their house.
No one recognized the doctor as a scientist of note
With the Freedom of the City in the pocket of his coat.
He saw a passing taxi, and he signaled the chauffeur,
"To the Follies in a hurry!" he exclaimed with lordly air.
When they reached the well-known playhouse, and they turned to go inside,
From his coat he drew the parchment, and remarked, "Thanks for the ride."

Said Professor Otto Weinstein at the window, with a smile,
"I'll take two seats in the orchestra. They must be on the aisle."
Then he seized the precious tickets with a bow of winning grace,
When in dashed the taxi driver. There was murder in his face.

"Say, grab them birds!" he loudly cried. "Them two's a pair o' beats!"
The ticket clerk exclaimed, "They nearly copped a pair of seats!"
In vain Professor Weinstein tried to plead with them and say
That the Freedom of the City had been given him that day.

(Continued on Page 126)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

For people who demand Quality!

From one end of the country to the other, Campbell's Beans are the choice of people accustomed to buying only good food. They know and trust the Campbell's label. They realize it stands for strict quality. They prefer Campbell's Beans for their delicious flavor, their rich nourishment, their luscious tomato sauce. Slow-cooked; digestible; almost a whole meal!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' Beans

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THE SILENT PARTNER

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

VI

NIGHT brings counsel—or so it's said; but there were nights, many of them, too, when, sleepless and tossing fitfully, Lisa had grown skeptical of the truth of that hackneyed saying. This time, though, she wasted little sleep in reflection. Before she turned out the light and drew the coverings about her she had already made up her mind.

The morning broke raw and dismal. The dull grayness of the day before had made good its promise; and at eight o'clock, when she was awakened by the maid drawing her window curtains, she murmured an exclamation. A curtain of snow veiled the light, and the city streets and roof tops were white with it—a sodden, clinging shroud, wet underfoot and melting as it fell.

She sat up blankly among the pillows. With the movement the sheer, filmy nightdress she wore slipped away from her shoulder, disclosing her firm throat and the rounded whiteness of an arm; and with this and the two thick plaits of hair framing her slender face she looked uncommonly slight and girlish. It was only for an instant, though, that she gazed at the storm outside, her face wrinkled in a rueful *moue*. The maid already was drawing Lisa's bath, and as she went now to turn off the taps Lisa called her back

"Get me the morning papers, Annie," Lisa ordered hurriedly.

As the maid closed the door she slipped from the bed and gathered up a dressing gown from the lounge near by. As hastily she drew it over her arms and shoulders; and returning to the bed, she sat back among the pillows again and pulled the coverings around her. What she thought is conjectural; but it was to be seen that even if she had settled decisively in her mind what she meant to do, the decision had not effaced all the uneasiness of the night before. The look of disquiet grew as she waited; and when the maid, returning, opened the door and Lisa saw she was without the papers she gave an exclamation.

"Mr. Coburn has them, ma'am," said the girl; and when Lisa said sharply "Get them, then," the maid faltered dubiously.

"Mr. Coburn's gone, ma'am. He took the papers with him."

"Gone?" Lisa looked at her with startled eyes. "You don't mean he has already breakfasted and left?"

"Yes, ma'am; he was up an hour ago."

Lisa looked at her, more than ever uneasy now. In Wall Street the market does not open till ten, and Coburn never left the house before nine or later. The disquiet grew in her eyes. She could guess, she thought, why he had left like that; and, her voice thin, she directed the maid to turn off the bath, then to lay out a dress for the street.

The instant the maid had closed the door behind her Lisa tossed the coverings aside; and slipping her feet into the fur-trimmed slippers beside the bed, she glided swiftly across the room.

It was to the writing desk she went. For reasons of her own she kept the desk locked always, and fumbling in the recesses of a drawer she found the key and inserted it in the lock. As she raised the cover of the desk a row of inner drawers and pigeonholes was revealed, and in one of these was a bundle bound together with a rubber band. It was the same sheaf of papers on which she had been so intent the afternoon before; but after hurriedly ruffling them over, Lisa apparently failed to find what she sought. Replacing them hurriedly in the desk, she again locked it and hid the key in the drawer. Then, her haste still evident, she crossed the room and, opening the door that led into the hall, for a moment she peered along the passage. The hall was empty. Beyond, at its end, Coburn's door was open; and it was on this she had her eyes.

"George!" she called softly, her voice, like her eyes, guarded.

There was no reply. Coburn, of course, was gone; and as if thoroughly assured now, Lisa hurried down the passage. A moment later she stood in Coburn's room. In its look, its general array, the man's habitation was like the man. In its early-morning disorder was an added note, too, of that. The room, at any rate, had about it the same note of juvenile, impulsive haphazardness that Coburn himself seemed at many times to have. His evening clothes lay where he had flung them the night before. Beside the bed his shoes sprawled, mocking her with an uncouth memory of himself, on his desk lay the collar and tie he had snatched off restlessly and thrown there. His linen shirt, with a set of costly sleeve links and studs still in it, draped the footboard of the bed.

There were in the room other evidences, too, of Coburn and Coburn's traits. Gay, highly tinted sport prints hung on the walls, vivid reminders of the owner's taste in horses, dogs and what goes with dogs and horses. Given his own choice, he would have liked nothing better in fact than to have turned sporting squire, say—another name for going to seed. A bundle of fishing rods stood in one corner; and in another were golf bags, a pair of tennis rackets, a set of snowshoes and, to end it off, half a dozen guns in leather cases.

The room would have made a schoolboy gloat. Lisa's eye, however, did not dwell upon its helter-skelter arrangements. She knew what she sought, what had brought her there, and she went directly to it.

"They're Off!" It Shrilled; and in the Next Breath Shouted, "Five Hundred Three Cities Common at 128! Another Five Hundred at an Eighth! Three Cities Another Eighth!"

It was Coburn's desk. On it lay the papers, the bills she had given him the day before at his office. He had brought them home with him; and snatching up the sheaf, she was running through it with eager fingers when another paper caught her eye. It was a single sheet of newspaper folded in half, the blank spaces of its edges scribbled over from one end to the other with penciled figures. Laying down the bills in her hand, Lisa snatched it up.

A glance told her what the paper was. It was the financial page of a last night's Wall Street edition, but what held her first was the array of figures scribbled on its edges. Coburn had scribbled them, and she studied them with curious intentness. One set of figures ran into the hundreds of thousands, a triumphant dollar sign set before them, and as her eye caught this it gleamed. She wet her lips. Then her glance strayed to a set of figures adjoining.

The result here was not quite the same. It was figured on a rapidly diminishing scale, and there was no vainglorious dollar mark to cap it off supremely. Instead, Coburn seemed to have slashed at it with a hasty, effacing stroke from the pencil and gone at it again on a more inspiring basis. As Lisa saw, the fabric of this compilation he had built on magnificently again, for it was topped off now by a result something above the million mark.

There, too, was the once-more triumphant banner of the dollar sign. She did not linger to gloat on it, however. A glance had shown her that all the computations Coburn had scribbled there were based on a certain figure as a start-off, the fractional amount 111¼. She knew what that meant; she had seen him figuring too often at figures like this not to know. It was a Wall Street price, a quotation; and her eye leaped to the double-banked columns of figures and numerals printed there on the financial page.

Halfway along the columns her look halted. The paper rustled in her grasp. She had it now.

Under the notation, "Prices at the Close," appeared the cabalistic entry, "T. C. Steel, 126¾ bid, 127 asked." She knew enough to grasp what that disclosed. It showed, among other things, that Three Cities Steel was nine points up from the opening. It told her also that the stock was up more than fifteen points from 111. She wet her lips again. If Coburn had bought at 111 he was many thousands of dollars to the good. In Wall Street, however, the dabbler sells as well as buys. She knew that; and again she wet her lips, this time feverishly. If Coburn had sold if Coburn had gone short, why ——

A little shudder ran through the slender figure standing there absorbed. The paper dropped from her hand—rather

(Continued on Page 28)

Its owners prize the Hupmobile Coupe for its uncommon beauty, its graceful proportions and its snug comfort.

But they prize it still more highly for those sterling Hupmobile virtues which make its beauty so much worth while.

The fact that the Coupe is often spoken of as the "doctor's car" is eloquent of meaning.

It brings to mind thoughts of superior reliability for which the Hupmobile has become famous; the ability to keep on performing at its best for months on end without petting and coaxing.

Beauty in such a car becomes an element of greater value, no less than the staunch inner construction which prepares and fortifies the closed body, the chassis—the entire car—to resist for years the rigors of constant service.

Two of the passengers in the Hupmobile Coupe sit side by side, slightly to the rear of the driver, and the fourth occupies a well-cushioned chair that folds under the dash when not in use.

Back of the driving seat is a deep compartment for parcels; and there is ample room under the rear deck for golf bags, baggage, etc.

Rear quarter lights provide illumination for the interior. There is a sun visor and windshield cleaner.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 26

she flung it from her. She did not forget, though, what had brought her there to Coburn's room; and snatching up the sheaf of bills again, she began rapidly running through them.

This time she found what she sought. A gleam of relief shot into her face; and drawing two of the papers from the bundle, she replaced the bundle on the desk. Then, with the two papers in her hand, Lisa slipped back along the hall to her room: and there, once she had closed the door, she glanced hurriedly at what she had

Each of the bills, like the others in the sheaf, was receipted—marked at the bottom "Paid." The two were bills also from the same shop. Across the top of each appeared the legend, "Papillard, Modes." Eleven hundred dollars was the amount represented by the two; and with a quick, energetic movement of her hands, Lisa tore the two in half. Then again she tore the fragments, then still again. Bit by bit she reduced the two sheets to fragments, and with these crumpled in her hand, she went to the window and raised the sash. A gust of wind freighted with a volley of melted flakes burst in through the opening, but this did not deter her. With a skillful toss she flung the scraps of paper from her; and slamming down the window she peered for an instant through the glass, watching the tiny fragments while they swirled aloft and were blended, lost, in the white, dancing veil of falling snow. Ten minutes later, fragrant from her bath, Lisa rang for the maid

"I'll breakfast at the table, not in bed," she directed.

"Yes, ma'am," said the maid, and Lisa gave her another hasty order.

"Ring up the garage, Annie; tell Cullen to get here with the car at once."

"Will you be home for luncheon, ma'am?" asked the maid

"No, I'll be out all day. . . . Hurry!" Lisa ordered.

She had begun to scramble into her clothes before the maid had closed the door.

■■■

ONE o'clock was the hour she had appointed for her meeting with Coombes; but it was still only nine when she came downstairs in the elevator, wrapped in a long fur coat. The instant, however, the door man had sent up word the car was waiting, Lisa had hastened down. One would have been convinced, in fact, from her energetic haste that every minute of the morning was valuable. She was fidgeting openly before the elevator reached the ground and Owens, the attendant, slid open the door.

The man himself seemed in no great haste to get her down. He beamed broadly at Lisa, his deference more than ever visible; and about him, too, was an air of grateful humility and solicitude new even for him.

"A wild day, Mrs. Coburn," he chirped; "ye're well wrapped for it, I hope."

Lisa nodded absently. She gave a hasty glance at the tiny watch on her wrist; and the man spoke again, his flabby, ancient features shining

"I was talkin' t' your husband, ma'am. Ye'll pardon an old man sayin' it, Mrs. Coburn, but ye've a fine, kindly gentleman for y'r man, ma'am, and generous. He's very good to the likes o' me."

"Yes?" she murmured, fidgeting impatiently as the man, still talking, fiddled with the lever

"Yes, ma'am. It's more his goodness, though, I'm thinkin' of than th' money."

"What?" Lisa said abruptly "What money?"

"The money, ma'am, he's investin' for me," the man replied; and no longer fidgeting now, Lisa gazed at him through her veil

"You mean Mr. Coburn is doing that—investing your money? How much is it, Owens? He didn't tell me "

"Nine hunnerd dollars, ma'am. It's me savings. I'm getting it out of th' bank this day for him."

"I see." The voice was even. "Then you haven't given it to him yet, you say?"

"No, ma'am. He said I c'd let him have it tonight."

As he slid back the door she darted out of the elevator and along the hall. Halfway to the door, however, her gait faltered and she stopped, halting irresolutely as if to turn back. Owens was still smiling after her, and frowning thoughtfully she went on. The frown was still there as the liveried door man threw open the bronze-grille door for her and hastened forward under the entrance canopy to help her into the car.

She shrank back among the cushions. Then again her haste broke forth, and as the chauffeur fumbled with the rug he was throwing about her knees she gave him an impatient look

"That will do, Cullen; I'm in a hurry," she told him. She gave her wrist watch another restless glance. "How long will it take to get downtown?" she demanded then.

She had forgotten in her haste that she had yet to give him the direction, and the man looked at her inquiringly.

"How far downtown, ma'am?"

"Wall Street," answered Lisa, her tone short.

The street was ankle deep with snow—with slush rather; and through it the morning traffic, skidding and slithering, was picking its way, its pace cautious. The chauffeur, after a look about, shook his head.

"I'll do my best, ma'am," he said

Lisa gestured to him to get started. Her impatience visibly grew. Quitting Park Avenue, the car turned the corner and trundled westward a block to where the Madison Avenue car line sweepers had cleared the slush from the tracks; and here the motor made safer, swifter speed. Lisa, however, still fidgeted. Over her arm hung the beaded bag she'd carried the day before; and a dozen blocks beyond, with a quick movement she undid the bag, and opening the Moroccan-leather case it held she glanced into its folds. Then again her eyes sought her wrist watch, and she bit her lip vexatiously. A moment later she called to the chauffeur through the silken speaking tube beside her.

"You'll have to go faster, Cullen!"

The car darted on, its speed accelerated; but at Fifty-ninth Street, where it was held up momentarily by the traffic, Lisa threw the rug hastily from her knees

"Drive up to the curb," she directed crisply.

The man with some difficulty extricated the car from the jam of other vehicles; and the instant it drew alongside the walk, without waiting for him to get down and open the door, she opened it herself and alighted

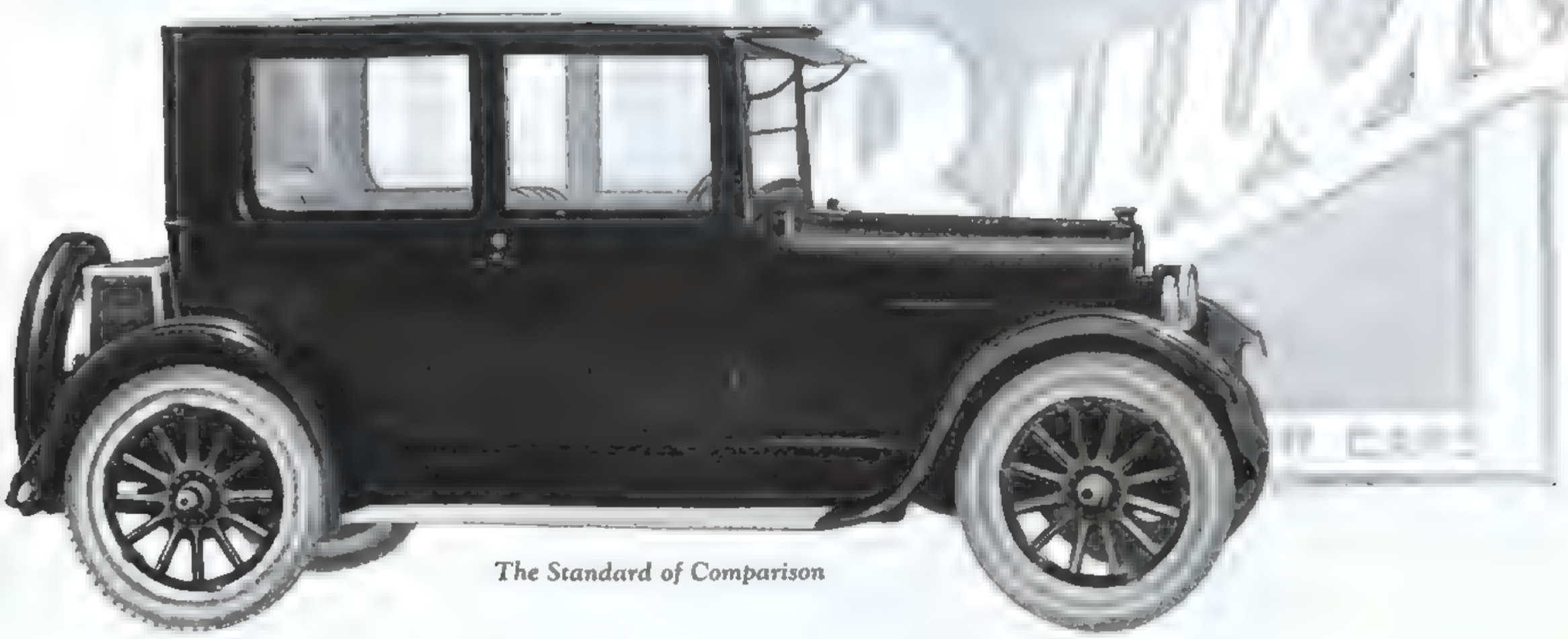
"Wait for me at the Ritz," ordered Lisa. "I'll be there in an hour."

She hurried round the corner, her head bent to the driving wind and the sleet now volleyed on it. Half a minute later, when the motor went on with the other traffic, the chauffeur glanced down the side street. His mistress was still hurrying along. Just ahead of her was the Fifth Avenue Subway station, and an instant afterward she disappeared down its stairs.

A train was standing in the station and Lisa raced to catch it. A little breathless then, she clung to a strap in the crowded car; and that impatience still consumed her was evident from the look she gave her wrist watch again She scowled at it frankly, and she was still scowling when

(Continued on Page 30)

She Hurried Round the Corner, Her Head Bent to the Driving Wind and the Sleet Now Volleyed on It



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Especially Useful in Business

In addition to its smart appearance, the luggage trunk is useful for carrying business samples and literature, and shopping bundles, as well as the baggage when touring

For the business man who seeks a refined, handsome closed car for his work—one that provides complete protection in all weather—this Buick four cylinder touring sedan meets every requirement.

The design of the beautifully finished Fisher-built body gives the intimacy of a coupe with the carrying capacity of the sedan, five full-grown persons. The interior setting is harmonious and tasteful, with the proper atmosphere for the most formal motoring.

Provision for business samples, books and papers is made in the handsome trunk, carried outside on the rear and the trunk also provides luggage and bundle space for touring and shopping.

And the price of this fine closed car makes it a value without comparison.

Fours—		5 Pass. Touring	$1195
2 Pass. Roadster	$865	5 Pass. Touring Sedan	1935
5 Pass. Touring	885	5 Pass Sedan	1985
3 Pass Coupe	1175	4 Pass Coupe	1895
5 Pass Sedan	1395	7 Pass Touring	1435
5 Pass Touring Sedan	1325	7 Pass Sedan	2195
Sixes—		Sport Roadster	1625
2 Pass Roadster	1175	Sport Touring	1675

Prices f. o. b. Buick Factories; government tax to be added.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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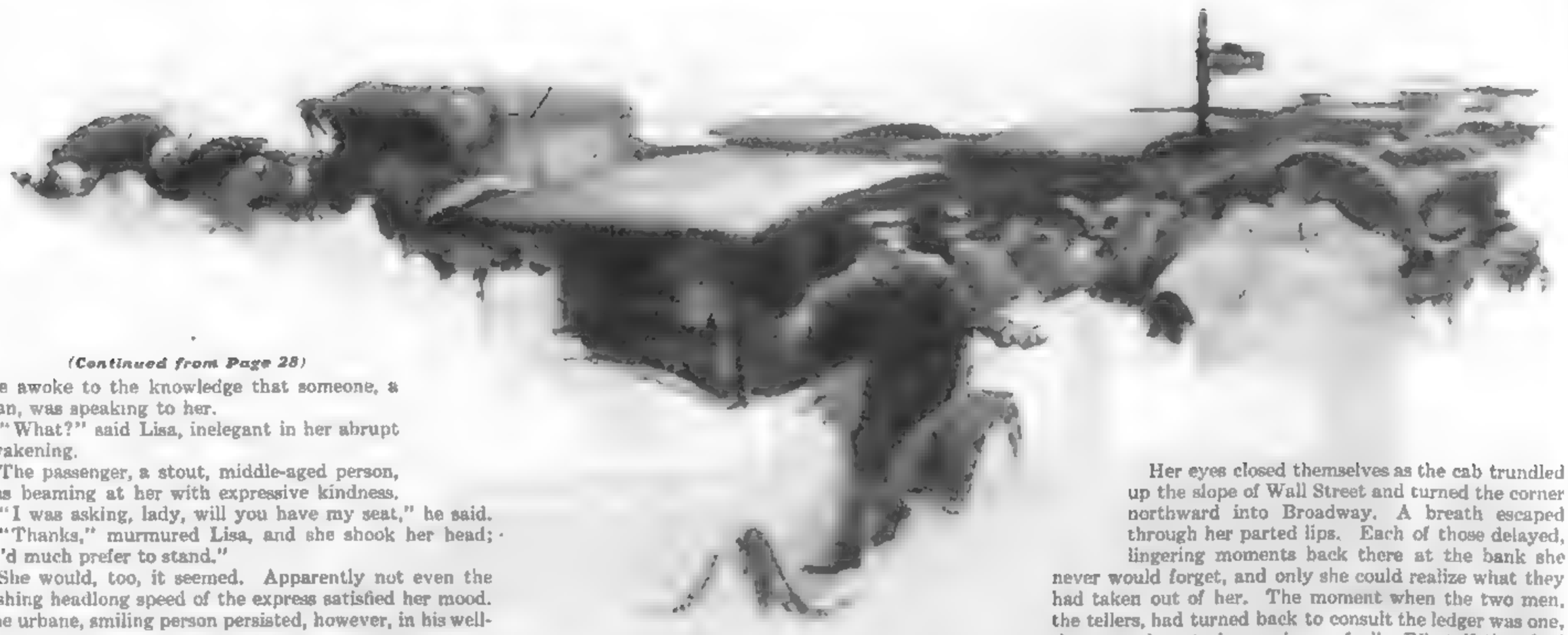
Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere



(Continued from Page 28)

she awoke to the knowledge that someone, a man, was speaking to her.

"What?" said Lisa, inelegant in her abrupt awakening.

The passenger, a stout, middle-aged person, was beaming at her with expressive kindness.

"I was asking, lady, will you have my seat," he said.

"Thanks," murmured Lisa, and she shook her head; "I'd much prefer to stand."

She would, too, it seemed. Apparently not even the rushing headlong speed of the express satisfied her mood. The urbane, smiling person persisted, however, in his well-meant courtesy.

"You sit down, lady," he urged, adding assuringly, "I'm jus' goin' a coupla stations anyhow."

Lisa took the seat. Next to her sat a man absorbed in his morning paper. It was open at the back pages, and as she saw the print in its familiar double-banked columns of letters and numerals she gave it a quick, instinctive glance. As instinctively she glanced at the man.

His overcoat, an ulster of flashy smartness, was unbuttoned, and beneath it one got a glimpse of a suit also smart and flash—clothes of a sort conventional to a type of the downtown city man—the Wall Street hanger-on especially. What caught her eye, though, was palpably not the clothes but the man's hard-lipped, gross and calculating features. With an air of sullen, disgusted bewilderment he was now scowling at what he read.

She had seen that look before. She had seen it, still further, appear responsively to that selfsame stimulus, the newspaper's financial page; and her eye went to the paper, scanning a heading at the top.

"Flurry in Three Cities Steel," she read. "Shorts Driven to Cover." The heading gave further particulars. "Bear Traders Squeezed, Stock Run Up Nine Points in an Hour." Then in the final line was the legend, "Closing Price, 126¾ bid, 127 asked."

It was the same news, of course, that she had digested earlier in Coburn's room. Now, however, its effect on her seemed more than ever urgent and immediate. She hitched forward on her seat, her hands gripping and ungripping on the beaded bag in her lap. Every minute or so she glanced at the watch on her wrist. Of Wall Street and Wall Street's methods she may have known little; but there was one thing about the place that Lisa knew with a vigorous, frightening certainty: It was that disaster and destruction often fall like a bolt out of the blue on those who dabble in the market; and while the Subway train was still two stations from the Wall Street stop she rose and edged her way through the crowd to the door. She stood there, clinging to a strap.

The instant the guard opened the door she dashed to the platform and bolted up the stairs. It was as if some new, added alarm spurred her. Out in the street she was very nearly running.

The bank was two blocks from the Subway station. By the time she reached it she was breathless. Already, however, she had opened the beaded bag, and as she reached the teller's window she had the Moroccan cardcase in her hand. A faint look of surprise dawned in the man's eyes as he reached out and took the check she handed to him; and after turning it over in his hand, he looked up at her. Lisa held her breath.

"You haven't indorsed this," he said.

"I'm sorry," she breathed.

At a near-by counter she wrote her name on the back of the check. Then when she returned to the teller's window she drew in her breath again and held it. The man was subjecting the check to another prolonged, hesitating scrutiny.

"Are you Lisa Coburn?" he asked.

"Certainly," she answered, her voice strange.

The teller's air was still awkward.

"I—I'm afraid, madam"—he was saying, his tone apologetic, when Lisa cut him short. Her own voice she hardly recognized.

"What's wrong with that check?" she demanded harshly. "Is anything the matter with it?"

The teller smiled pacifically.

"I was going to say, madam, you'll require identification. Are you acquainted with anyone here?"

He Came Riding Back on the Footboard of a Taxi, Shrilling as He Came, "Hey, Here Y'are, Lady!"

"Oh, is that all?" she breathed again. She thought for a moment. "The other teller knows me; I don't know his name. Isn't he here today?"

"Just a minute," said the man.

He left the cage, locking it behind him. Lisa waited.

A stream of hurrying people was passing in and out at the door, and the bank corridor was swept with an icy draft that gusted into it every time the door was opened. She did not feel the cold, however. A thin line of moisture dewed her upper lip, and from behind her veil her eyes intently followed the teller as he stepped leisurely into the rear part of the room. There he stopped; and she saw the man she knew, the other teller, rise from one of the desks. She breathed again.

The two men talked for a moment. Then as the second started toward her and she was preparing to greet him, he stopped halfway down the aisle and turned back. He and the other teller again conferred briefly, after which she saw them go to another desk, where together they opened one of the huge ledgers lying on it. The minute that passed seemed to Lisa interminable.

Behind her a queue of persons awaited their turn at the window. One or two watched her curiously. Unmindful, she raised her veil and dabbed with a handkerchief at the moisture on her face. Then, in the midst of it, the instant when in her fright anger began to stir within her, she awakened to hear a smooth, urbane voice deferentially address her:

"Good morning, Mrs. Coburn. Sorry to have kept you waiting. How will you have the money, please?"

The relief in her eyes was expressive.

"I'll—I'll have it in cash—bank notes," said Lisa, and again she heard her voice break.

Picking up a bundle of notes, the teller flipped them through his fingers, then handed them to her.

"Dreadful weather, isn't it?" he remarked, making polite bank conversation. Lisa hardly heard him.

"Thank you," she said; and hastily stuffing the bills into her bag, she left the window swiftly. At the door, though, her haste all at once subsided.

The beaded bag was gripped tightly in her hand. Outside, the street crowd was thronging by through the wet, jostling one another in the restless hurry typical always of the city's financial district; and after one uneasy glance up and down the street she shrank back into the doorway, the bag more tightly gripped in her hands. Then a boy, an urchin in messenger's uniform, came slouching by, his hands deep in his pockets and his shoulders hunched to the drizzle into which the snow now had turned; and as she saw him Lisa's face brightened.

"Boy, boy!" she called. He edged across the walk to her. "Do you want to make half a dollar? Get me a cab if you do," she said.

He dashed off, his hands snatched out of his pockets and exploding into instant action. A minute later he came riding back on the footboard of a taxi, shrilling as he came, "Hey, here y'are, lady!"

Lisa spunked herself together.

None but her could have known the inexpressible relief she felt as she hurried from the bank entrance—the bank itself, more plainly.

The boy held the cab door open for her, and she handed him his fifty cents. Then she gave the taxi driver a direction; and getting into the cab, she huddled down into a corner. She still gripped the beaded bag in her hands.

Her eyes closed themselves as the cab trundled up the slope of Wall Street and turned the corner northward into Broadway. A breath escaped through her parted lips. Each of those delayed, lingering moments back there at the bank she never would forget, and only she could realize what they had taken out of her. The moment when the two men, the tellers, had turned back to consult the ledger was one, the most devastating perhaps of all. What if they had turned back that check on her? What if she had reached the bank too late and there had not been money enough to meet it? Her eyes, at the thought, again grew heavy-lidded, and once more another breath escaped her. She had not been too late, however. There still had been funds enough to meet the check.

Smiling thinly in the blessed thankfulness of her relief, Lisa pulled open the strings of the beaded hand bag and peered at the packet of money lying there. Her eyes gleamed as she did so. They were still glowing when she heard the clock on Trinity's spire boom the hour. It was ten o'clock, the hour the market opens.

In Rooker, Burke & Co.'s New Street brokerage office the customers' room was thronged. A big crowd stood around, waiting. The London opening had come in, and from that preliminary the dabblers guessed already that something was in the air. As ten struck a voice from among the knot of men grouped about the ticker raised itself exuberantly.

"They're off!" it shrilled; and in the next breath shouted, "Five hundred Three Cities common at 128! Another five hundred at an eighth! Three Cities another eighth!" Then with a whoop the voice raised itself anew: "A thousand Three Cities at a quarter! Hey, see her ride!"

Rooker, the head partner, a cigar clenched in his jaws, strode out from the offices at the back. His brows were knitted as he beckoned imperatively to Beeks, manager of the customers' room. Beeks went to him a-running.

"Where's Coburn?" Rooker demanded.

"He's in his room, ain't he?" returned Beeks. "He was there a minute ago."

"You find him!" Rooker directed sharply. "Find him in a hurry too!"

At the instant he spoke the voice at the ticker raised itself once more:

"A thousand Three Cities, 129!"

"Get a move on, Beeks!" snapped Rooker.

VIII

IT WAS half past ten or later when the taxi with Lisa Coburn in it rolled out of the West Seventy-second Street entrance to Central Park, and trundling westward, turned again into upper Broadway. It was still two hours or more to the time of her appointment, the rendezvous with Coombes; but every moment of that interval she knew would be occupied. She was again consulting her wrist watch when the cab, slackening its speed, drew up to the curb and stopped. The driver, reaching round, threw open the door for her. The beaded bag still clutched to her, Lisa stepped out.

"Wait," she directed. Then she hastened into the building before her.

New York in this quarter is another little city by itself. Flat houses, shops, provision stores, business offices, garages and all the rest crowd together in the district, a complete, separate cross section of the city's variegated life; and again for purposes of her own, Lisa long had grown familiar with the neighborhood. It was a bank building she now had entered—another bank; and that this was not the first time she had come to it was evidenced by the assured, ready way she brisked inside, crossed the floor and made her way to a small inner office set off beside the tellers' cages. "Ladies' Dept." was stenciled above the door.

As she reached it she was already fumbling in her bag, and as she did so a momentary frown of annoyance knitted her slender brows. It was only for an instant though.

(Continued on Page 107)

Of the quality of many foods you buy, there is no sure test but the tasting at the table. Not until then can you tell how wisely you have spent. But how different it is when you buy a ham! Then you can rely on the Premium label and wrapper, the Swift's Premium Ham brand on the rind, and the blue identification tag, to pick out for you, every time, that which is acknowledged to be quite the best of its kind.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Make sure it's Premium

THE POLE CREEK PEOPLE

By E. W. Howe

THE most serious misfortune this town ever suffered was the failure of Simon Kesser, wherein our citizens lost so heavily of their savings that it is feared years will pass before they recover and again engage in such enterprises as fit their surroundings and abilities.

Simon Kesser came to town from a farm, where he had received excellent training at the hands of immigrant parents. He knew how to work, how to be polite and modest, and was honest, but when brought from the country and given a place in the lumber yard at the railroad station a good deal of sport was made of his queer clothes, broken English, homely features and dull ways, for Simon never seemed so generously blessed by Nature as were our own young people.

But his habits were better, and we soon began hearing of the long hours he put in at the yards, his promptness and reliability, although Joe Blair, his employer, said it was necessary to show him a thing two or three times before he understood it.

And his old neighbors on Pole Creek, where he came from, were pleased that Simon had been given a chance in town. The Pole Creek people had settled around a church of a variety we knew little about, but they were faithful to it, great workers, and very thrifty. They paid their accounts at the stores with a promptness rather unusual with the rest of us, and if one of their number got behind, the others helped him, and lectured him about the importance of working harder and spending less. They were very reliable in the simple virtues all understand, and too frequently neglect, however much they lacked in the larger views requiring a longer residence in the country of their adoption. Ray Chapman, of the bank, used to say that any farmer who signed Bakker, Weid, Jugend, Mistral, Yegol, Eje, Andreyev or other name indicating Pole Creek, could get money on a note without an indorser, so famous were they for prompt pay.

As they were clannish their trade was valuable, and most of their lumber business drifted to Joe Blair, who was giving Simon Kesser a chance to learn American ways.

After Simon had been with Joe Blair two or three years he became famous around town because of faithfulness to his work, and when a young man was needed in a bank, office or store, talk of Pole Creek came up. Employers were willing to be patient with the dullness of the Pole Creek young men until such time as they could learn our modern ways and become as valuable as Simon. Our own young men grumbled a good deal because of the favor the Pole Creek people enjoyed when a good position was to be given out, but we answered them as well as we could without being offensive.

Simon Kesser was the first representative of Pole Creek to come to town to live, and became a sort of authority to be consulted when help was needed. Every Sunday he drove out to attend his own services, and as he regularly saw all his old neighbors who came to town he knew the promising young men, and was often called upon to recommend them for promotion. And he was careful in making these recommendations; we frequently heard that when asked to find a neighbor to be given a trial he consulted with the older men of his neighborhood, who were also anxious that their representatives be creditable.

Pole Creek Women

THE women frequently went to Simon and asked that he find them a girl to assist with the children or housework. And in a week or two a Pole Creek farmer or his son would appear with one, carry a queer-looking trunk into the home of her employer, and then drive hurriedly and noisily away, as if to do chores in town quickly, and get back to work.

Soon thereafter we began hearing that the girl recommended by Simon was a jewel, and that the woman of the house and the children loved her. The Pole Creek girls were willing to work long hours on occasion, patient, womanly, polite and capable, saved their money, and never missed services at their queer church.

We used to say that if a Pole Creek boy or girl employed in town misbehaved, we could complain to their parents, and the offender would get a whipping. But it was not necessary to complain to the sturdy parents; the Pole Creek people in town behaved so well that probably they did our community a great deal of good by example, although the shiftless picked at them a little. Joe Blair offered to bet that he could drive out to Pole Creek, tell the farmers there that Simon owed him a hundred dollars he wouldn't pay, and come back with the money; that the farmers would pay it, so anxious were they to keep their reputation good, and then settle with Simon when he came out the following Sunday to attend church.

Tanya Still Worried a Little About Her Husband as He Devoted Long Hours to His New Work

They had a queer kind of school, but it seemed effective; the children were taught English as well as whatever jargon their parents talked, and once when a team from town went out to a spelling match on Pole Creek our children were defeated, an incident we made much of in our rather free comment on the shiftlessness of American children. Our children had all sorts of educational advantages lacking on Pole Creek. We pointed with pride to our curriculum rather more than we grumbled about the interest on bonds voted to build the schoolhouses, and were a little indignant when it seemed a plainer school was getting better results.

Joe Blair rather overdid bragging on Simon Kesser, his assistant. Other employers began making secret offers, and Joe was forced to advance his wages gradually, and finally give him an interest in the lumber yard, to keep him. Whereupon it was said by a good many that Joe never did amount to much, and that Simon was the backbone of the business. This talk made Joe very mad, and when we found it out we took rather more joy in spreading the story than before.

Some time before this Simon had married Tanya Godoy, who worked for the Hamiltons. When asked to get a girl for them Simon had shown favoritism, and brought in his sweetheart. But the day Simon and Tanya were married they brought out a cousin to take her place, so capable a girl that the Hamiltons were little disturbed by the change.

A good deal was made of the marriage of Simon and Tanya on Pole Creek; also in town, where nearly everybody gave them a present. Simon had a house ready for his bride. Probably he had saved the money necessary to buy and equip it, but he could easily have borrowed it on Pole Creek; or in town, for that matter, he stood so well, with no other backing than behaving himself pretty well.

And Tanya stood almost as well as Simon himself. When there was a party at the Hamiltons' the guests usually went out to the kitchen to compliment Tanya on the refreshments, although Mrs. Hamilton used to say Tanya didn't know a thing about housework when she came to her. There was a womanliness about Tanya no one could help admiring, and the children were as well satisfied with her as with their mother, so that the Hamiltons could go as much as they liked when there were social activities.

Simon Enters Politics

TANYA was like her mother, who seemed to be a wonder, and kept seven hundred chickens; so many that her thrifty husband had been heard to grumble they were overrunning the place. The town people had a habit of going to Pole Creek to make friends and help business. Scott Chaplin and his wife once drove out to attend some sort of dinner at the church, and Mrs. Chaplin helped, as nice visiting women frequently do when there is a crowd.

Her talk about it afterwards amused the men. She said the Pole Creek women's idea of society was to get up big dinners, as they were famous cooks, and that at these affairs the men ate first, then the children and then the cooks. When Mrs. Chaplin got a chance to eat, at three o'clock in the afternoon, she was almost famished. After that, when a town man wanted to criticize the town women, he did it by slyly telling of the wonderful Pole Creek women; and possibly in time these stories were exaggerated, in the interest of what the husbands thought was much wit mingled with a little good advice.

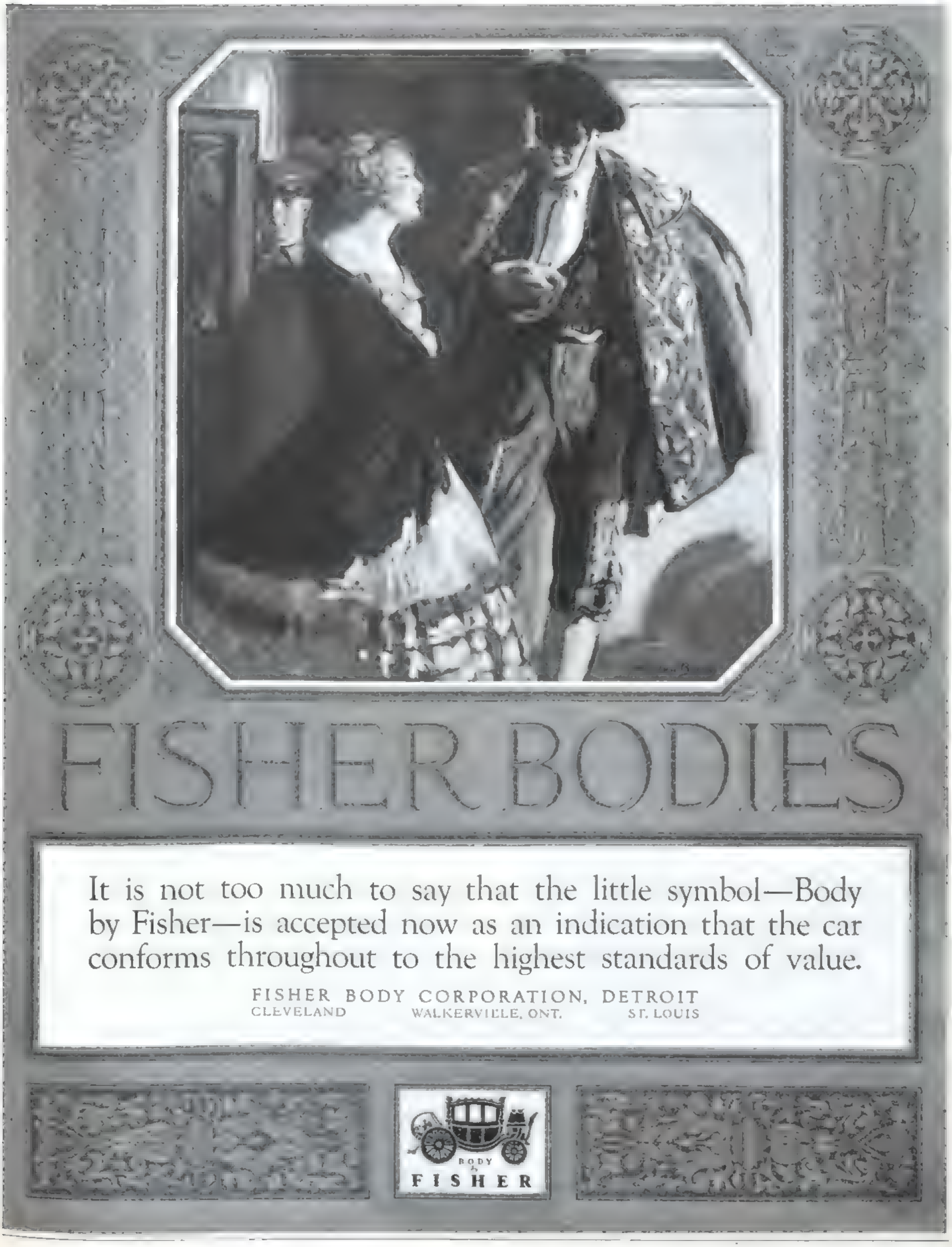
Two or three years after Simon became a partner in the lumber yard he was made a director in the new Citizens' Bank, which was having a hard fight with the First National. After that it was observed that the Pole Creek farmers began drifting into the new bank.

And when a Pole Creek man went to a place it was to do business, and not to talk about how the corn was getting along. If his corn wasn't getting along very well he transacted his business as soon as possible, and hurried out to help it.

In a hotly contested county campaign the following year a wise man suggested Simon for treasurer, to succeed Page Kirby, who was up for reelection. Every man on Pole Creek voted for Simon; and there were hundreds of them. The neighborhood was famous for children, and a good many of these had become voters. Besides, everybody said that though Simon might be no great genius he was at least honest; so pretty much everybody else supported him, as Page Kirby happened to be a careless man who we feared didn't give the office necessary attention. There was nothing really serious against Page, except that he was gradually reducing his working hours and depending more and more on his deputy. So most of us solemnly promised to support Page, and sneakingly voted for Simon.

About this time we heard the first intimation that it would be a wonder if Simon Kesser didn't become a little spoiled. He was reëlected county treasurer without opposition, and president of the Citizens' Bank. He bought an interest in the elevator, in the creamery and the ice plant, and attended all the meetings of the Chamber of Commerce. He was consulted by all the politicians at election time, for the Pole Creek people stood by him in everything. But Simon was still reliable, polite and industrious, although occasionally the fear was expressed he might be getting into water beyond his depth.

(Continued on Page 34)



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CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

BODY BY FISHER

(Continued from Page 32)

No social affair was complete without the presence of Simon. The little gossip about his rapid rise was so palpably envious that it was easily disposed of. Simon loved the social affairs, but said it was always necessary to drag Tanya to them. She didn't care for that sort of thing so much as her husband; but her home and children were managed on the Pole Creek plan, which didn't admit of giving a great deal of attention to society. When there was sickness in her neighborhood Tanya was a ministering angel, and her children were so neat and well behaved and her house so spotless that many said she was one of the most popular women in town.

But Simon was the real town hero. He had the reputation of success behind him, and everybody still said he was at least honest. People pointed him out as an example of what a dull man could accomplish with industry, politeness and honesty. And it must be admitted he did pretty well as our leading citizen. He joined with those who believed in progress, and was a leader in their activities. They conceived the notion of making our town another Chicago, although a few of us feared it was lacking in some of the necessary requisites.

True, our section had great natural advantages, as the Pole Creek people and some others had demonstrated. But the old fogies said it was possible to crowd natural advantages too far, since they differed in every community, and that this difference should be carefully considered.

Simon and his progressive friends organized a booster club, holding weekly luncheons to talk over our larger affairs, and made it rather discreditable not to belong. Surely it was a good object to put the town on the map, they said, and take advantage of the progress going about; no one could deny it.

Once a month the club had ladies' night, when there was a program, and speeches made outlining what the club, under Simon's lead, proposed to do for the town. Tanya never entirely shared her husband's new enthusiasm, and once said to the woman who sat next to her at the banquet table: "I'm old-fashioned; I'm a little afraid."

This being called to Simon's attention, he said: "Booh! One must have new ideas in a new country."

"But sound old ideas are good in a new country," Tanya replied; a remark recalled later.

Simon's crowd made its first venture with a packing house; to be small at first, with plenty of room to grow, they said. Simon was made president, naturally, as he had the money of the Citizens' Bank and county treasurer's office back of him.

We were told of the great amounts of money made in the packing business, and became familiar with names famous in the industry. The boosters found an item in a newspaper stating that a well-known packing house the year before had made a profit of 1280 per cent on its capital.

"Cut it in two," Simon said, "again reduce it by half; and we will all become rich."

Then began a campaign to sell stock. We were at first told the business was so profitable it would pay its own way, but it was explained later that a small amount would be necessary to make a start, and show confidence in our natural advantages.

This small amount turned out to be staggering, but everybody subscribed. Simon went out to Pole Creek and came back with the ready money of most of the people. We knew he could do it, and reminded ourselves again that he was honest.

Tanya still worried a little about her husband as he devoted long hours to his new work and was compelled to neglect his duties as banker and county treasurer. It was a whirlwind campaign so tremendous that Tanya did not see him for days at a time.

Most of the town people were thrifty and saving, and urged by a committee composed of Simon and three or four others almost equally prominent, went the limit, the arguing was so insistent and unanswerable. Old people invested their rainy-day money; business men strained their resources to do all that became enterprising citizens. The local papers said we were on trial, that Opportunity was at last knocking at our door, and almost forced everybody to buy packing-house stock. We knew a good deal of calamity would result if anything should go wrong in the venture, but Simon Kesser was president of the company, and we all knew he was honest.

Mrs. Hannah Harris, a crippled widow employed at the post office, put her small savings and life-insurance money in the venture, which caused a few of the older men, including Newcomb Carleton, to shake their heads. Newcomb was president of the First National Bank, and a conservative careful man, with a keen sense of the trust reposed in him. At first he balked when the committee called, flushed with success and excitement, but his stubbornness threatened to harm his business, so he finally did as much as the Citizens' Bank, which was a great deal. Years afterwards portions of the argument between Newcomb Carleton and members of the packing-house soliciting committee were quoted. Carleton said his first duty was to his depositors, to those who had trusted him; that it was not only his privilege but sacred duty to use his own judgment, and not accept that of members of an excited committee in a question so momentous; but the local atmosphere was so charged with progress that the old banker did not dare assert beliefs acquired in years of experience.

When it became known that careful Newcomb Carleton had approved the plan with his money it had an effect on others. Ben Stalberg, the baker, had accumulated considerable money, by reason of long saving and tremendous work, assisted by his wife and older children, and all this went into the enterprise. Many other hard-working people invested their entire savings, and were generously complimented by members of the committee.

During the year the packing house was building there was a real-estate boom, as many new people came to town, and the booster idea seemed so good that other big enterprises were thought out, to keep the packing house company.

But before we got around to them we were busy with fresh campaigns to make the first venture a success. Those who had at first gone beyond the limit suggested by caution went in deeper at the second whirlwind campaign, and helped all they could when a third became necessary. As a local paper said, our public spirit was on trial, and the response was so generous that no one believed it possible to raise so great an amount of money in so small a place.

I regret to report there was something wrong with the packing-house venture. I never knew what it was, being a common man, but recall that it really was very promising in the beginning. There did not seem to be a single argument against it; it was profitable, progressive, would put the town on the map, and lead to other valuable things; it would increase our population, demonstrate that we were a live community, and so on. Who could argue against it? I am satisfied that every man actively concerned in it was actuated by the best motives.

But the one thing wrong, whatever it was and overlooked by all, turned out more serious than the thousand good arguments in its favor; for the packing house went to smash after three years of as good fighting as I have ever seen.

Everyone in town, and every farmer for miles around, lost heavily. Simon's bank was crippled. It also turned out he had used county funds in his efforts to help the town, but happily the Pole Creek men went to his rescue; every man of them had lost heavily, but they saw to it that the Citizens' Bank and the county treasurer's office were able to survive. But the First National was compelled to close its doors, its president having been hammered so hard by members of the committee to follow the example set by the Citizens' Bank.

Simon turned out to be honest, as everybody said he was. He turned over everything he had, but still had left his salaries as president of the bank and as county treasurer. He also had left a quarter section of good land in the Pole Creek neighborhood, which his father intended giving him; we had long noted that a Pole Creek farmer never died until he had accumulated a quarter section for each of his children. There was a quarter also waiting for Tanya and Simon had been heard to say in his humility that he was never fit for town anyway, and would move back to Pole Creek as soon as his term as county treasurer expired. He offered his home in town for sale, in preparation for going back to the country, but the people were so poor, owing to Simon's failure, that no one could buy it.

The failure of Simon Kesser was discussed for years afterwards, and a good deal of sound sense was displayed in locking safe doors after most of the town's money had disappeared.

Possibly old Judge Harding, the lawyer, displayed better hindsight than anyone else, and I quote him.

"Simon was all right in the simple walks of industry, politeness and honesty," the old judge said. "Anyone may easily prosper modestly by practicing these virtues. But in ventures in the higher walks of progress, intelligence enters more and more into the problem. In managing a packing house honesty is, of course, required, but unusual ability is almost of equal importance. Simon was honest, but he did not actually have understanding of the larger view when he came to look into it. We stood by him nobly; I have never seen displayed a finer example of community spirit, civic pride or loyalty to the best that is American, but if anyone wants my packing-house stock I will pay him 10 per cent premium for taking it off my hands, as there is yet to come the element of personal liability of stockholders. Our people have been mercilessly robbed, and we all assisted in it. Newcomb Carleton tried to warn us, but we mobbed him. Ben Stalberg and others had confidence in Carleton, and followed his lead. I recall some of the younger members of the committee saying this town would never prosper as it should until a few of the old fogies, like Carleton, died, and younger men got hold of their money. The old man will soon die, heartbroken and disgraced, but will leave no money for new ventures. A country town may easily prosper if its people do not get the big head. Our mistake was, I think, we didn't go to the Pole Creek people for advice, instead of going out and blackguarding them into accepting our town ways. It's the Pole Creek idea we need in this town, and not the Chicago idea."

THE GIRL WHO WOULD BE QUEEN

(Continued from Page 16)

He was a "precious"; in fact he was "perfectly precious." The only trouble was that he shared this priceless value with whomever else Milly looked upon with passing favor.

Nevertheless, a great emptiness had come into his life. He thought of all their good times together, and of how Milly always had time for everything, and yet could go down to St. Mary's Hospital and read to the children every week; and how hard she worked over benefits that were given every summer on her father's lawn at Southampton and in winter at his town house.

He sighed again. He would probably remain a bachelor for life! That was what most of the men at his clubs were doing. They declared that there were no girls nowadays that one cared to marry. Forty more years of it alone, since he was thirty now. He contemplated his sad case with much self-pity, and felt that it was indeed too bad to be forced to lead a selfish and lonely life because women had turned their backs on home and husband and all the old-fashioned virtues.

A messenger, taking his life in his hands, ducked in front of his wheels, and reminded him, as everything did seem to remind him, of Milly. A little girl with white curls had sprung in front of them in just that fool way one day last fall and it was only by a miracle that they had missed her. He had hated to look around, but Milly was out of the car in a flash and had the muddy little thing in her arms and was petting her, and the look on her face had been very lovely and had made him catch his breath. After a long time she poured nickels into the sticky little hands and sent the child back into her house.

"Isn't she perfectly precious!" she cried when they were on their way again. "And did you ever see such slick eyes and such seads of eyelashes?" She was still pale, but even then she could not be serious. "I am thinking of taking up children in a serious way," she told him gravely.

He decided abruptly that he did not want to go to his club. He would go over to Satzen Beloff's studio; there was always a crowd there at this hour, when the working light had failed.

He pulled up beside the park, where a robin was singing and a squirrel was chasing a smaller squirrel over a bench, and the grass was a tender green with here and there a crocus like a small sun. And it came over him like a dash of cold water that he had no one with whom to share the witchery and wonder of this new world. He wasn't so very keen about going up to Beloff's. On the other hand, he did not want to go back to the club and hear endless talk of polo and places and who would win the golf championship and where to buy real Scotch for a hundred and twenty-five. Nor did he want to hear about the new midnight roof show, nor how Wall Street was going straight to the devil.

Something about the appearance of the park got home to him. It made him want something very much that he did not have. He looked at the robins affectionately. Serenade and ladylike little things, the smaller robins were not plucking their wings nor painting their beaks nor acting in a way uncouth and brazen. They were calling to someone or being called to, and the carriage man at the door was preening himself under the eye of the black-haired manicurist next door, and here was he alone. Alone save for resentment and the firm conviction that Milly was wrong and that there must be some womanly women left in the world.

Perhaps they were to be found in circles outside his own. All the better. Girls who worked had sensible ideas. His enthusiasm was a trifle diminished by the mental picture of working girls as he saw them here and there. They acted very much as Milly did, he recalled, and were dressed today as Milly and her sisters dressed yesterday. Well, this was getting him nowhere. Moodily he rang the elevator bell and was carried up to Mr. Beloff's studio.

And in the meantime the radiant Patricia walked on, unconscious of the admiration she had roused in a normally unsusceptible breast. At Fifty-eighth Street she left the Avenue and crossed the square. The fountain splashed softly, the lovely figure on it looked back at her wistfully as though envying her flesh and blood, and from the rose room at the Plaza gay music floated out to greet her.

On the north steps two gilded youths brightened visibly at her approach and gazed after her sadly.

West of the Plaza she halted. The elevator boy smiled at her, the thin pale smile of an elevator boy but unmistakably a smile. Surreptitiously he straightened the sprig of forsythia he wore in his buttonhole as he wafted her upward.

At the doorway of his top-floor studio Mr. Beloff met her with manifest enthusiasm. He introduced her to a group of his own sort—painters, writers, illustrators, she gathered, well enough in their small way but of no great interest to her. She had met their kind before when Mr. Beloff had been doing a head of her. They were people apparently lacking in a feeling for social values and preposterously devoid of fashion sense. By this latter phrase did she define that quality which she felt to be essential to anyone who would be considered vogue. These absorbed folk were bright in their way no doubt, but they left her cold.

"There is someone else here," said Beloff in his pleasant foreign voice. "I don't see him at the moment," he went on with a casual glance around the huge workshop, "but I remember distinctly that he has been lately here." He raised his voice a trifle. "Fancy he is sunk in his usual stupor somewhere," he went on, "but no matter. He is of the most trifling importance."

"Someone paging me?" an indolent voice came from the solid wall of leaded glass that the painter had installed for good working light. Around the back of a throne chair drawn close to the window a dark head appeared reluctantly. Then a long tweed-clothed body leaped up as though shot from a gun, and a handsome young

(Continued on Page 35)

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Applications will be considered from high grade dealers in territory not adequately covered

(Continued from Page 34)

man stared at Patricia with a look of incredulous recognition.

"Who says there is no God?" said Van to himself in a voice of awe, and was at her side, looking down at her with the look of a man who after long years has found gold. Beloff murmured some names and Van shot him a glance that said "Hands off!" and took possession of Patricia

"Very pleasant over by the window," he murmured, and Patricia found herself by the window.

"I had turned for the moment," he continued, "from the charms of Beloff's antique Venetian tapestries, from his chasubles and ivory-decorated pedestals and even" his voice deepened reverently – "even from the beauties of those carved Italian Renaissance doorways – turned from them for what?"

The question was clearly rhetorical. He waited for no answer but waved his hand grandiloquently to the view spread beneath on the expanse of grass.

"Left them cold is what I did," he went on, "that I might extract a crude beauty from Nature as we see her spread so flagrantly before us!"

Patricia followed his glance and beheld the park in all its allurement of tender greens, of soft high lights and waiting shadows. There was something peculiarly touching in the way those imprisoned acres seemed to throw out their arms to meet the coming of spring. He wondered if she felt the spell, and was sure that she must.

"Fascinating, isn't it?" cried Patricia. "Don't you love spring!"

"Indeed, yes!" Van assured her gravely, and pulled another stately throne chair closer to the first one.

He made an inviting gesture toward the chair. Patricia hesitated; she had just that second observed the entrance of Peggy Hoyle, whose proud privilege it was to frock many of the four hundred. At last had come to Mr. Beloff's studio someone who interested Patricia. Mr. Jenkins—surely Mr. Beloff had said Jenkins—saw her hesitation.

"Oh, you don't care for the French Renaissance period!" he exclaimed, and gave the suggested chair a scathing glance. "Well, I can't find it in my heart to blame you. This Italian walnut will please you better." It was, his tone said, a plain statement of fact; but Patricia still looked doubtful. He contemplated the chair with appreciation. "With back and seat upholstered in gros and petit point," he pointed out, "very well designed scrolls and arabesques." This clinched the matter as far as he was concerned, and with kingly courtesy he took her hand and assisted her into the chair.

Patricia looked at him wonderingly, but, accustomed to the conversational vagaries of Mr. Beloff's circle, maintained an amiable silence. The painter himself was very prone to dilate in this manner on antique furniture or old china or a thousand other things. He had queer friends—anyone who interested him was apt to turn up in the studio. This man, she deduced, was in the antique furniture business, an auctioneer perhaps. Before she had had an opportunity to tell him that she had no knowledge whatever of that sort of thing he sank into the chair beside her and held out a cigarette case.

"I don't smoke," she admitted. She felt this was a weak spot in her armor; but she was rewarded for her honesty by a pleased and complimentary smile.

"Fair enough!" he ejaculated, lighting a match. "I was sure you didn't."

"Smoking makes me feel ill," she confessed in a burst of sincerity.

She knew that all the really smart people smoked and she would not have owned up to her failing in conversation with any one who really mattered. She was surprised at the glance of approval that he bestowed upon her. She became conscious that he was extremely attractive to her. She felt as though she had known him for a long time, and it was not until she was dropping off to sleep that night that she knew why this was so. Then it came to her that he looked exactly like Sir Launcelot in a modern illustration that she had cut out and treasured for years—Sir Launcelot in English tweeds and an air of sophistication.

The furniture dealer or auctioneer or whatever he might be was smoking contentedly, his eyes straying from the shimmering park vignetted by flowering window boxes to the lovely being beside him. Patricia met his glance once and a thrill ran through her. He was certainly attractive.

Then: "Jenkins," she repeated to herself. And her pulse went back to normal. She recalled how slightingly Mr. Beloff had spoken of him, apparently indifferent as to whether he was overheard or not. "Oh, well, he is of little importance!" She glanced at the well-cut head so near her and sighed regretfully, being not unaffected by the season herself. An auctioneer, undoubtedly; they always went into rhapsodies over furniture, just as he had done.

Behind them was a rising and falling tide of conversation. They two were shut off with spring in all its glory before them. A light breeze came in across the hyacinths, and the air grew drowsy.

Van, loath to break the spell, scarcely breathed, when Patricia became tense in her chair and leaned forward suddenly with parted lips. Whatever she was looking at he could not gather, but it made her exquisite face look as if she were praying. That holy look made him catch his breath, and he scarcely dared speak to her. But he could not bear to be left so outside her thoughts.

"Not bad, is it?" he said softly. "Not bad at all, these flowers and birds and things. Gets to one a bit, doesn't it?" His question hung in the air like an avowal.

"Pardon," said Patricia, without turning her elated eyes, "did you say something?"

Van look nettled, not being accustomed to having even the prettiest girls so clearly indifferent.

"Don't mention it," he said in a loud, clear voice. "I only remarked that the park is less moth-eaten than usual."

"Oh, not at all."

He looked her up and down, but the effect of this was lost as she was plainly oblivious of him.

"Quite so, not at all," he agreed in a tone of honeyed sweetness. "That is, I mean to say, possibly when."

No answer was forthcoming, and he was about to cast the girl forever out of his life when she turned upon him so abruptly that he started. Her cheeks were flushed.

"Look," she breathed. "Isn't that extraordinary!"

It was so unexpected that he muffed it. "What?" he asked vaguely. "Where?"

She made a swift, beckoning gesture with her white-kid hand and moved gracefully and hurriedly to the window.

"See," she cried, "it really is they, and not only that, but they are going in!"

Van leaned over the purple hyacinths, examined the street carefully and regarded her in doubt. There were park walls, gray asphalt, people walking, and a flat tableland of shiny limousine roofs.

"Same old people," he said pleasantly, "same old street. But perhaps I missed something?"

Patricia lifted impatient brows.

"In front of the tea room of the Committee for Wasted Belgium," she said smartly. "Don't you recognize the livery? I supposed everyone in New York knew that!" She stared at him with big eyes. "It's the Laidlaw-Twitchells!"

Van gave her an uneasy glance. There was something about this girl he did not understand. She was teasing him apparently, but he did not get her drift.

"Oh, yes." He was suspicious, but determined to hold his own. "Fancy that, the Twitchells! Who would believe it!"

"Certainly is," she assured him. "I could not be mistaken in their car; it stops at the dressmakers' across the way from me all the time. Besides, I saw them go in there—Millicent and her mother!"

"Millicent and her mother," he echoed. "Well, well, you never can tell, can you?"

There was a dramatic hush. He bent his head closer to her.

"Bootlegging, I take it?" he whispered. "It gets them all"—he shook his head sadly—"the best of them, sooner or later."

She looked at him peevishly.

"Whatever are you talking about?" she wanted to know. "It's the Laidlaw-Twitchells!" she exclaimed again patiently. "And they are taking tea at the shop next door."

"Tea!" He gazed at her blandly. "The miserable fanatics! I don't wonder that it rouses you to such a pitch."

She surveyed him with an expression of distant disapproval.

"But don't you know," she asked him crisply, "that no one goes there now? It hasn't been considered smart for the last year."

What worse could be said, the tone implied. When you said a thing was not smart you had condemned it, cast it unto utter darkness.

"Good Lord!" he groaned. "And to think that I lunched there—let me think now, when was it?" He threw back his head and sought the answer in the carved ceiling. "Only last Friday," he cried in consternation, and pulled himself upstraight against the high chair back. "Yes, it was Friday."

She did not answer and he raised his arms heavily and let them fall on the chair arms.

"I took my mother there," he confessed. "I did not know."

"Fancy that," commented Patricia, and looked off into the distance.

She was not interested in how many times he had lunched there or in whom he had taken. All she understood was that the little flag-draped tea room was once more on the social map. The Twitchells had dropped in for tea! This constituted a benediction, and she had been permitted by a kindly Providence to be a witness of the rite.

She turned quickly and joined the exhilarated group at the tea table. She was presented to Peggy Hoyle, and sat herself beneath a Russian icon to drink in all the fine sartorial points of that dictator of the mode. What Peggy wore today would be displayed over Park Avenue's length and breadth tomorrow, and Patricia was able to glean one or two advance suggestions from this meeting.

Tea was served. The table was absolutely too darling for words—with those yellow tulips in the crystal vase and the long jade green candles flanking them. She drew a deep, ecstatic breath. It was all so springlike and marvelous, and she did love spring.

She said this to Mr. Jenkins, who now sauntered over from the window, where the setting sun gilded the bark of the ash trees and was making something akin to fairyland out of the premeditated beauty of the park.

"You like your spring served in your room, I see," he answered conversationally.

Patricia thought he was the queerest man she had ever met. She retired into herself as she often did with American men, whom she felt she never would understand. It was quite all a girl could do to follow them.

Van took the tea that Peggy Hoyle handed him. He disliked tea very much, but felt nothing but the highest approval for this golden-haired being with whom he was to drink it. She was a trifle balmy, to be sure, he thought, and grinned again at the Twitchell conversation. But he had learned not to expect too much of a beautiful woman. She belonged to the old school of girls at least, the prewar type, and that, he said to himself, was all he asked for. His feeling was that she was the very girl he had been looking for all along.

Satzen Beloff pushed a decanter toward him

"Try a little rum in your tea, old man," he suggested. "It takes the curse off quite a bit."

Van did so and looked up after an interval with a glance of appreciation.

"Oh, boy!" he sighed. "Oh, boy!" And he gazed at his host with the warm look of a brother. He settled back. "Nobody is eating at the tea room of the Committee for Belgium," he announced in his best informative manner.

Peggy Hoyle gave him a quizzical glance.

"No? Well, I never did eat there," she said wistfully. "Their cooking is wonderful, but I can't afford to put on another pound." She handed him the sugar. "Have they canned Belgium already?"

"Not exactly," he explained. "They still consent to take gold away from the unlettered mob. But"—he gave her an admonishing stare—"don't let me find you there! It simply isn't done!"

"Have you lost your mind?" she stared back over her teacup.

"But it is perfectly *au fait* now!" cried out Patricia, thinking how utterly impossible he was after all. "I just this minute saw Mrs. Laidlaw-Twitchell go in there!"

Peggy Hoyle bent low over her lamp, then raised her head, her face flushed.

"Van, you are simply a moron!" she told him. "Have some more tea and behave yourself."

Patricia was offended by the slight stir her announcement had created, but decided that she had expected too much of these people, who could not of course understand the vital significance of the affair.

Mr. Beloff turned to her hurriedly, almost with the manner of a tactful host coming to the rescue.

"Going to the Ball of the Flowers?" he asked. She nodded, and he gazed at her reflectively. Suddenly he jumped to his feet. "By Jove," he exclaimed, "I have a costume that was simply made for you!" He came back with a box. "Go in there and slip this on!" he cried. He clutched the sleeve of an eminent painter who showed signs of departure. "Wait a minute," he begged. "This will be something to see."

It was. A vision fluttered before them and came to rest upon the model stand. Young and eternally lovely, she stood and smiled down upon them. The painters caught their breath, Peggy Hoyle clasped her hands in ecstasy, and Beloff went swiftly up to the stand and kissed the hand of the lovely apparition.

"It's the spring costume I made for the Midnight Vanities," cried out Peggy, "which they didn't know enough to use. Where on earth did you get hold of it, Beloff?"

"By a stroke of luck only. However they did appreciate it, Peggy, but they had no one that could wear it well. No goddess of spring." He held up his hand reverently to Patricia. "Let me help you down, goddess!"

Patricia stepped down. Peggy Hoyle walked round and round her, making little noises of delight.

"Why can't all women look like that?" she kept murmuring to herself. "Why can't they?"

Patricia surveyed her subjects triumphantly. Her eyes caught the look in Van's before the latter could conceal it behind the curtain of blasé indifference with which a young New Yorker must gaze upon all things.

"You are the cat's whiskers," he assured her temperately. "You will fade the others completely out of the picture."

So did he resort to slang when every drop of young blood in his body urged him to fall at her feet and sing praises of her beauty.

Peggy Hoyle turned on him.

"She is the loveliest thing that ever appeared in this town," she cried indignantly. "Don't pretend you have ever seen anything like her before!"

He bowed and gave Patricia another mocking glance.

"She is certainly there," he said as if he did not mean it, "and I am struck dumb." Patricia turned to the dressing room.

"One moment, Miss Tremaine," he cried urgently. It was impossible that he should let this girl once more get away from him. "Do goddesses ever eat?" Patricia stopped. "Ambrosia and nectar, and so on, you know?" he suggested.

"Well?" said Patricia doubtfully.

"Right," he smiled triumphantly. "I supposed they must!" He gazed at her as though pleased with his own perception. "That is fixed then," he cried, and felt himself again. He was tempted to suggest the tea room next door, but thought better of it. "Luncheon tomorrow at one-thirty at Sherry's."

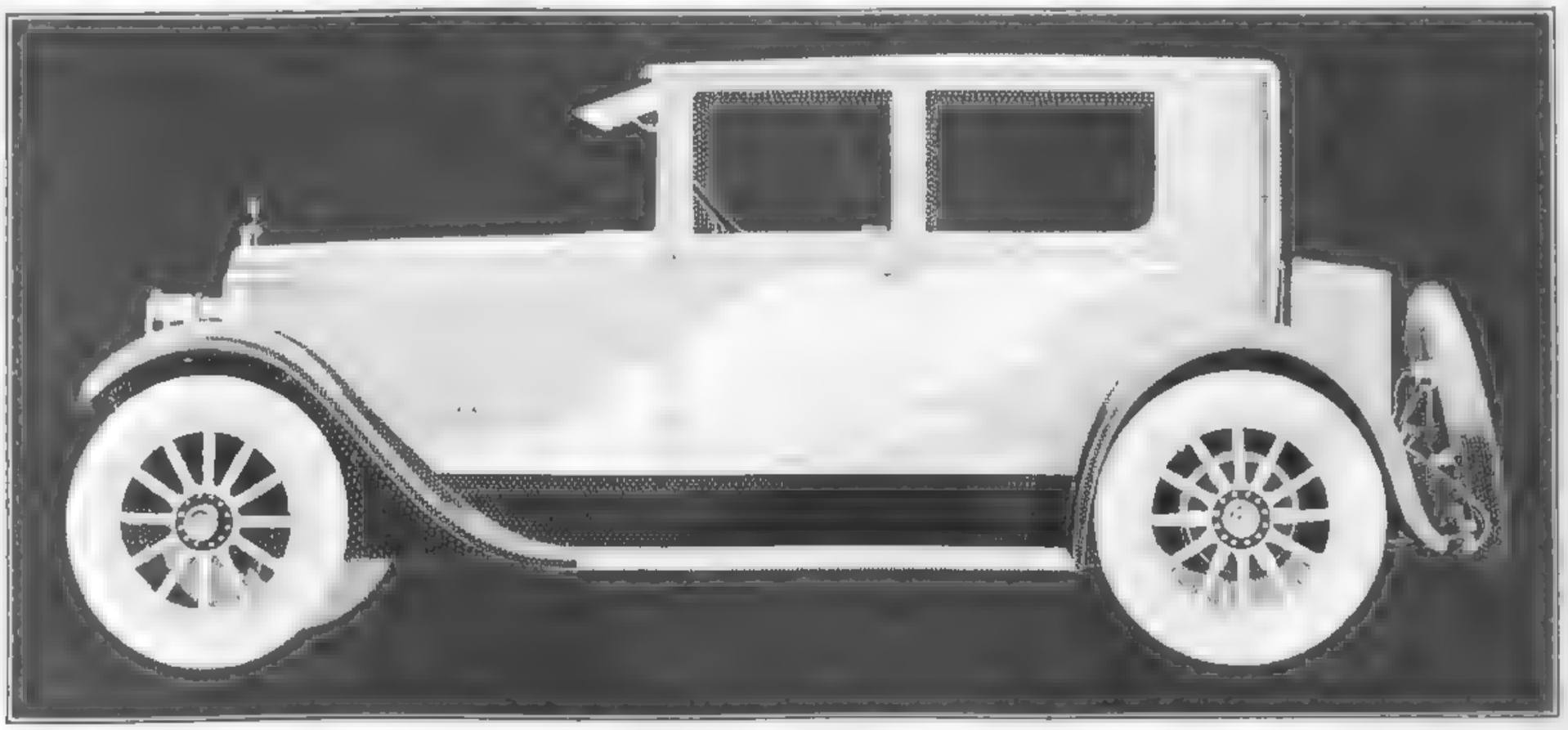
He laughed and looked at the lovely vision that was Patricia, laughed with eyes that were teasing and possessive and yet pleading too. Patricia looked away and flushed a little.

"Well ——" she hesitated again. Then her eyes met his once more. "At one-thirty," she agreed and was gone.

She could not resist the allure of Sherry's in combination with that engaging face, even though he was not the glass of fashion. Later she went through one of those changes of feeling that so often occur under such circumstances, but had no means of getting in touch with him to break the engagement. It came to her forcibly that it would not do for her to be seen around town too much with young men who did not count. She wondered why she had not asked Peggy Hoyle or Mr. Beloff exactly who he was.

Van made his way out to the elevator and to his car. There was still a tender smile on his face. She was so naïve and sweet, he was reflecting, and so darned pretty. He liked the idea that she earned her living, and said to himself that it would be rather nice to share things with a girl like that, who could really appreciate them and get a thrill out of them. All that rot about the Twitchells did rather feed

(Continued on Page 38)



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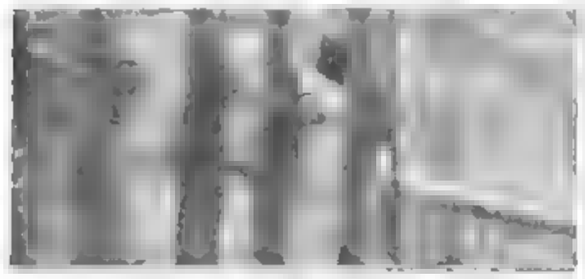

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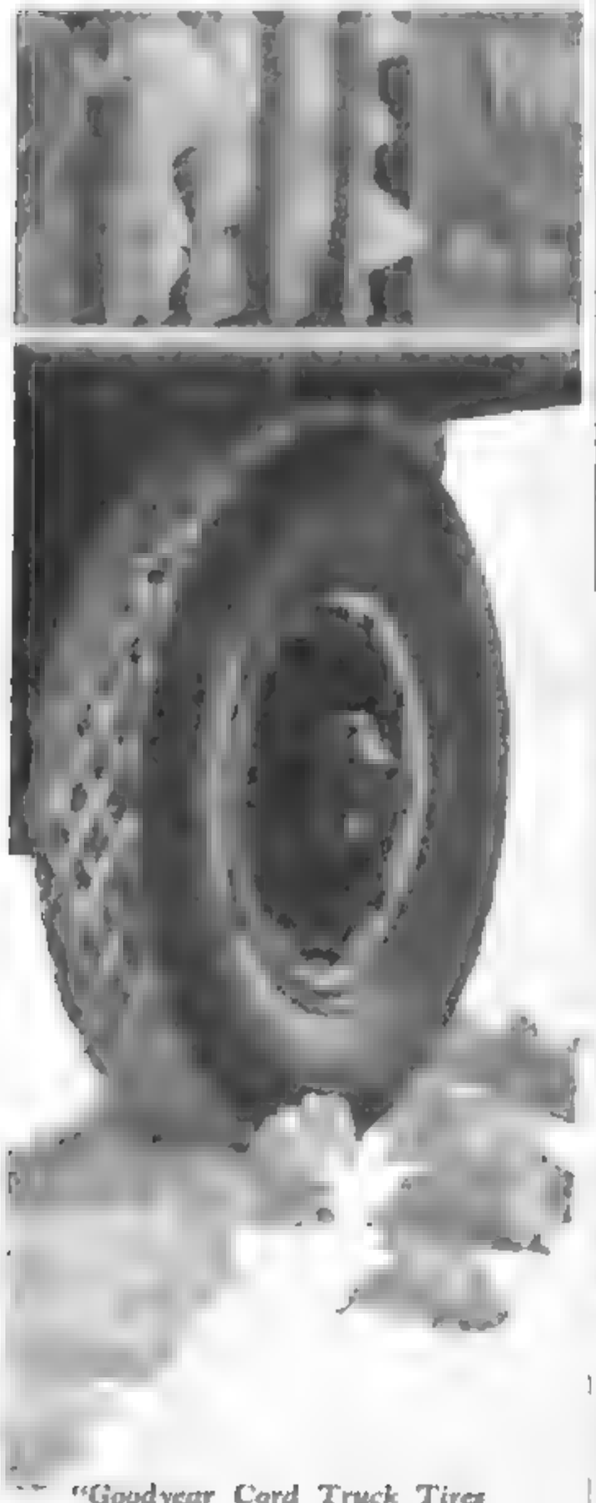

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(Continued from Page 36)

one up, but it was harmless, after all. Girls were always going off half-cocked about some junk or other, and she must have some special reason for thinking old Mrs. Twitchell was such a bear.

He sailed away in his gleaming, silent roadster, across town, over the bridge, and down through the north shore of Long Island. Spring comes less quickly in the country than in the city, and here the passing of winter was felt rather than seen. He turned in between high iron gates, passed the gatekeeper's cottage with a whir and was at home.

He brisked out of bed the next morning with the feeling that something of incredible importance was about to happen. After a long morning he crossed the rose garden impatiently, fox-trotted over the terraces and entered the ivy-covered garage. Birds sang, peacocks strutted, and he strutted with them. He had the old world by the tail. A groom approached and wanted to speak with him about one of his polo ponies, and looked hurt and offended that he was greeted with so little interest. Such a thing had never happened before—the ponies were the darlings of his master's heart. He stalked off, registering indignation.

Van whistled and surveyed the cars with a critical eye.

"Thomson!" he called. "Oh, Thomson!"

"Yes, sir!" Hurried feet were heard coming down a stairway, and a man with a red face appeared, pulling on a whipcord coat.

"Good morning, Thomson," said his master. "I am lunching in town."

"Yes, sir, good morning, sir the roadster again, sir?"

Van puffed a meditative cigarette.

"Well, I don't know ——"

Thomson moved toward a closed car that obviously demanded a chauffeur. Spring comes to all alike, and there were reasons why Thomson liked to get into town.

Van shook his head.

"Drive myself," he declared firmly.

"Yes, sir," said Thomson without a flicker, and gave up his fleeting dream. Then he followed his master's glance and his face hardened into lines of desperation. But he could not forestall the inevitable.

"I see the Diderot is back," said Van. "Remind me another time to try it out. But today ——"

"Yes, sir," said Thomson despondently. "I know, sir; the old Franko."

Van pretended not to notice the look of pained disapproval. He whistled cheerfully to cover the strain of the moment. The Franko had been a thorn in Thomson's flesh for many years now. He could not see why, just because it was the first car Mr. Van had ever owned, he should insist upon dragging its battered remains out into the light of day. Sentiment was all right in its place, but if Mr. Van wanted mementos of the past all he needed to do was to browse through the records of the traffic courts. He would find plenty of reminders of the Franko there, of the time when the old boat was in her prime.

"Doubt very much if she will run, sir, or if we can get her started at all," he said, the wish the father of the thought. He always entertained the same doubt every time Van took it into his head to take the old car out for old sake's sake.

"It will go all right," Van asserted cheerfully, but showing nothing of the faint embarrassment he was experiencing at his sentimentality in wanting their first ride together to be in the car of his joyous youth. "That old boat will still be going strong," he blustered, "when all these other fancy boilers will be in the junk pile."

Thomson said nothing, but his glance at the derelict was eloquent.

"Fill her up," said Van blithely.

He knew by experience that she would be empty. Thomson the crafty would see to that. The chauffeur, a frozen figure, filled her up. Then he tried to crank her and continued to try.

"Always was a bit tough," acknowledged Van. "Here, let me take a hand!" He cranked, at first talking between tugs, to cover up his difficulty and out of a sense of loyalty to the machine that had stood by him through the years. "She's a great little bus, Thomson. Did I ever tell you what Barney Oldfield said about her?" Tug tug-tug!

"Yes, sir, you did," said Thomson, in a tone of philosophical resignation. "She was all right in her time, sir."

"Well, she still holds the record from Southampton to the bridge," said Van warmly. "What more do you want?"

He could not bear any criticism of this car. It held too many memories, and he was blind to her defects.

"She could go at one time, sir," said Thomson the inflexible.

Van gave him a look of disgust and settled down to the real business of cranking. And at length the affair came off. Came a buzzing sound, then a rasping sputter like the cough of a man who smokes too much, and suddenly the thunder roared and the heavens rocked. Clouds of smoke filled the garage and poured through the doors. Thomson scowled; nothing now would prevent that skeleton's leaving its closet. He made a stiff motion of farewell as the car burst forth.

Van thundered over the quiet roads, breaking the calm of the island. Old residents lifted listening ears.

"It's that Van Jenkins in his devil car!" they told each other with a touch of pride.

Up to Sherry's stately doorway he roared and shut off the engine. Peace again descended upon Park Avenue. Van hurried inside and waited patiently and for a long time. Presently she came, drifting into his sight with her exquisite look of a finished product, dressed like a woman accustomed to being admired by men and not as yet spoiled by it.

She glowed with happiness to be here in the heart of the world she craved. This agreeable and personable young man, the soft music, the obsequious service, sang to her of the future, of that happy day when the scion of some brilliant house should make her his and place her in this, her rightful world.

She smiled absently at Mr. Jenkins and kept her eyes free for the most part to observe the coming and going that went on about them. A faint breeze that managed somehow to suggest flowers and new leaves wandered in through the open window beside them. The waiter smiled down upon them discreetly, as though he knew a thing or two, and Van, under an impassive exterior, looked with high approval upon the world.

Patricia gave a little gasp of delight.

"There is Mrs. Laidlaw-Twitchell again," she cried.

Van grinned.

"She turns up everywhere," he commented. "No keeping that old bird down!" She swept past them with her dove-colored face looking grayer than usual under her rose hat, and a train of young American dukes trailing after her. Van did not care for Milly's mother and did not look around. "Is she wearing the bobbed wig or the fetching ringlets?" he asked by way of showing a little interest in what was so vastly intoxicating to his lovely lady.

Patricia was so pretty in her indignation that Van laughed with delight.

"She is the social dictator of New York," she told him with asperity. "I suppose she can do what she likes with her hair!"

"Oh, by all means," he assured her, wondering at the clearness of her skin that looked almost as though it were transparent, and trying to keep his mind on the conversation. "She can go around bald as far as I am concerned. She has my permission."

Through long, reproving lashes Patricia surveyed him. One would suppose he was speaking of a mere nobody!

"She is bald, you know," went on Van, "bald as the baldest fact."

He felt that it was not quite fair to talk like this about his one-time future mother-in-law, but he was crazy about that look of infantile resentment on her face and wanted to keep it there a minute.

"Well, I must say you are not very respectful," reproved the girl, pursing up her pretty mouth like an old-maid aunt.

Van hid another broad grin behind a napkin.

"Sorry!" he said gravely. "Promise not to do it again." He'd be darned if she didn't look prettier cross than other girls did at their best!

Her injured feelings gave Patricia an opportunity to withdraw for a few minutes in spirit from her companion. She gazed around as they do on the stage when counting the house. Across the way—she recognized him from many pictures—was De Lancy Britton, the man without whom no social affair was really distinguished. On every side were people who stopped and spoke to him. She looked across Van's shoulder at him and felt drenched by a sensation of futile longing. He was the open sesame to all she held dear. She looked back almost with bitterness at this Jenkins person, who was so far out of it all that he did not know or even, it was clear, care to know what he was missing. It was her feeling, absurdly enough, that he was usurping Mr. Britton's place. Her cup of bitterness ran over as she realized by the sixth sense of a desirable woman that Mr. Britton had become aware of her and was properly overcome. In fact, though he was a well-bred and punctilious young man and did his best, it could not be disguised that he was giving her more attention than he was to his excellent entrée.

Van looked at her with appreciative eyes. That dreamy expression was terrifically becoming to her, and he wondered with a curious lift of his feelings what she was dreaming about. He felt that no matter what it was she ought to have it. She could have whatever he could give her; that was sure.

Patricia brought herself back from another world and dipped her slender fingers in a finger bowl. She raised her staggering eyes to Van's as she did so, eyes alluring and sweet and utterly unconcerned. The monstrous little wretch! She had no feeling; she was one of those creatures poets write about, cruel, but oh, so fair! Van shook himself and signaled for the check. For the love of Mike, what was the matter with him? Was he expecting the girl to fall dead in love with him, or what?

"I suppose we had better go?" her clear voice asked reluctantly. Around them parties were breaking up.

Van liked that note of unwillingness in her voice, and was pleasantly flattered by it.

"How about a little spin through the park?" he begged eagerly. "It is early yet and it's a bully day -sun and flowers and all that sort of stuff that girls like." He was so afraid she would refuse that he could hardly make his voice casual. But nothing, it was revealed, would please her better. And she wondered if he would take her on a short errand first downtown.

Would he? His eyes said he wanted to take her to the ends of the earth. Patricia felt something stir within her that she immediately quenched. It was always the wrong kind of men that looked at her like that. Van thought with warm affection of the dear old boat waiting for them and for her first ride with him. He decided that this would be its swan song; and to have had her for a passenger was a fitting end for any little old last year's car, he would tell the world

He jumped up, anticipated the waiter in drawing back Patricia's chair, squared his shoulders and laughed. He was laughing at himself for being so darned moony. He had never been hit like this before.

"Let's breeze along," he said, gazing down at the soft curls on the back of her neck. "The Twitchells are going and we don't want to miss them!" Patricia looked back at him suspiciously, but he contemplated her with candid eyes without a twinkle.

As they reached the door De Lancy Britton caught sight of Van and stepped forward eagerly, but Van gave his old and tried friend a frozen nod that distinctly said "Nothing stirring!" Mr. Britton glared and turned away, foiled, but with the look of a gentleman who says, "I'll get you yet, old top!" Van grinned happily at his cheated back and saw that the friendly interchange had escaped Patricia, who had gone on ahead.

He hurried after her as the Twitchell party made its appearance. He did not want to be detained. Foreign cars with silver appointments and chauffeurs with impassive faces lined the street. Patricia's manner was very elegant, and she seemed surprised that their car did not immediately pull up to the curb. It could be seen that she was not accustomed thus to be kept waiting.

"Heigh-ho, there the old boat is," cried Van cheerily, and Patricia looked about her, but was surprised to find no stir among the cars. Something passed from Van's hand to that of the magnificent carriage man. "He has guarded my treasure well," said Van largely. "I commend him."

The carriage man bowed and moved as if to assist them into their motor, and Patricia followed him. As he stopped she looked at the car beside him and halted, one haughty foot upraised, her lips open in a mortified astonishment, which turned

(Continued on Page 40)

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Jim Henry's Column

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Mennen's has other virtues which are mighty attractive and desirable. It does not have to be rubbed in with fingers. It works equally well with hot or cold water—soft or hard. The lather does not dry on the face. It never drizzles but whips up almost instantly into a firm, creamy, moist mass of beard softening lather.

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But after all, the chief object in using Mennen's is to get great shaves—and I guarantee that you'll get them.

Go to any drug store and get a giant size tube. Try ten shaves. If you are not satisfied, return the tube to me and I will refund purchase price.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 38)

rapidly to unbelieving and paralyzed horror. She gazed at him in aristocratic disdain. What was he thinking of! But he stood like a rock and gazed back at her, his countenance so fixed and expressionless it might have been carved out of marble. And Patricia appealed with a wild look to Van. It could not be that she, Patricia Tremaine, was being invited to ride in this outrageous, this unspeakable monstrosity! Van gazed back at her blandly, wondering at her bewildered hesitation.

"Yes, that's the old boat," he assured her; "but don't wait for me, please. Just hop right in. I have to crank her."

Hop right in indeed! She would not be caught dead in such a horrible-looking old thing! The very idea! She drew herself up in an attitude of injured pride and cast him a glance of cold contempt. She was about to utter some harsh and bitter comment when she became aware of the Twitchell party and of Mr. Britton standing at the entrance waiting for their cars. It was evident that she was keeping the carriage man from attending to his other duties, and she felt that this was no time to tell this Jenkins person how she felt about his insulting offer to take her for a ride. She would go, that was all; get away from there, escape the amused eyes of these exalted beings, whose good opinion she would give her life to win. No word to him, busy at the crank. She would merely go. She glanced quickly up and down the street.

Her wild gaze met the dignified eyes of the carriage man and she stopped, hypnotized. He stood silent and impassive and awaited her, like a spider for a fly, abating not an iota of the grandeur of his pose. She stared back at him, defiant and at bay, but she knew it was all up with her. It was not within the realm of possibility that she could withstand his faultless manner, his bland certainty that she would necessarily do the correct thing. Something in his inflexible pose wilted her and left her without power to indicate that she had changed her mind about motoring that day.

Holding her skirts tightly about her to escape contamination, she tried to indicate by her expression how obnoxious to her was this travesty of a car. She sank contemptuously into the low-slung seat, and the door man, bowing, moved away. He had known Mr. Stephen for years and was not surprised at anything he might do; but Patricia felt that he was despising her and the car and the driver, and considered that he was justified in this. Every rite in his ritual having been duly observed, he turned his attention to his other patrons.

Van was cranking cheerfully.

"Tough work," he admitted after a time, "but we'll catch her napping in a minute. She's a stubborn old bird, that's sure!"

Patricia, silent as death, clasped her hands.

"O Lord, let him burst a blood vessel," she prayed.

She heard sounds of laughter from the direction of the Twitchells and her ears burned. They were laughing at this spectacle, she thought impotently, and hated them. She glanced swiftly over and intercepted the glance of delight that Mr. Britton, immaculate and aloof, bestowed upon the overheated Van. How was she to perceive that he was only enjoying sweet revenge? All she knew was that she was going through a waking nightmare. And why had she done it? She could so easily have seen a friend up the street and made a graceful exit. But, no, here she sat with the very élite of the élite giggling at the spectacle she made! All this agony because she had been in terror of an old carriage man. A hundred might-have-beens ran through her mind.

At the end of what seemed about an hour a sudden thought came to her. She did not need to sit here and amuse the four hundred by her antics any longer! Why, of course, she could still pretend to see someone up the street. She thought every move out carefully, just exactly what she should do. She took a long breath as if for a leap into icy water and started up suddenly.

Came a crack and a jar under her feet, and she was thrown back into her seat, with her bag flying and her hat ajar, while a floor board made an incredible flight into the air, twirled, and clattered to the street almost at the feet of De Lancy Britton. He looked at it in some surprise, stooped and picked it up, retrieved her hand bag and brought the muddy board and the purse to her with the courtly grace of a gentleman who restores her handkerchief to a lady.

"These are yours, I believe," he said gravely, delighted with the heaven-sent opportunity to approach her, and handed her the bag while he rested the board against the step. "Slipped one over you that time, Van, old top!" he was chuckling to himself, and waited for the introduction that was forced upon his laboring friend.

Patricia, beside herself with mortification, straightened her hat and, aware of the extreme deference of his manner, thought he was laughing at her. Her eyes focused as though she were looking off into far places miles away, clear through and through him, whom obviously she could not see. He might have been a hole in the air. Mr. Britton raised his brows and strolled toward his own car. A very supercilious young woman indeed, he felt, and, by Jove, she could go to the devil for all of him.

Van straightened again. "That old board go again?" he grinned at her. "No harm done—been loose for countless eons."

Patricia scorned to answer, but looked through him also to that distant land.

The carriage man now offered assistance in vain. Van did not let strangers tamper with his beloved.

"Pull the black handle there on the dashboard, will you, please?" he called out to his lovely passenger. Patricia did not move.

A truck trundled along the cross street, and two colored boys shouted encouragement from its back step.

"Attaboy!" they applauded. "Go to it, old horse! Don't let any old piece of junk get your nanny! Yah!" From far off their raucous laughter could still be heard.

Van waved after them.

"Never say die!" he called, and came around to the side of the car.

"That is the thing I mean," he said a little impatiently to Patricia. "Pull on it, will you?" And he went back to his patient cranking.

His passenger looked as though she longed to boil him in oil, but suddenly and completely she gave in; for by now a crowd was collecting, a friendly crowd that offered suggestions. "Get a horse, mister!" The first time in years that anyone had been able to spring that one in the city. "Let the lady help, boss; she ain't busy!" "Hey, the junkman's got a phone!" Horror piled upon horror, and Patricia, driven to despair, pulled at the primer for all she was worth.

After years the car responded and gave forth signs of coming life. Came a faraway buzzing which grew louder and louder until it suddenly ceased as if it had fallen back in a dead faint. Van cranked more energetically than ever. Again the engine seemed to roll over like a heavy sleeper awakening. But there was still a horrifying feeling that it might fall off to sleep again. Then there was doubt no longer; the Franko burst the chains that bound it and broke forth into explosions like the sound of blasting and into poundings that seemed about to destroy whatever was left of the car. All other sounds were drowned out for blocks. The Franko had begun its day again.

Van bounded into the seat beside her and the next thing Patricia knew they had actually begun to move and the crowd was sending up a cheer.

"Whee, they're off! Go to it, Pe- ! That's the stuff! We knew you had it in yo .'"

Van grinned back at them, slipped into second and roared down the street. He was off for a heavenly ride with the girl of his dreams. He beamed down at the girl beside him.

"A great little bus!" he shouted at the top of his lungs. "They don't make them like this nowadays!"

Daggers gleamed up at him, but he had the traffic to watch and rode on happily.

At Fifth Avenue half a hundred people waiting to cross found their minutes of delay made profitable by this apparition from the past. Happy, smiling faces turned toward Patricia. She was bringing mirth and gladness to these city crowds, happiness to hundreds. But Patricia set her teeth and tried to stick it out until this great buffoon should have set her down at last in front of her own home where she could hide and try to forget. And so in noisy state they rode, and all Fifth Avenue turned its face at her passing. Patricia's dreams had come true. She was a marked personage on the street of streets. The Twitchells themselves would never in their lives receive the attention that now was hers.

Tired shoppers looked up from their lists and forgot their troubles. Traffic cops failed to lower their arms as they watched them pass. Hansom-cab drivers leered down at them and one called out, "Oh, miss, why don't you get him to buy you a nice flivver?"

Patricia lived through it, but she was gazing straight ahead like a soldier in a parade. She gave out a little moan. "She is going like a breeze," she heard from Van, and clenched her teeth. They must be nearly home now. She sat up as straight as possible and looked around. Everything looked strangely unfamiliar—no sign of the park, of the plaza. She could not understand it. Then, as a square red building loomed in front of her, she let out an anguished note of recognition. "The Waldorf!" she cried, and loud enough, too, for him to hear her. "I thought you were taking me home!"

He gazed at her in astonishment.

"You asked me to take you downtown!" She gazed at him dumbly; she remembered now.

"I forgot!" she cried passionately. "But I am—I want to go home. I am ill!"

Van gave her a look of dismay and his left hand shot out in a signal to the traffic man. They were turning almost immediately, but not before they had given Thirty-fourth Street an opportunity to see them in all their glory. Van was worried.

"Do you feel very ill?" he asked, and at the vibrant solicitude in his voice almost any girl would have thrilled.

But Patricia could find nothing attractive in him now. She nodded briefly. She thought of getting out and taking a bus but felt too shaken to make the effort. The worst had happened now anyway.

So they rode uptown again and the suffering went on. It was the same old Fifth Avenue that she walked over so proudly and hopefully each day. But now these Gothic piles, these brownstone fronts brought only agony to her. She wanted never to see them again as long as she lived. From a limousine moving along beside them a large woman turned a lorgnette upon them and gazed for a second as a whale might look at an aged minnow, and at that the last particle of pride dissolved in Patricia.

At last they reached her street and with a final roar pulled up in front of the club where she lived. On the steps a group of girls was sitting, basking in the summerliness of the April day. They regarded Patricia and her debonair escort with looks of undisguised interest and envious surprise. They were people who did not count at all, hard-working actresses most of them, and Patricia kept her distance with them always. There was only one girl in whom she ever confided, and a quick and bitter glance told her that she was not in the group. She looked back at them defiantly, expecting the usual smiles and amusement, but was astonished to see that they looked curious and impressed. So they did not realize what a degraded car it was. She had supposed even they knew enough for that.

Van jumped from his seat and, all anxiety and sympathy, stood at the curb. He helped her out tenderly and stood looking at her.

"I wish I could do something," he kept saying with the helpless pity of the healthy male. "Is there nothing I can do? Do you feel awfully ill?"

He floundered and stopped abruptly. The amazing Patricia was gazing up at him with blazing cheeks and flashing eyes. Torrents of words rushed to her lips, but she held them back until she had gained a little control of herself.

"Well!" she gasped, at a loss. "Well— "

He stared. "How could you have dared?" she stormed.

"Dared?" he repeated, and it flashed through his mind that the girl must be crazy. "Dared?" There was a tense pause.

A girl passed them, looked at Van with a start of recognition, and behind Van's back sought Patricia's glance and made congratulatory and surprised gestures. It was Rena Monterey. Patricia looked at her dumbly, and Rena, raising her hands high before her face, made as if to clap them together in applause.

Patricia frowned at her; she had not thought Rena, who was possessed of fashion sense, would make fun of her at such a moment. "Good-by, Mr. Jenkins," she said, her voice an icicle, "and thanks

(Continued on Page 42)

PIERCE ARROW

The chauffeur for a prominent Chicago family recently remarked that he had driven their Pierce-Arrow over one hundred and twenty thousand miles during a period of five years.

During those one hundred and twenty thousand miles the crank case had not once been removed. This, of course, suggests that the primary mechanism of the motor had not required inspection or adjustment during five years of service.

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(Continued from Page 40)

for the charming ride. I shall never forget it."

Van cared not much for the tone of her voice. His lips tightened.

"Glad you enjoyed it, and perhaps you will explain more clearly what it was I 'dared' to do?" His gray eyes looking down at her were colder than a winter sea.

It was unbelievable. Patricia stared at him, from him to the unspeakable car. Then she shrugged.

"If you don't know there is no way I can explain it to you."

"Try!" he said laconically and waited.

Patricia gave the motor a meaning glance and Van flushed.

"You don't care for my car?" he asked carefully.

"Care for it?" echoed Patricia passionately. "I have never been so humiliated in my life!" She turned on him fiercely. "Don't you, can't you understand that it is an insult to ask a girl to ride in a thing like that all over town, for everyone to see, jeopardizing her social position?" A sob choked her. "I have never been so humiliated and shamed in my life. Never!"

There was a silence while she tried not to cry; she could not bear to have those girls behind her see her in tears. Van was staring down at her curiously in a detached and yet pitying way that exasperated her almost to frenzy. He was trying to comprehend a philosophy of life that was so foreign to him that it seemed incredible; but she thought he was the stupidest thing she had ever seen.

"Yes, stand there and stare," she cried, beyond herself, "now that you have made me the laughing stock of the Twitchells and Mr. Britton and everyone! Where were you brought up not to know there are things one doesn't do and can't do?" She stopped and made a scornful gesture toward the beloved car that was to have carried them into Arcady. "Riding in that thing is one of them," she explained in a level voice, "and may I never lay eyes on it again, never as long as I live!" Van bowed without speaking and Patricia started up the steps. "Nor its owner," she added clearly.

Van bowed again silently. The dead might as well try to speak to the living as a Jenkins to one who felt like that about things. He took the steps two at a time to open the door for her.

"I am really terribly sorry," he said as she brushed past him, her blue eyes full of tears under the crisp glory of her hair. "More sorry," he added, "than I can ever say. I had hoped we might be friends."

He was within an ace of turning to her with his arms out, of pulling her to him, of telling her what a little simpleton she was, and that she need not worry about the harm she had done her social position that day. A few years earlier he would have done so, but now wisdom stepped in and told him that it was no use—this was no trivial misunderstanding. Their points of view, their attitudes of mind were as the poles apart. It was with a shock he realized how fundamental this affair was as compared with his difference with Milly. That had been the result of irritation over externals, as compared with the vital significance of this thing.

And Patricia, glancing at the last moment at his engaging face, felt something within her that was not blue blood cry: "Don't leave him like this, he is too nice!" But the moment passed and the door closed behind her.

Van went down the steps slowly, his gray eyes fixed on the car.

"Thomson does not approve of it either," he said aloud and gave a short laugh. "I seem to be in the minority."

Patricia flew up the worn stairs to the front room where Rena Monterey lived, too angry to keep her adventure to herself, craving sympathy from a kindred soul. From the window, where she stood beside Rena, she could see Van sink into his wretched car. He leaned his head back against the cushions and gazed sardonically up into the April sky above him. "Yes, my dear," he said to those blue depths, "it is very much too bad.

"Oh, when I was in love with you,
Then I was clean and brave,
And all around the wonder grew
How well I did behave.

"But now the fancy passes by
And nothing will remain,
And all around they'll say that I
Am quite myself again."

White clouds passed across the blue. "The quotation is probably far from accurate," Van told them, "but you get the general idea."

His eyes wandered down from above and passed over gray asphalt and brownstone. No sign of spring here except in that fugitive little breeze that spoke insidiously of flowers and youth and of Junes to come. Subconsciously he noticed the outline and color of a huge limousine that stood at the curb across the street. It was some seconds before he realized that it was the Twitchell car, and after a moment of amazement he remembered what the late goddess of spring had told him about the Twitchell dressmaker living across the street. It was strange what sensations of homesickness the sight of that impassive vehicle called up. He thought how often he had waited in it for Milly, just as Pierre was waiting now, with probably that same look of hopeless boredom on his face, and could almost see the look of contrition on her countenance when at last she appeared; and he recalled with warmth how she would pat his arm when she slipped in beside him, and he could hear her say, "You are a perfect precious to wait all this time, Van—I'm a hoptoad to keep you, I know; but I got me a perfectly slick hat!"

"It took you one hour and eighteen minutes," he would point out reprovingly, "and next time it happens I will leave you flat."

Minutes went by. He was the only unoccupied person on the street, he and Pierre, who now recognized him in a stiff salute. Then the door across the street opened and Pierre jumped to attention. Down the steps came Milly, not flying as usual but a little heavily, dressed in her usual deceptive simplicity, all in gray with a flare of yellow orchids at her breast. She was not wearing earrings, as was her habit, and there was something submissive and sad in her face. Van abominated earrings, and that had been one of the foolish things they had quarreled over. There was something very appealing to him in her thus casting them aside, for she had sworn she would wear them to her dying day. But the pleasure engendered by this was short-lived, and the awakening was bitter. For who, he would like to know, had been sending her orchids?

At that thought he was conscious of a sinking feeling at the pit of his stomach and a distinct sense of bitterness at this exhibition of the fickleness and frailty of woman. A nice lot they were! Hardly was the old love out of sight when it was on with the new. That was their loyalty; that was the strength of their devotion! As for him, he was through with the whole lot of them.

He saw Pierre say something to Milly and was conscious that she started and looked across in his direction. He sat still and waited. What would she do? How like a thoroughbred she looked standing there, with her hair so black against her gray hat, and how vivid and alive she seemed against the background of dull stone. She had the freshly laundered, cool and upstanding appearance of a silver poplar after rain, and he was forced to look over at her again.

Her face lighted as their eyes met. It was as though she was standing there to welcome him home.

She did not hesitate; Milly was never in doubt. She took her slim gray foot from the step of the car and gave an order to Pierre, who rolled away. Then she came across to him. He was out on the street in a second.

"You have kept me waiting one hour and eighteen minutes," he told her coolly. "Next time it happens I will leave you flat."

"Fancy that!" and her airy voice mocked him. "Now wasn't it perfectly damn splendid of you to stick around?"

She looked him straight in the eye as though delivering an ultimatum, but Van never blenched. Let her use her silly phrases if she wished; at least he knew what she was talking about. But he could not help wondering if she was regretting her earrings. He had forgotten the orchids, because there was something tired and wistful in Milly's face that made him want to hug her tight.

"Let's go up and look at the park," he said abruptly. She nodded, her eyes on his face. "But first of all," said Van, "let me appeal to your better self."

"Yes?" said Milly noncommittally.

Van looked at her with the eyes of the vanquished male.

"Don't tell me, when we reach it, that the park looks perfectly damn splendid," he begged.

Milly considered him from the corner of her eye.

"Van, you are priceless!" she told him tenderly. "All right, old dear, count on me till death."

"Reprieved!" gasped Van and shook her hand.

She moved to step into the car, then came to a halt.

"My word!" she cried. "If it isn't the priceless old devil car!"

She stood and looked at it a moment, and when she met Van's eyes her own were very soft. They were both thinking of the many rides they had had in it together.

"Would you be ashamed to ride in it, Mill?" asked Van curiously, and she stared at him as if he had lost his mind.

"Hop in and prime her," she told him gayly. "Let's see if I can get the old bumble-pup started!"

It was at this moment that Patricia, the story of her wrongs almost done, stopped in full stream. Rena had said not a word, but had stared at her dumbly, and now she looked more astonished than ever as Patricia pulled her around to face the street. Patricia was beyond speech. She would not have been more astonished if an angel had swept down from heaven to crank that dreadful car.

"Look!" she almost screamed. "Am I crazy or is that Millicent Twitchell?"

"Certainly it is," said Rena dryly, and they both watched as the heavenly being stooped, pulled the crank, and straightened again while the Franko burst out into thunder.

"Pretty bad, I suppose," said Milly, raising her luminous face.

"I have lost the knack and all that sort of thing, perhaps."

"Easy enough when she is warmed up," said Van disparagingly. "It just took me an hour to get her going."

"Fancy me being stronger than you. Well, well!" She looked down, "Same old board missing. Where did you drop it this time?"

"I'll never tell," said Van after an interval, and smiled at her with a rather woebegone look. "What I want to know," he added briskly, "is where we are going on our wedding trip—that's what I want to know!"

As the last flicker of their car disappeared around the corner Patricia turned a pallid face to her friend.

"What on earth!" she gasped. "Millicent Twitchell going off with that old auctioneer! What can it mean?"

Rena Monterey turned, hands on hips, and stared at her with a gaze of limitless incredulity. She did not bother to answer that question; she was harking back to what had gone before.

"You told him that he had insulted you?" she repeated. She had been busy with a mascaro stick and a hand mirror, and these she now placed carefully on the window sill and rose to her feet. "Auctioneer!" she echoed. "Do you mean to say, you great dumb-bell, that you don't know yet who he is?"

She walked, with the air of one who is meeting a big moment, to a small table and picked up a copy of their bible, High Life. "It came this morning," she said. "Take a slant at it."

It was open at the frontispiece and Patricia took it with a trembling hand. Above the caption, Society's Wealthiest Bachelor, Van's face looked up at her and smiled.

Miss Monterey looked at her for a moment.

"Too bad it didn't come yesterday!" she said thoughtfully, and went back to her mirror.

But Patricia sat staring out dumbly into a world she did not understand.

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ADVENTURING

(Continued from Page 13)

should be. Yet he is miserable enough, trying to think of a way to atone. If she had said something, vilifying him; if she had struck him he reckons it wouldn't be so bad. But she hadn't. Not a word, not a gesture there in the dark. "Mighty bad. Just sat there, motionless, kind of scornful, despising me."

Jay seated himself at the desk and drummed idly with his fingers there in the smoky darkness, lit only by the glow of his pipe. "Other people's shoes." That was a way of figuring it out—try to figure what some other man would do. The man who had owned this Beatrice, what would he have done? He wouldn't let her leave this old tub of a boat; no, sir-ree. That other fellow, the way he had talked in Hampton Roads, he'd have known what to do. He was hardly as tall as that shotgun in the rack, hardly big enough to hold it, with his little goatee; but he'd have started up the engines. That's what he'd have done. And not put her into port for a blue moon. Hadn't he said "I take what I want?" and no taller than a shotgun! And Big Hal Semple—there was a man for you Big Hal. He tried once to take what he wanted; saw a girl named Minnie Meyers, and made a grab for her, and missed; then climbed the mountains and raised hell heself. Jay chuckled in the darkness and his mind made a jingle and the jingle persisted:

Eat and drink and fight your fill,
And later you will pay the bill!

Big Hal had paid—three months in the calaboose. Well, that wasn't so bad. Start up engines. Nope. Couldn't do it. "Don't want her for just a twelvemonth. Reckon I got to have her for at least twenty-five hundred years, maybe longer. I got to think straight."

And Jay Singleton knocked out his pipe, refilled it, and he had knocked out the ashes again before he heard the girl outside the companion talking to Captain Ackerman. Jay listened. She was laughing. He imagined he could hear her heart pulsing in her laughter. He knew she was in an ecstatic mood.

"Let's leave out the lights," said he when the girl came down into the cabin. "What I got to say is best said in the dark; I reckon it's best said in the dark, if you don't mind. First, you like the Beatrice now you've seen her? You like her as much as ever?" he asked eagerly. "Yes." She became inarticulate, standing near him but thinking of him not at all—only of this wonderful schooner yacht. She had visualized it before she had ever seen it. It was hers; she had created it in her thoughts. "I must, I must ——"

Jay Singleton mopped his wrists and forehead in the darkness. "Are you willing, mum, to bargain for it?" he gulped.

Silence, then the girl's voice: "Yes."

Jay Singleton tried to say something about the former owner: "Called it Beatrice, for the lady a man named Dante wrote about. Beatrice. I reckon you know the story—Beatrice led Dante through Paradise, after he'd passed through hell, and, I reckon you know ——"

"I only know I want her," said the girl.

"And that's the way I want you," said Jay Singleton.

"You want me to go with you?"

"I want you to marry me."

She made a little noise in her throat, a quick intake of breath.

"I'm not much on theories," said Jay Singleton. "Don't know anything about marriage. Never gave it a thought till half an hour ago. But I don't hold with the little man that use' to own this boat. He quoted figures. Said marriage was a sure failure, and where there's no chance there's no adventure worth speaking about—the least of all adventures. That's where he ended. That's where I started to think a little while ago. You're listening? I want you to listen."

Through the open windows came the drone of sailors' voices.

"I been trying to figure out the reason for the failures," continued Jay Singleton. "Something at the bottom. But I couldn't find anything at the bottom of the trouble—except maybe all these folks that get married think they know each other. They been acquainted for a long time, most of them, maybe since they were children. They expect a heap. Never knew two people who didn't expect they'd be happy every minute—after they were married. Maybe they'd never been happy before, but that didn't matter. They're going to be happy every minute. Expect too much. And what you reckon happens? What you reckon happens when you expect too much of anything? Pretty sure to be disappointed. One disappointment, then maybe another, and another, until there isn't much left. That's sort of the way I was figuring it out."

Faint light came through the window—someone moving along the pier with a lantern.

Jay again mopped his wrists. "I said to myself, 'Just suppose, now, two people start without knowing anything about each other. Wouldn't expect much, would they? Couldn't. What then? If anything sort of agreeable came along they'd be surprised, sort of happy about it. Happy about little things maybe. There couldn't be any disappointments.' That's what I was thinking. And, anyways, it wouldn't be the least of all adventures, now would it? Say, maybe, if we went adventuring sort of together?" Mopping his wrists he asked, "Will you, mum?"

"I'd have this," said the girl, "the Beatrice, everything you gave me; but I'd hate you for giving them to me. You don't understand that?"

"Yes, maybe I understand. I can sort of see it—because you hate me now."

"Yes."

"That's too bad," said Jay Singleton. "But I'm already mighty happy. I'll hurry up the arrangements."

He switched on the lights and for a moment they were blinded by the glare, then looked at each other, saying nothing. Presently he repeated "Mighty happy," and moved toward the companionway. There he turned. "I'm sorry, mum—there's one thing I'll have to ask you to tell me," said he hesitatingly. "I reckon I'll have to ask you to tell me your name."

IX

THE square-jawed keeper of the oil dock, with a bunch of keys hanging by a chain from his wide leather belt, had insisted that the Beatrice could not remain at this pier forever, nor all night, nor any longer—not another hour. Suppose another boat should come along? None was in sight, but suppose one should come? What then? And the underwriters—insurance. Not another hour. And the square-jawed man, leaving the good Captain Ackerman with this ultimatum, marched away.

People in cities don't march away to supper, don't eat at all perhaps, never hang up a sign "Gone to lunch" or "Gone to the movies, be back soon." But this was Beaufort.

So beneath the awning of the Beatrice Captain Ackerman was chewing an unlighted stogy angrily enough when Jay Singleton emerged from the darkness of the ship's cabin into the blue radiance of the night.

Captain Ackerman lit the cigar to give himself poise. "Have to find another berth, sir, if you want to stay here any longer."

"Well, now, that's too bad."

Jay wanted to stay at least a little longer. He called down the companionway to the girl. Hours ago, when the sun was just setting, hadn't she mentioned a pilot? Well maybe she'd know about a hitching post or something where they could tie the little old boat.

And now the girl has come out into the clear night. She is standing by the wheel with Captain Ackerman. Magical, thrilling moment! They are going nowhere, only a little way, but her hand is on the wheel. And you can hear the siren of the Beatrice, low, musical, calling through the night. And you can see three sailors running along the pier, shouting at one another, laughing, their wide-bottomed pants flopping as they run.

Audible, yet far off, a bell sounds in the engine room, the propeller commences to churn the water, the ropes around the spiles of the pier are being slackened. Watch the bumpers! Hold her off! Don't let her scrape! No danger; Joe is thinking of all these things. The prow clears a provision dock. The girl spins the wheel—not too far, not an inch too much, just enough; and the yacht moves into midchannel.

"Mighty good, mighty nicely done." "She handles wonderfully," breathes Joe. The tide is swift—racing in. "Not too far," she is saying to herself. The channel is narrow; Town Marsh juts out over there. Shallow water. A black giant reel, divested of its fish net, rises from the shallows, like a wheel of torture. Jay Singleton gazes at the grim emblem, a chill lays its finger on his spine. A wheel of torture! He looks beyond at the red channel lights marking the breakwater a mile or more distant. Danger signals! The intervening shallows and shoals merge beneath a thin pallid moon that fails to blacken out the stars. A soft southwesterly wind is blowing.

The Beatrice's prow is overhanging the grasses of the marsh; the propeller, reversing, makes the water seethe. Now the slender moon, the white pointed stars, the two red lights, like angry eyes in the night's Ethiopian face, are slowly revolving. The Beatrice has turned. She moves majestically past the piers and wharves jutting out from the backs of grain and grocery stores. Again a bell sounds far off in the engine room. The engines cease to throb, the Beatrice slides silently alongside a drooping dilapidated pier. "Mighty good, mighty nicely done." White-clad sailors are making her fast.

A lazy dark street lay in front of Jay Singleton. At the shore end of the sagging old pier he pulled thoughtfully at his pipe. He was feeling things:

Man is the peer of gods in those moments after
Love has silenced song and has banished laughter ——

Hardly the peer of gods, but, nevertheless, there in the night, he was feeling things. Was this to be the great adventure, he wondered, or the least of all adventures? Marriage. His mind moved on, his body paused there. In his brain images arose, colorful, gorgeous, chaotic; while before his eyes stretched out the most tranquil of towns. Across the sandy road stretched an uneven line of weather-beaten houses, sloping shingle roofs, double porches. Some had crept to the edge of the broken cement walk, others stood back with dignity in unkempt yards protected by broken picket fences like decimated battalions of ghostly little soldiers. This street beckoned the imagination back into the years like the fragrance of frangipani. These were very fine houses indeed—back in the '60's. But yonder is the signature of a later generation—an incandescent street lamp. Hanging at a near corner it throws a fitful radiance around which little insects swarm. Little insects—but look at their monstrous shadows! Far down the street a crescent of electric lights marks the entrance to a motion-picture theater. People are ambling in. From the Beatrice comes the silver sound of a ship's clock. Singleton counts the strokes—eight bells.

An old negro man passed slowly beneath the corner light across the dark sandy roadway. The negro was tall and his back was straight, but his head was bowed. Singleton called to him. The old man came to the middle of the road and removed his hat, revealing close-cropped gray hair, a long nose, and eyes that were old yet sharp. Singleton asked if there was a lawyer living here in town.

"Yes, sir. Four. It's the county seat, boss."

There was no dropping of the r's, and this struck Jay's Virginia ears as strange. "Where does the nearest one live?"

"Next cross street." The negro pointed with a long crooked finger. "I'll show you the house, sir."

"Good lawyer?"

"Yes, sir; sings in the 'Piscopal choir."

"What's his name, uncle; and what's yours?"

"My name's Palmer."

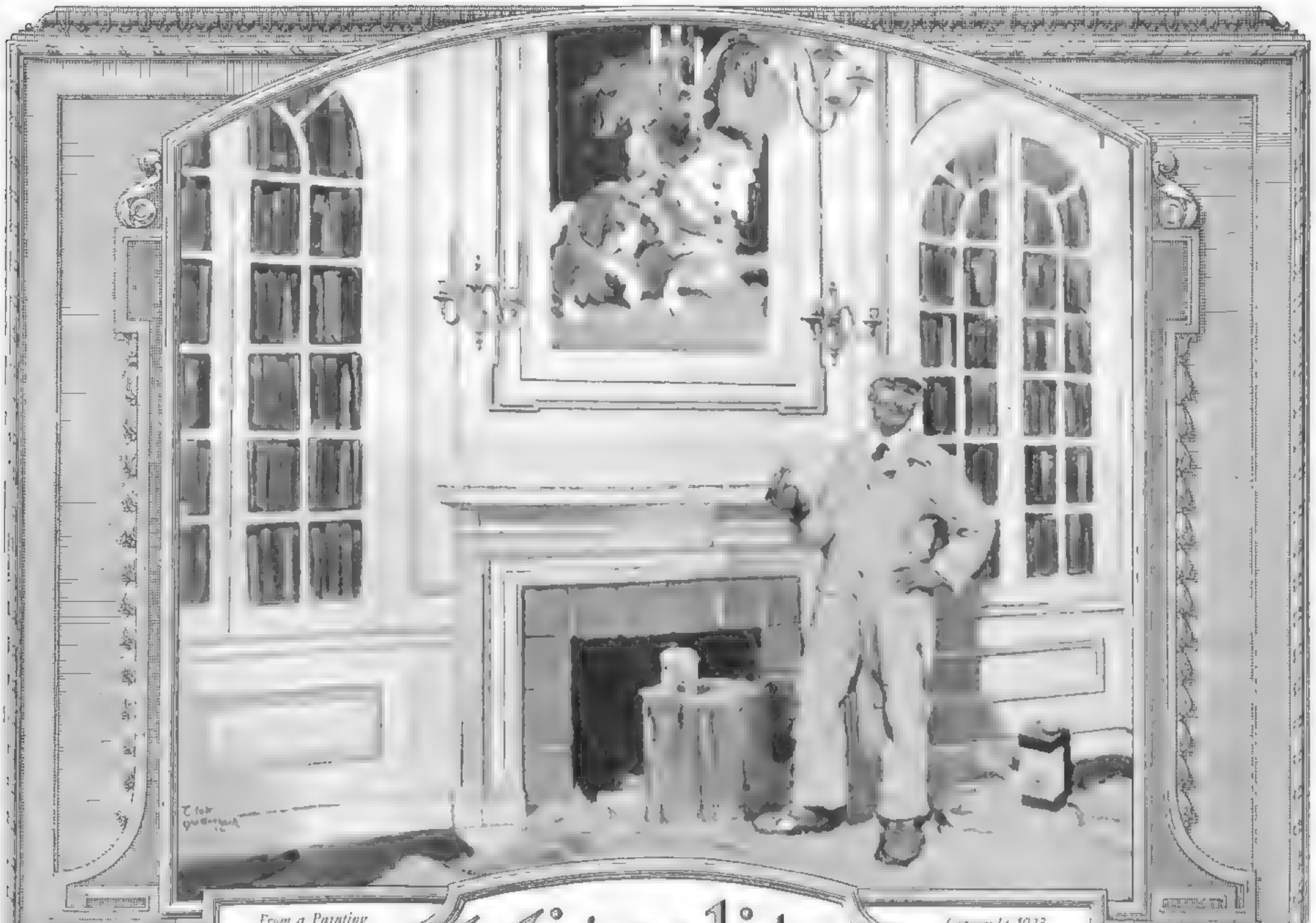
"What's the lawyer's name?"

"Which lawyer, boss?"

"The one that lives two blocks away."

"Name was Harris, Mr. Martin Harris. I just remember—he's dead. We was raised together; my name's Palmer Harris; his father owned me, and later give me a fishing schooner. I done some blackfishing in my day. Then a gentleman come down here, come down here and give me the right to carry the mail, and I give him the schooner."

(Continued on Page 46)



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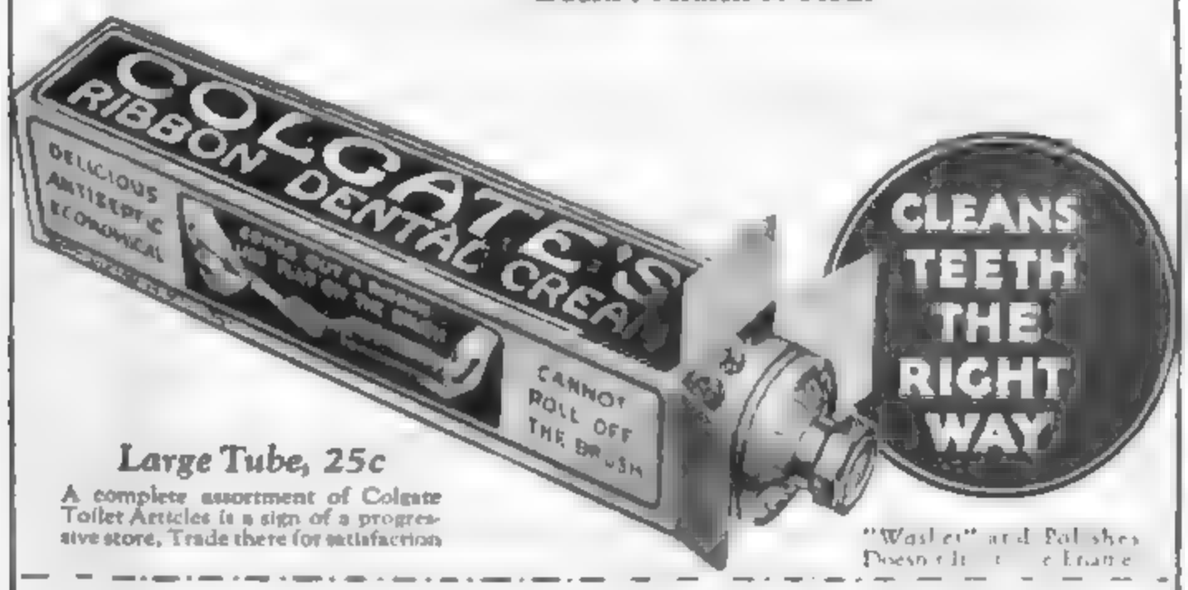

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(Continued from Page 44)

"Too bad, mighty bad." And Jay asked what other lawyers lived here in town.

"There's Mr. Ennis Williams. Boss, I carried the mail to Morehead City eighteen years and never missed a trip, only late twice for the train. Many a white lady I brung across from Morehead and give her my slicker to keep her dry. Now I got a rowboat, don't leak a drop."

"I reckon you got a mighty fine rowboat, Uncle Palmer. Never saw a rowboat didn't leak a drop. Mighty fine. And this Ennis Williams, Uncle Palmer, which way does he live?"

"End of this street. Last house. And, boss, you can find me in front of the old Davis House most any day, out on the pier. Got a rowboat, don't leak a drop."

He turned from the white man and gazed at the schooner yacht moored out there in the night. It looked natural; the thing that Palmer saw looked natural. But the thing that Palmer saw was not the Beatrice—merely a vision, merely a stubby two-masted fishing schooner that in years gone by used to be moored at the end of this pier.

■

JAY SINGLETON crossed the sandy road. At the end of the street, back of the breakwater, he knocked at a door beneath the double porch of the old Williams house. An echo was the only response. This old building with its wind-swept trees looked out upon restless tidal waters -the whole intricate sound—and, beyond, it looked out upon Bogue Bank that holds back the sea. A place to start from, thought Jay Singleton, and a place to return to when tired of wandering. Jay moved along the porch to another door. Through a window he could see a back room, dimly lit. The rays of a lamp fell upon a square dining table, littered with books and newspapers. He rapped louder, waited, rapped still again. A man's footfall—a limping step—caused him to turn.

Along the cracked cement walk came Ennis Williams. A heavy man with short legs, he laboriously climbed the three steps to the porch. His voice was deep, rumbling, pleasant.

"Nothing wrong with your yacht?"

"Changing owners tonight," said Jay.

Both men looked across the segment of intervening piers and dark water at the Beatrice with her green running light glowing and the yellow lights from her ports gleaming out into the soft night.

"A kind of wedding present," said Jay Singleton, and followed the lawyer into the house.

Ennis Williams, across the wide dining table, listened, made no comment save one: "Josephine Davis. Joe. Clem Davis' girl." Then, after a silence during which he straightened the sheets of pad paper preparatory to drawing the agreement, he said, "You're marrying a madcap."

Jay Singleton did not reply. Madcap. He studied this lawyer, noting the thin spot at the crown of his head where the scalp was visible through reddish-brown hair. His appearance was neither fine nor yet forgetable—a slightly bulbous nose and a chin that might have been chopped from a block of mahogany.

No, the word "madcap" did not deeply reveal this girl's character. But Jay did not pursue the matter. They would start on an even footing—ignorant of each other. That was part of the bargain. And, too, Jay reckoned he didn't care much about character anyway. Her spirit—now that was the thing! Maybe it had come down through the ages, maybe not. Who could say? Soul—that was another word, but sort of the same thing. Anyway he would never own that part of her. No, nor did he desire to own that part of her. The Beatrice was a thing to be owned. A woman, her spirit, she herself, was something to be loved, which to Jay Singleton was a different thing altogether.

Now the lawyer was asking some question or other. What was he saying? "Unconditional?" Yes, the gift was to be unconditional. And there was something about consideration. "I reckon it's marriage," replied Jay. And now Ennis Williams was talking about marriage settlements in lieu of dower. Jay listened, then asked, "That means after I'm dead? There isn't anybody else. There won't be anybody else."

When Jay returned to the Beatrice he found the girl curled in a chair beneath the awning. He stood against the rail, looking at her.

"You didn't go home, mum?"

"No."

Yet her hair had been smoothed. He noticed her hair. But why should it thrill him? It was the only preparation Joe had made for her wedding. She had merely smoothed her hair. And it thrilled him strangely. Jay told her that things were being arranged—a civil marriage. Did she object? She had always thought she would never be married, but if at all, then upon the high seas, by the captain. At least it would be on the water. She was glad of that. Jay studied her solemnly. And she met his gaze, merely waiting for what might come—unperturbed, unafraid. He thought, "Joe, you're a mighty young Sappho indeed." He said, "It sort of seems, Miss Joe, I been knowing you since things were loose and careless before the Christian era."

And she thought he was quite mad. And he was, no doubt. But it didn't matter.

The girl replied, "Things are loose and careless now, and this is after the Christian era; it has passed."

"I don't think it has passed," said Jay Singleton.

"Then why are you buying me?" asked Joe.

He tried to think of some apt reply, but could not—merely the truth: "Because maybe I couldn't get you in any other way. I couldn't wait another twenty-five centuries. I couldn't wait. And you couldn't either if—if ——"

"I could," said Joe, "but I wouldn't. I don't blame you. If you like me, if you want me, I don't blame you for buying me. Is that the agreement?"

Beneath a deck light the girl became absorbed. "Ennis Williams wrote this," she murmured. "I know his handwriting." She read rapidly, then read again, more slowly, before lifting her eyes. "It's really to be mine, really mine?"

That was all she said. This, the Beatrice, this marvelous yacht, was really to be hers!

She continued to gaze at Jay Singleton. There was no hate in her eyes, not now, not at this moment—she was merely trying to make sure, trying to read the man who was leaning awkwardly against the rail, looking at her.

"Yes, mum, it's to be yours." Then with a small noise in her throat—no doubt a sob, something like that—Joe jumped up from her deck chair, leaned over a table, signed her name and held the blotter over it, asking, "Did Ennis Williams tell you anything about me?"

"No, mum."

"Well," said Joe, "there's nothing to tell."

XI

FOR the observers, surely a wedding is the most depressing of all ceremonies. If the bride and groom would only leap over a broomstick, at least we could laugh. But laughter is denied us. We wear false faces, we smirk, while our minds platitudinize heavily, "Romance ends at the altar, and realism cuts the wedding cake."

Joe's eyes had been on the scar that disappeared into the mustache of Jake Mann. Now she had glanced away from the face of the county official and was looking at the crew of the Beatrice, standing at the side of the ship's cabin.

Three sailors were crowded in a doorway. And she was still wondering whether they were real sailors or merely manikins, when Jay Singleton spoke to her. She did not catch what he said, but she knew it was over. She was married.

Joe turned to Lawyer Ennis Williams: "Is the Beatrice really mine?" she whispered.

The lawyer glanced pityingly at Singleton, who had turned away and was talking to one of the ship's officers. "Joe ——" But what earthly good was censure or admonitions? "Yes, it is yours."

"You are sure? Shouldn't I give him something? I could give him—I don't know what—something."

"But you've given him—yourself."

"No; I've merely married him."

She turned away. It was too narrow in here, too cluttered up with brocade and chairs and men. She wanted to breathe. She went out on deck. And it was there Jay Singleton came to her.

Jay had been talking to the captain. "I've never been on the ocean—it's calm tonight; Captain Ackerman says it's calm out there tonight, Miss Joe. Joe. But maybe you'd like better to stay here? Maybe go home?"

(Continued on Page 48)

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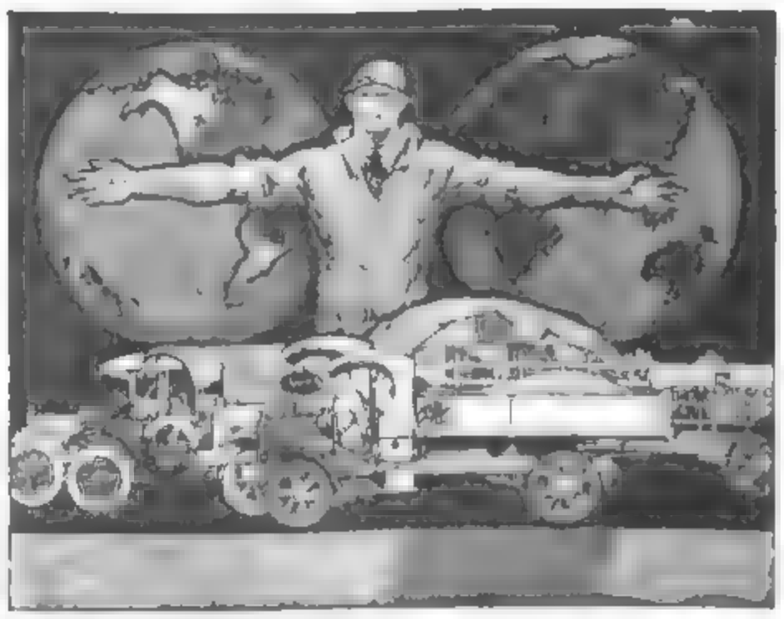

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(Continued from Page 46)

The girl continued to gaze across the shoals and shallows at the red lights marking the breakwater hard against Bogue Bank.

"I want to go out there. But I'll have to go home. I'll have to tell Clem Davis."

"Clem Davis—he's your father?"

"Yes; he'll never believe this is mine."

"Tell you the truth, Joe, I'm glad it's yours. I don't know much about ships, but I reckon you do. You and Captain Ackerman can handle her."

"I'd like to talk to him," said the girl. "Is he a deep-sea man?"

"I suspect he is. He can look at the stars and tell where you're at. Yes, mum, you must talk to him soon—sort of go over things."

"I want sailors," she said, "men—deep-sea men." She wanted to hire her own crew. That was the thing, from the captain down.

"They're pretty good men, Joe. They're good sailors. I think they're good sailors."

"But you don't know about sailors."

"No, that's right. I don't know anything about sailors. But I know something about men."

"I know men," said Joe solemnly, "and I know all about sailors."

For an hour, perhaps longer, Jay Singleton leaned against the starboard rail while the crew of the Beatrice, one by one, went to the ship's cabin. During that time Jay's only remark was to one of the men. "Come here, son," he said. "Now listen right carefully to what I'm going to tell you. I want to see you happy, but don't you never smile that way when the owner of this boat sends for you."

Joe's eyes were luminous—never more lovely—when she came from the cabin and stood between Jay Singleton and Captain Ackerman, looking out over the moonlit water.

"Only two have ever been outside." She laughed a little at this. "Only two. And the assistant engineer knows nothing at all about his job. He's an automobile mechanic. Never saw a marine engine before he left Norfolk. How'd you happen to sign him, Captain Ackerman?"

"Well, now, Joe, I reckon that's my fault," said Jay. "I sort of liked the way his head was clipped. Looked stubborn, like he wouldn't give in to any engine or the sea or the devil himself."

"He's going to make a good man," said Captain Ackerman. "I'd keep him."

Joe considered this. "Jes Thomas lives backland near where I live," she said. "He knows engines. I'll take him on while this man is learning. Tomorrow morning we'll go out at high tide." To Jay Singleton she said, "I'm going home now."

And Jay Singleton reckoned there might be other things she wanted to talk over with the captain, maybe on the way home.

He watched her—a very young Sappho indeed—as she moved along the old pier. "Mighty fine," he murmured. She was walking slowly, talking to Captain Ackerman. Jay watched her as she came into the feeble rays of the street light. "Mighty fine girl," he repeated. And he followed her with his eyes until she disappeared, leaving an empty street. Then Jay Singleton loosened his hold on the starboard rail and sat down heavily in a chair.

XII

THAT night Jay watched the stars from beneath the awning of the Beatrice, heard the sailors singing forward of the cabin—low, mellow voices gliding through the night. And now their voices were gone, and he listened to the plashing of little waves against the side of the ship; and still more stars came up out of the east, an endless procession, small points of light, brilliant leaders of constellations. He felt the breeze spring up and work its way to the south, bringing the salty flavor of the ocean; he felt it die at dawn. Dawn painted out the stars with broad gray strokes across the sky. Jay sent to the galley for coffee and emptied the ashes out of his pipe.

She came in the early morning, accompanied by two men. He saw her far down the sandy street. He thought of a gull, for she was all in white, and he thought, "She is coming to me." He could see the men. One was heavy, with a black beard; the other a youth with a small trunk on his shoulders. Joe was in front of them and she was almost running when she reached the far end of the dilapidated pier. There she paused, breathless—mighty like a gull in flight. To the thickset elderly man she said something and made a gesture. Jay could not hear what she said; but he knew it was the ship, not himself, to which she was hurrying.

The youth—tall and gaunt—followed her aboard and disappeared with the trunk. The girl was radiant.

"You must have slept mighty well, mighty well." Jay continued to gaze at her. Somehow she seemed to him a part of the Beatrice, an essential part, its spirit—all in white. "Must have slept mighty well."

But she hadn't slept. "I couldn't," she told him. "I got up and dressed. I had to see her. I sat down there on that old oyster boat of Captain Jack's for an hour."

"I was sitting here—smoking," said Jay.

"Yes." She had seen the glow of his pipe. Glancing over the side she noted the height of the water. It was above the barnacles and wormholes of the spiles. "We'll sail now soon." And she hurried away to inspect the ship.

Jay Singleton stood there for a moment looking at the bearded man on the pier. The man was taking in the details of the yacht with the eye of a seaman and shipbuilder. Singleton walked to the gangplank and they looked at each other in silence. Clem Davis' gaze became glowering.

"What do you think of her?" asked Jay Singleton.

"Ain't broad enough in the beam."

He joined the man on the pier and both looked at the Beatrice. Suddenly Clem Davis said heavily without raising his voice: "You're stealing my girl. When she come home last night I routed out the county clerk; I made sure what she said was so. You two are married. I made sure of that. Anyways you're stealing her."

Jay turned on the man, whose attitude had become threatening. "I reckon you know what you said's a lie. I'm telling you anyway."

"You're stealing her," repeated Clem Davis doggedly.

Jay pondered a moment. Somehow he knew how this father was feeling. Couldn't blame him much. To Clem Davis he said, "Put that suitcase aboard and come to the end of the pier. I got something to say and not much time to say it."

He called one of the sailors to take the bag and led the way along the loose planking. In the roadway they faced each other.

"If you want to wrassle, if you feel that would sort of ease your mind, we'll do it now. If you don't, then you listen close and do what I say. There's a berth open on the Beatrice, and a crew—except that boy she brought with her—that Joe never laid eyes on before last night. She thinks she can handle them."

"And she can," declared Clem Davis.

"I don't know whether she can or not. What business you in?"

"Shipbuilding."

"Got anybody you can leave in charge?"

"No."

"Give it more thought."

"If I set my mind I might could arrange it."

"Then fix it up so you can be away for a month or however long Joe plans to cruise. I want somebody aboard to look out for her."

"What about you?" demanded Clem Davis. "Ain't she your wife?"

"Yes," said Jay Singleton, "but I'm catching the morning train back home. Tell her there's a memorandum on the desk in the cabin, everything she'll want to know—where she can draw more money if she needs it. If she wants me, there's my address. I'm not going to bother her saying good-by. And tell her not to send for me unless she wants me like she wanted that little old tub of a boat out there. I reckon she'll understand. Tell her that's the way I want her."

And Jay Singleton left Clem Davis at the end of the tumble-down pier and ambled crookedly in the wrong direction along the sandy front street of Beaufort. He was wandering away from the railroad station. Fever was in his brain.

XIII

THIS is a tale of two towns—Singleton and Beaufort. And the first is far away inland, while its owner looks out on the sea.

He is standing at the end of the old Davis House dock. The crease between his brows has deepened, and he is leaning against a southwest wind, coat flapping, shirt plastered against his heavily muscled chest. He is repeating monotonously to himself: "That wasn't right." Just his mind throbbing. "Wasn't right not to say good-by. No, that wasn't right."

Now an old negro has joined Jay Singleton and has seated himself at the end of the pier. Both are looking out over the water. The water is curling; whitecaps are in the channel, sparkling in the morning sunlight. Both are watching the same object. It has passed beyond the breakwater, a mile or more distant and, changing its course, slightly has headed for the black buoy—the most graceful and gull-like of all ships, a schooner yacht under sail.

"Look, boss!" The old negro is pointing with a crooked black finger. "She's shaking out her fore staysail. That's right. I done it more than a hundred times right there with a sou'wester. Look, boss! Got somebody aboard that knows how to sail!"

The old negro was still mumbling—done some blackfishing in his day, owned his own schooner, crossed the bar more than a thousand times—when suddenly Jay Singleton shrieked into the wind: "Joe! Good-by, Joe!" He grabbed the old man by the shoulder. "Nigger," he shouted, "where's that boat of yours?"

"Boss! What say, boss? She's at Morehead. The Captain Clem."

"Where's your boat—the one that don't leak a drop?"

"There, boss."

Near shore, secured by a chain and padlock, a small skiff, half full of water, bobbed sluggishly on the waves. "That's rain water. Don't leak a drop."

Staked out, with a stern line to the end of the pier, a dilapidated motorboat with a house forward over its engine wallowed in the trough of the waves coming in.

"Who owns that little old tub?"

"She leaks, boss."

"Can you run it?"

"If she had sails —"

"Get the man who owns it."

"Belongs to the Davis House, boss. Captain Dave Gregg runs her. I'll get him, boss."

And old Captain Palmer, the only black blackfisherman this coast has ever known, shuffled hurriedly toward the Davis House, while Jay Singleton leaned against the wind.

Dave Gregg's handling of the Sea Pal was no more remarkable on this day than on many another. For years, when two-thirds of Bogue Bank—that surprising sand bar thirty miles long—was owned by John Royal, Dave Gregg carried the mail and got speed aplenty out of this dilapidated one-cylinder boat. Dave was a youngish man who seemed to be poured into a faded blue jumper. The sleeves were too tight for his biceps. He smiled a great deal, inordinately proud of the fact that there was something golden about his smile.

Nor was he afraid of the water. Dave was a surfman who, from time to time, had bunked in with Coast Guard No. 191—a surfman and sailor as well as a mechanic.

But at the black buoy on this day he made the wheel fast, kept the engine running to hold the Sea Pal's head up to the wind, then opened the door that led into the cockpit. Jay Singleton, holding to the stanchions, was peering out over the side of the pitching little boat. Jay was drenched. They had followed in the wake of the Beatrice, and even now when the Sea Pal climbed to the top of a wave and paused there trembling, with her propeller racing, the Beatrice, on a port tack, could easily be seen.

Dave shouted something. But the wind, the waves, the water sloshing in the cockpit, and the noisy engine drowned his voice. He shouted again as another wave came over the engine house: "We'll be swamped if we try to cross the bar! Can you swim?"

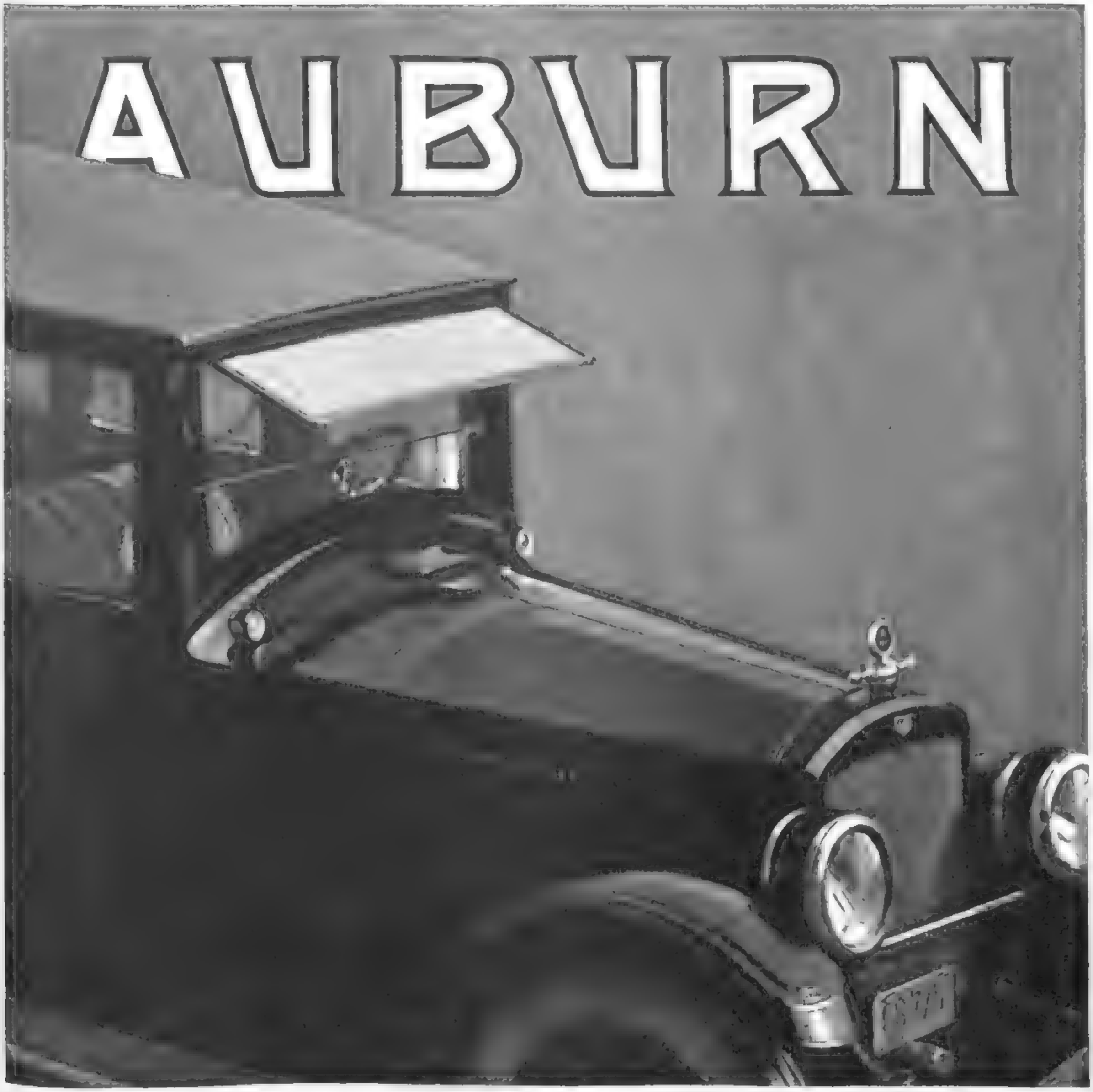
A comber struck Jay Singleton across the shoulders and sent the Sea Pal sliding sideways into the trough. Dave's head disappeared. He made a grab for the wheel and opened up the engine.

Jay Singleton, clinging to the stanchions, managed to get forward into the gaseous engine house. "Keep back!" yelled Gregg. "She's burying her nose. Sit on the rudder stem," he yelled.

"I can swim," shouted Jay Singleton. "I can swim in the Little Calfpasture, and I reckon I can swim out here. Don't turn back. Keep on."

"Then I knew he was mad," said Dave Gregg, telling about it later. "I seen the fever in his eye. And I says to myself, 'I'm the captain, he's the passenger.'"

(Continued on Page 50)



A Sedan of Rare Charm

THE fine workmanship and good taste which are characteristic of all Auburn Cars find their fullest expression in the Sedan. Here fine fabrics, handsome fittings and individualized color treatments add their harmonious charm to a car that is already a splendid example of conscientious construction. ¶ For twenty-three years the Auburn chassis has been known for dependability, long life and unusually satisfactory performance. You buy a known quantity in the Auburn. ¶ In the new 6-43, Auburn offers a car of the fine Auburn appearance and quality in the most compact and economical size. The price will astonish you. ¶ Auburn Models: 6-43 Touring and Touring-Sedan; Standard Six—Touring, Sport, Sedan and Brougham.

Dealers: The complete Auburn line offers an outstanding opportunity in 1923, but only for dealers of the best type.

Auburn Automobile Company, Auburn, Indiana

"ONCE AN OWNER — ALWAYS A FRIEND"

Scot Tissue Towels

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

encourage clean hands

They provide the pleasure of a perfectly fresh, clean towel for each person every time; a towel that's yours first and yours only; never touched by other hands; always soft, fresh, pure white.

ScotTissue Towels are now preferred in organizations, large and small, which realize that clean hands are a factor in commercial good will—that clean hands mean hands perfectly and safely dry.

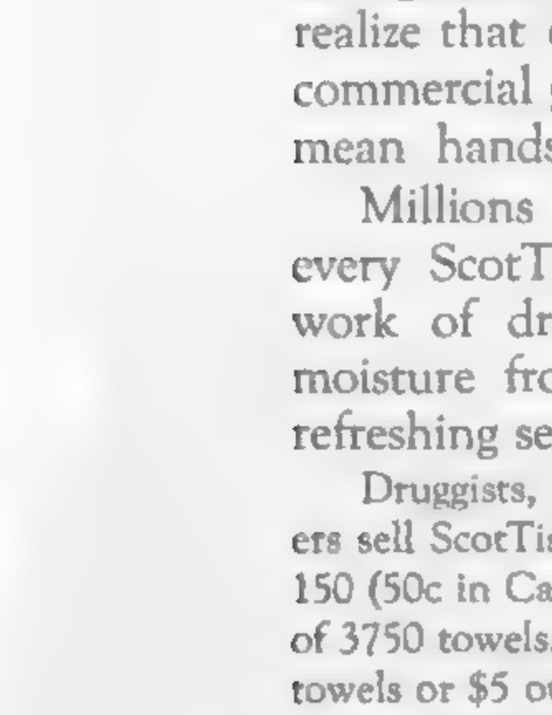
Millions of soft "thirsty" fibres in every ScotTissue Towel, leap to their work of draining dry every drop of moisture from your skin and leave a refreshing sense of cleanliness.

Druggists, Department Stores and Stationers sell ScotTissue Towels at 40c per carton of 150 (50c in Canada) and even less by the case of 3750 towels. Or, we will send (prepaid) the towels or $5 outfit, upon receipt of price. Try our new handy 10c pack of 25 towels.

Don't confuse ScotTissue Towels with harsh, non-absorbent paper towels. Remember, it isn't Thirsty Fibre unless it bears the name ScotTissue.

Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco



for "Clean Hands in Business"

Own your own towel outfit. Plate-glass mirror, nickel-plated towel rack and 150 ScotTissue Towels—all for $5. ($6.50 in Canada.) See it at your dealer's.

© S. P. Co., 1923

Every ScotTissue Towel contains millions of soft Thirsty Fibres, which absorb four times their weight in water. They make ScotTissue the quickest-drying, most satisfactory towels made.

(Continued from Page 48)

It was then that Dave performed a minor miracle of seamanship. With a sou'wester blowing a gale, and the waves breaking over the Sea Pal, he got his cockleshell about and with a following sea put her under the lee of Bogue Bank. He got her to the coast-guard cove at the easterly end of the island; and there took a long deep breath, beached the Sea Pal and bailed her.

Jay left the boat and climbed a sand dune. Beaufort, clearly visible, was two miles distant on the mainland. Jay's back was turned to the town as he gazed out at the treacherous ocean, upon which, at night, Lookout casts its steady beaming eye. He said not a word. Yet the Beatrice—he could see the reefed sails of the Beatrice—had crossed the bar, the shifting Beaufort Bar.

Jay climbed over sand hills to the brown stone coping of old Fort Macon. Here a girl had rested like a slender shaft of moonlight, like a young star in its voyage. Beneath the man, in the moat, were the rotting timbers of a drawbridge. The main portal of the fort sagged on its ponderous bronze hinges. He wandered aimlessly. Coming upon a stairway of stone he descended to a dungeon that imprisoned only a black pool of water. A crab, carrying its opened claws above its beady eyes, sidled from under Jay's feet and passed beneath an archway into the black mud of the moat. Singleton followed under the arch, trudged through the mire with massive walls rising on either side, and entered the fort through the main portal. Here were vaulted barrack rooms. Beyond, in the sunlight, a pentagonal court stretched before him rank with weeds out of which arose graceful stairways that led to the battlement. Jay waded knee-deep in the heavy-odored vegetation.

Then suddenly Jay Singleton lifted up his mighty voice and sang "Man is the peer of gods ——" And as suddenly he ceased singing. "Good-by," he shouted, and the thick walls of the five-sided court echoed his cry. "Good-by," reverberated the rotundas.

"O Lord!" whispered Jay Singleton. "O Lord!"

A vision got into his eyes. The vision was of a girl, wind blown at the bow of a schooner yacht. And Jay could see himself standing at the end of a rotting pier. Their eyes met. Her eyes were violet color. He could hear her voice like the laughter of bathers through starlit dusk. Now she was coming to him in an open boat. Now she was beneath him, gazing up, and he was looking down. "Good-by," he mumbled. "That's all I want. I reckon I waited twenty-five hundred years just to tell you good-by."

The vision passed. He was still standing knee-deep in the heavy-odored vegetation of old Fort Macon. In front of him a scrubby tree, a yaupon, weak and sickly, bent beneath the weight of a beautiful vine—poison ivy. Yaupon and poison ivy. "Not like that," said Jay Singleton hoarsely. It seemed to symbolize life. He stumbled toward the vine that was crushing the tree, sapping its vitality. He took hold of the poisonous tendrils. The tree bent and broke, and not until then did the vine loosen its hold. He gazed up at two straight cedars, branches interwoven, rising above the grim ruins that walled them in. "Mighty fine," he mumbled to himself. "I reckon that's the way life was meant to be." He turned away and left the old fort.

XIV

BEAUFORT looks out on Bogue Bank, and Bogue Bank looks out on the sea. This island holds the ocean back from the mainland, and here many strange things have happened.

As Dave Gregg's leaky motorboat cautiously picked its way out of the coast-guard cove with waves sloshing over the exhaust pipe, Jay Singleton somehow got forward through the small door of the engine room. Blue haze rose from the noisy engine.

"Dave, could we follow the Beatrice now?" asked Jay. "Seems calmer."

"We're under the lee of Bogue Bank. Seagoing tug wouldn't cross the bar now, sir."

"I want to see her once more," insisted Jay.

"That schooner yacht? I'll show her to you, like looking in a mirror."

He put the wheel hard down, and the boat careened into the channel that leads to Morehead City. Dave's shoulder cut across the small port that opened upon the bow of the Sea Pal, giving Jay a detruncated view of a shipyard where a wooden ship was being blown to pieces. The wharves of Morehead City revolved slowly out of sight, cottages fringing the town seemed to be dipping their porches into the water like washerwomen hanging over tubs of bluing. Slender radio towers and low hangars of a government aviation field appeared incongruously in the ancient forest of the mainland.

"Them wireless towers used to be on Piver's Island," drawled Dave Gregg. "But the turtles and the wireless didn't get along together. I guess one's the fastest thing on earth and the other's the slowest. Anyways the turtles stopped laying eggs in the mud, out of astonishment, maybe; and the wireless got so lazy the Government up and moved it."

The Sea Pal turned from the channel into shallow yellowish water. Dave asked Jay to sit on the other side to trim the boat. Jay changed his seat.

"Dave, you're sure I'm going to see that yacht once more?"

"Yes, sir; pretty soon, like looking in a mirror." Gregg clamped the wheel and for a moment hung over the greasy engine. He succeeded in exhilarating it. Now they were paralleling Bogue Bank. "That's Money Bay in there." Dave was again at the wheel. "Then comes Alligator Cut and White Ash Swamp. Man built a house near White Ash Swamp. Lived there a year. Then the cattle and hogs from Salter's Path got into his garden, and he sent word to the Salter's men that the next critter that come on his place would die in its tracks. The next critter was a cow belonging to Jim Thomas, of Salter's. And the cow died in its tracks, shot through the head. Then the man sent word that the next critter would die in its tracks likewise. The next critter was Jim Thomas himself. Jim had a way of grinning. Grinned at most everything all his life. He come with a rifle. Three days later both of them was found in White Ash Swamp. Both was dead. The man was shot through the head, Jim through the heart. Jim was still grinning. That's Alligator Cut in there. No more naked sand," said Gregg. "Where the woods starts is John Royal's land. He owns twenty miles of this island. And yonder's the place he used to live, sir."

Dave Gregg cut off the engine and the Sea Pal, suddenly silent, curved in toward a long, narrow pier. Here the forest ran down to the water's edge—tangled vegetation, semitropical vines, upstanding trees. Dave made the boat fast. A walk led up by steps and landings, a walk made of hewn ties, tinted green, and set in concrete, tinted pink. Yuccas flanked the walk and the forest flanked the yuccas.

"There's his house, sir," said Dave.

Gardens, terraces, balconies. The house cried out for breath. It was smothered by roses. "This road was built by Salter's men," said Dave. "It leads to the beach. The men from Salter's built it."

"Dave," said Jay Singleton, "I never saw but one place more like where a man would like to live. Place called Black Iron Spring, with the Shenandoah going by, slow and smooth, and running in among the willows. Little Calfpasture Creek isn't far away, down in a meadow, and bridle paths lead up into the Blue Ridge. Mighty fine, Dave—down in the valley of the Shenandoah."

They trudged along, the sunlight splashing down through the green tattered roof above them.

"Dave, you reckon Miss Joe ever saw this place?"

"Yes, sir. Miss Joe was born near here."

"Born near here?"

"Born at Salter's. Up yonder is where you'll see that schooner yacht like in a mirror."

Jay Singleton raised his head and looked upon what seemed a Jacob's ladder. The forest had sloped down into groves of cedar and the cedars ended abruptly at the foot of a mountain of sand. Flights of steps, broken by landings, mounted this sand ridge, up and up. A roofless platform with a heavy-timbered pergola at one end and a small pavilion at the other hung magically at the summit.

Jay stood for a moment gaping, then ran, stumbling, up the long flights of steps, up and up until he reached the platform. There he leaned heavily against a balustrade. Beneath him was the mirror—the vast ocean mirroring the sky. "Out there!

(Continued on Page 52)

The UNSEEN DANGER

The battle of Waterloo had reached its climax.

On came the flower of Napoleon's cavalry in their great charge.

Nothing, it seemed, could stop them as they thundered forward over the battlefield.

But Napoleon had failed to see an old sunken road which lay across the path of his troops, and thousands of gallant riders, unable to check the mad rush of their steeds, plunged into this cavern and perished.

* * * *

Many times when you drive out in your motor car you face unforeseen dangers.

A passing shower, a light snow-storm, and pavements are suddenly as slippery as ice—stone curbs loom up to crush skidding wheels.

An unexpected turn, taken too swiftly, throws the full moving weight of a car on the outside wheels—often with tragic results.

So common, indeed, are occurrences of this sort that engineers declare the wheels to be *one of the three most vital parts* of your car from the standpoint of safety.

Michelin Steel Wheels rank first on two continents because in design, material and workmanship they represent the last word in motor car wheel security.

Their convex tapered steel discs will *give and spring back into place again* under blows and strains that would reduce an ordinary wheel to splinters.

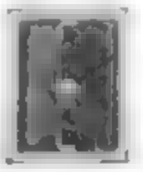
Budd-Michelin

STEEL WHEELS

A BULGING lump of metal—all sharp edges and points—wearing and tearing pockets and hand bag linings—confused, jumbled keys—keys that are hard to find! *That's* a key ring!

Flat—orderly—good looking—convenient—a protection for clothes and handbags—every key in its place—every key easy to find! *That's* a Buxton Keytainer! . . . . . Which?

KEYTAINERS come in sizes holding 8 to 16 keys; in price from 30c to $11. From the plain serviceable type to the De Luxe style in rich leather and fine gold. All have the patented revolving hook which makes it easy to turn the keys; the hump feature prevents loss of keys. There is a special Keytainer with a convenient pocket for small important papers, such as your auto-license.



You will find a Keytainer in just the style, the size, and the price you want.

A splendid gift to a good friend or to yourself. If your dealer hasn't it, write us!

Dealers: Write for details

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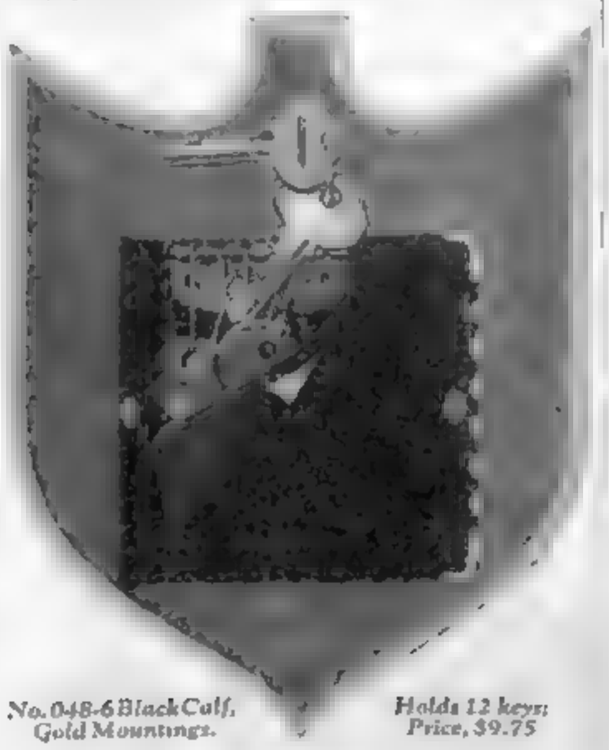

No. 048-6 Black Calf, Gold Mountings. *Holds 12 keys: Price, $9.75*

BUXTON KEYTAINER
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

(Continued from Page 50)

Out there!" A white, gull-like sail far out upon the ocean, a schooner yacht, the Beatrice.

Directly below him, a dizzy distance down, was the broad beach hard yellow sand, blazing sun upon it. The combers were rolling in with the rumble of summer thunder. The ocean—Jay Singleton had never seen it until this day. Mighty wide, mighty blue, mighty deep. And that little boat out there, alone. Out there alone. Alone and growing smaller and smaller.

"She's headed for the blackfishing ground," said Dave Gregg at his side. "Blackfisherman went to the bottom last month. Nobody saved, unless a tramp picked them up. Mostly furerners. Some of them has washed ashore."

"Out there." Jay continued to lean against the heavy-timbered railing of this sea pavilion. "We ought to been together—out there." Now he was straining his eyes looking for the sail; and now, rolling out to a faded horizon, there was only the empty ocean.

Dave touched him on the arm. "It ain't far, sir; would you like to go to Salter's? Would you like to go to Salter's Path? She was born there, sir."

XV

SOMETHING had happened at Salter's. "'Tain't often anybody comes down here. But when they do," said Dave Gregg, "all the women and children line the shore, sir, and the Salter's men come out in boats."

Dave had left the wheel and come back into the cockpit, where Jay Singleton had sat in the blazing afternoon sun, head between his hands, all the way down from John Royal's place. Now he lifted his head and looked at the shore line. It was deserted. Not a human being was in sight, not one.

Small houses—some of them whitewashed—were scattered irregularly among trees and underbrush. In the shallow water a fish house sat up on stilts. No pier led to it. No pier led out into the sound. Flat-bottomed rowboats were moored to sticks on the mud flats.

Presently a man appeared on the shore. Dave hallooed to him. He stood there without answering, then vanished. "Powerful strange!" After a time another man appeared. He was wearing hip boots. He waded out to one of the flat-bottomed boats, untied it, and commenced to pole toward the Sea Pal.

"Joe was born here?" asked Jay in a monotone.

"Yes, sir. Born here eighteen, maybe nineteen years ago."

The man in the flat-bottomed boat—a young man with great seams around the corners of his mouth—came alongside.

"What's wrong at Salter's?" asked Dave.

"Flu," said the man.

"Now that's too bad," said Jay Singleton, and climbed into the skiff.

"How long?" asked Dave.

"Nigh three weeks," said the man.

"Bad?"

"Nobody's died."

"David John got it?"

"That's him on shore."

Presently the bottom of the skiff scraped on the sand. The Salter's man got out and hauled the boat a few feet nearer the mud flat. Then Dave got out and hauled the boat a foot or two farther. Then Jay got out and all three splashed in silence to the shore.

David John greeted them. "I'm pleased to meet you," he said, without being introduced. "Just out of bed or I'd 'a' come out to get you. More than half my people's in bed, more than half." He looked down at the ground and nodded his head slowly. A little man was David John, shrunken inside a big frame. His eyes were faded gray, his beard was faded yellow. "I'm pleased to meet you," he repeated monotonously.

"David John," said Dave, "this gentleman's just looking round. He knows Clem Davis and Miss Joe."

"Clem Davis give up blackfishing and owns a shipyard," said David John. "Blackfishing's the trouble amongst my people. Blackfishing is back of the trouble. I got to sit down."

They had reached a pigsty, around which the path made a detour.

"I got to sit down too," said Jay Singleton.

"There's my house," said David John, "and there's my garden. I'd ask you to make yourself welcome, but we got flu in there."

In a straight row, back of this irregular fringe of small houses, were three buildings. The first was a church, with the lower half of the windows whitewashed; the second was a lodge room, with an outside stairway leading to the upper floor; the third was a schoolhouse, with a flagpole. David John, Jay Singleton and Dave seated themselves on the church steps.

"My people's stop coming here," said David John. "Not a handful's come to meetin' since the wreck of the J. T. Oliver." The people of Salter's hadn't lost their faith in God. It wasn't that. "They just ain't interested in meetin'. They're interested in a gal," he added, nodding his head slowly. "And they go out on the beach and watch her, and she watching the ocean. She's waitin', waitin' for something to come in. Four bodies come in," said David John after a silence. "And she's waitin'."

A month had passed since the J. T. Oliver, a fishing schooner, had gone to the bottom. On the first and second and third days after the wreck, four of its crew had been washed ashore. Now nearly a month had passed, and this girl was still waiting.

"Who be she?" asked Dave Gregg. "A Salter's girl?"

"From Sealevel or maybe Harkers." The old man continued to nod his head. "Maybe from Harkers Island. She's the teacher. She's waiting out there now. And all my people that ain't in bed with the pestilence is out there waiting too. She says he's comin' in. And what she says comes true. She said the pestilence was comin' to Salter's. And it did. And she said a parcel o' things. She says to me, 'David John, the gear's going to be divided.' We been fishin' together ever since I can remember, and before that. My people keep all the fishin' gear together, belong to everybody and nobody. Always been that way since before I could remember. And we got a fish house together out there on the sand, and she's sitting below it on the beach. And I says, 'The gear ain't going to be divided.' And she says, 'David John—the waves coming in, listen to them—the gear is going to be divided.' And now, down at Bogue Inlet, is eight Salter's men. Eight Salter's men. The gear's been divided."

Jay Singleton left the old man on the steps of the church that had been deserted by his people. He had used a phrase. There was smoldering resentment in his weather-worn heart. "She ought to be driv out." And he had said in conclusion: "Mighty pleased to meet you. Yonder's my house. You'd be welcome but for the flu inside." Then he had added, nodding his head: "She's out there waitin'. My people's out there. They don't come to meetin'. She ought to be driv out."

Jay Singleton passed beyond the fringe of fishermen's houses, with their garden patches and pigsties. He followed a path—Salter's Path—made centuries ago and worn hip-deep in the sandy soil. How many fishermen with nets on their shoulders have trod this narrow road? How many wives who have mended the nets? Generations — men, women, children — trooping to the sea. A dark procession with nets upon their bowed shoulders, segregated from the world, ignorant of the world, trooping to the sea.

And yonder is the thing that in another century will obliterate this fisher village—its houses, its garden patches, its pigsties. Yonder Salter's Path ends at the foot of a ridge of sand. This ridge is like a wall. Its base is at the edge of the timber line. Not a tree is beyond. It is like a wall because it seems immobile. But the wall is creeping. In the night beneath the stars when all is silent save the sea, the sand is creeping in upon this village. The sea thunders its alarm. It cannot waken the fishermen or their wives. A child suddenly cries out in the night. And why? A mountain of sand is creeping in to smother it. The forest—the trees alone retard its progress. Yet listen: That is the sound of the ax and the crash of falling firewood. What a commentary! Human nature is the same here as elsewhere. They are kindling the fires of today with the bulwarks of tomorrow.

Jay Singleton climbed the ridge of sand, and a plateau spread out before him. He trudged across it, heavy labored steps with sand to his ankles. Again the sea—with the afternoon sun running laterally along the crest of foaming waves. The waves were high and blue. They curled and seemed to pause a moment, then cascaded toward shore, and the foam ran out on the beach with the hushed noise of scurrying bare feet

The crease was between Jay Singleton's brows. His mind was chaotic as the ocean. Yet he perceived a certitude: A woman was sitting by the sea.

Upon the plateau of sparkling white sand a dark structure, which held the surfboat and divided fishing gear of Salter's, stood solitary and forsaken. Dark groups of women and children were beneath it on the hard beach. Men were seated in a crooked line, like huge birds of prey with hunched shoulders. Apart from them, alone, gazing into the curling combers, a girl was seated near the water's edge. These saturnine groups were watching her. She was waiting.

Jay Singleton moved past the people of Salter's. They gaped at him. He was a stranger. And now he was standing by the girl, and she was talking to him.

"He wasn't like the other fishermen," the girl was saying. "He didn't just drag a net a little way out from shore. He was a blackfisherman. His crew were Norwegians. And he was like them. He wasn't afraid. He rode out the storms in a small two-masted schooner—out there. Then—I don't know when it was—the other night, the other day, his little two-masted schooner didn't ride out the storm. Some of them have come in. Norwegians. I'm waiting for him."

"I reckon," said Jay Singleton, "we're both waiting. Tell me, mum, when he went away—the last time—when he went away did you tell him good-by?"

The girl nodded her head, but said nothing. She nodded her head slowly, like David John. Yes, she had told him good-by. And Jay Singleton was silent for a long time. He did not hear the whispers among the groups of Salter's people, only the sound of the sea and the breakers rolling in and running up on the beach with the noise of small scurrying feet.

"You told of the sickness," he said after a while. "That's mighty strange. You told of the sickness and the dividing of the gear. And you've told them other things."

The girl seemed not to hear. But after a moment she said: "It sounds the same to me as it always did—the ocean. But the foam running up on the beach seems to whisper things. I listen, and it tells me the fortune of each of them, sitting beside me. It has told me my own. I am waiting."

"And mine?" asked Jay Singleton. "I'd like mighty well to know. I wonder, mum, will it tell you mine?"

She nodded her head slowly, then looked up at him. For the first time he saw her face, for the first time he looked into her eyes. And then he knew he was mad with fever. The fever was in his blood and in his brain. He told himself he was looking through the mist of the ages into Sappho's violet eyes. The mist was in his mind. He told himself this was Sappho sitting by the sea. Or was it Josephine? No, her lips were different, and her eyes were different, and her hair, in a single braid, was coiled around her head. "Maybe—maybe—I reckon I don't know. Maybe the dead live again. Maybe the dead of today are with the dead of twenty-five hundred years ago. I don't know. Maybe they live again." The water out there seemed to be anything but water—maybe the ages rolling on and on, while the foam made a whispering noise.

"You know what it's saying?"

The girl nodded her head.

"What is it saying, mum?"

She was silent, listening. Then: "A ship has crossed the bar."

"This morning," said Jay Singleton.

"A ship crossed the bar this morning," she repeated.

"And will it come back, mum? Tell me. Maybe you can tell me. Do you know what it's saying, mum?"

Again she nodded her head, but more slowly than ever.

"Will it come back?"

"A ship crossed the bar this morning—but it just tells me that. Nothing else."

And both of them gazed out upon the ocean, waiting.

Late that evening the Sea Pal came into Beaufort carrying a man whose mind held a perplexing vision of two women. Mighty strange! Joe and that girl sitting by the sea—which was just a woman, and which the immortal Sappho? Jay, for the life of him, couldn't tell. He was wallowing about in the cockpit of the little boat, delirious.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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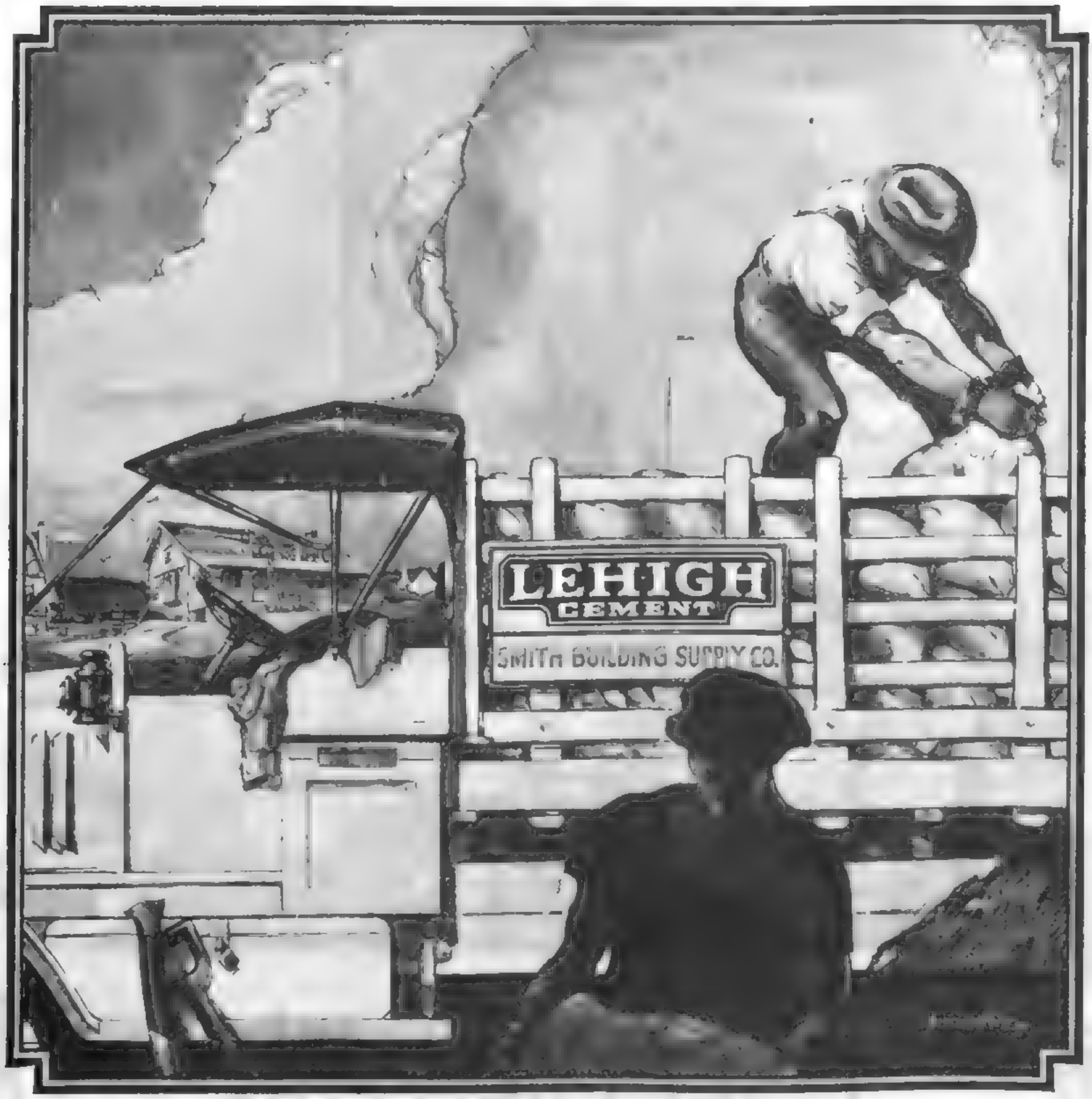

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THE SUNNY SIDE OF A SMALL TOWN

(Continued from Page 7)

cheaper in all respects than the uptown sections. It cost me thirty dollars for the month. However, my primary motive in touching upon this incident is unconcerned with finance. I introduce it only for its vivid corroboration of what I have just been saying.

One day I asked my young relative to drive around for me at four in the afternoon. He arrived at five.

"Well," asked he, "what did you expect? Once I had to jump out and move a feather bed from the middle of the street. The next block on I found a lot of broken crockery. Since then the old bus and I have been playing hopscotch—jumping over now a tin can, now a store box and now an old shoe. Say," he arraigned me scornfully, "I thought you said this dump was within easy distance of Washington Square! Huh! I guess you meant easy aëroplane distance!"

It was my lack of aërial equipment which finally drove me from this section. However, other tenacious souls of my condition in life are still using their alpenstocks over the homeward course; are still enduring happily all the squalor and noise I have tried to reflect in these paragraphs. Do not think for a moment that I have embellished my account of conditions. Although the lapse of some months permits me to speak of it now with forced lightness, my last experience with renting in New York did more to scatter the old glamorous illusion than any other contact. There was never a day when something left over from my childhood in a sweet, wind-blown, hill-circled town did not cry that this should be I.

Having broken the fact that I am a born provincial, I gain courage to go on. I have always had a home in the town where I was brought up, and at least three months of each year were spent there. This humble country place corresponded in purpose with the château at Nohant where old George Sand used to revamp herself for a Parisian winter. Certainly George was never in more need of rehabilitation than was I after months spent beside a sizzling radiator, months practically unbroken by fresh air or exercise. I used to come home looking like a stick of lemon candy—every bit as thin and yellow.

Regarding this question of exercise, I must say that I got most of mine running after a taxicab. Yet I subsided into this form only after discouragements which would have turned aside a Pilgrim Father. Once I suggested joining a golf club in Connecticut until they suggested I pay five hundred dollars a year. After this I heard of a real bargain—a club on Staten Island which cost not quite two hundred. This appealed to me until the day when somebody took me out to play. Then when I found that two hours was required for the various stages of travel—Elevated, ferry and Staten Island trolley—that bring you to the course I began to think lovingly of ping-pong.

Credit for Psychoanalysis

However, I made one last experiment with golf. Getting up early one Saturday morning, I rode on the Subway for an hour and finally landed at the free links in Van Cortlandt Park. It was only eight o'clock when I got there, but at least a hundred fiery spirits had preceded me, and now with wan, famished eyes were waiting their chance to tee off for the first hole. After this I decided that the golf link should remain, so far as I was concerned, the missing link.

But equally severe rebuffs met me in every other line of athletic endeavor. Tennis courts situated at a far distance and demanding a dollar or two for an hour's play; swimming pools; riding; health studios—I tried them all, and found invariably that the exercise of getting to New York exercise is so prostrating that the ultimate loses all zest. So at last my Oriental sloth was broken only by an occasional walk. But such a walk! Twenty blocks of crowded streets, of lifeless air, buried under clouds of gasoline and factory smoke! As I dragged myself dutifully through these noxious stretches I always felt as if somebody should be leading me on a leash. It was such a passionless form of exercise, so exactly like that provided by a city woman for her delicate poodle.

I usually managed to totter through a city winter by means of plentiful infusions of iron. At last, however, even the iron refused to compensate for such defective days. I developed a real case of nervous prostration, and in this moment of need I became a convert to New York's fashionable religion—psychoanalysis. Don't expect me to abuse this form of relief. I'm all for it. Any system which puts you so wise to yourself has, quite aside from its therapeutic quality, a tremendous practical value. Taking psychoanalysis is like taking out a policy against your enemies. After you have been tripping about in the sewers of your subconscious mind the meanest thing anybody can say to you is absolutely painless. You just think, "Hmph! Is that all? If she only knew what I do!"

Yet even while paying this tribute to psychoanalysis I am compelled to voice my belief that the need for it is frequently created—at least deepened—by the conditions of New York life. I defy anybody to sleep amid all the noises of the usual neighborhood, to perch day after day by a steam radiator, to endure the professional and recreational pressure of the metropolis and not catch cold in his subconscious. Conceding that many New Yorkers do not live as I did, I know that there are thousands of people, unblessed by great income or great character, who will acknowledge that this record is a faithful mirror of their own existence. And these are the folks who, like me, have to get their dreams X-rayed.

Forty-Cent Corn

I do not wish to dwell too much upon the monetary gifts which I heaped upon the object of my great romance, yet in the interests of thorough presentment I cannot forgo a brief mention of hotels. These levied upon me always a tremendous tax, for they formed my main resource for returning and proffering hospitality. I had an account at several of these institutions, and the bills which I received certainly averaged fifty dollars a month.

For the past seven months I have been living in my home town, and nowadays I never eat a meal without a hymn of thankfulness that I am at last delivered from the bravura sauces, the flashily dressed vegetables, the egg alibis, on which I used to lavish so much. This summer we had delicious fresh corn out of our own garden, and when our supply was exhausted we bought from a neighbor at the rate of fifteen cents a dozen ears. As I ate my one-and-one-fourth-cent ear I often used to reflect on those forty-cent models at which I was accustomed to peck. Forty cents for an ear of corn! This is a representative New York hotel price. Just why they charged so much I never could fathom—unless it's because they stick those silver tuning forks in the ends. Yet these never meant much to me, for I'm devoted to corn, and I don't like to be so distant when I'm really attached to an object.

The price of this commodity might not be so annoying if accompanied by any superiority of the product. But I have never yet known a highly endowed ear of corn in any New York hotel or restaurant. Tough and tasteless, these husks of existence are the more insulting because nowadays the prodigal son gets them while he is spending instead of after he has spent.

One might go on elaborating indefinitely upon this theme of the high cost of food, whether raw or prepared, whether good or inferior, which curses the metropolis. But I dismiss all further variations in my eagerness to begin a more pertinent inquiry: What did I get in return for the sacrifices of money and comfort and health imposed upon me by my twelve years of slavery?

First of all, there was my accessibility to music and art and drama. I notice that my own townspeople always speak of this advantage before they mention anything else. "Oh, how wonderful," they exclaim, "to be right there where you can see and hear so much!" Well, it might have been

Continued on Page 57

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Adams, Wisc.....Adams, Mar. 17
Alamosa, Colo....Isis, Feb. 8-10
Albany, N. Y.....Strand, Feb. 8-10
Ames, Iowa ...Twin Star, Feb. 26-28
Anaconda, Mont. Bluebird, Feb. 7-8
Atlantic, Iowa Atlantic, Apr. 29-30
Barnesville, Minn. Bijou, Mar. 17
Bedford, Ind.....Lawrence, Feb. 12-13
Belle Vernon, Pa. Verdi
Bellefonte, Pa. ...Scenic
Belleville, N. J....Capitol, Feb. 9-10
Blairsville, Pa. ...Grand
Bluefield, W. Va...Colonial
Bluffton, Ind.....Gaiety
Bradford, Pa.....Lyceum
Brattleboro, Vt....Latchis
Bridgeport, Conn. Palace, Feb. 11-12
Bristol, R. I. .....Pastime
Brookings, S. D.. State, Feb. 21-22
Butler, Pa. .....Majestic
Cambridge, Md.. Grand Opera House
Canonsburg, Pa.. Alhambra
Carnegie, Pa.....Grand
Cedar Rapids, Ia. Strand, Mar. 25-31
Charleston, Miss. Superba, Mar. 10-11
Charleston, W. Va. Virginian
Chat'nooga, Tenn. Rialto, Feb. 8-10
Clearfield, Pa.....Driggs
Clinton, Ind.....Rivoli, Feb. 27-Mar. 1
Clovis, N. Mex. ..Lyceum, Feb. 7-8
Coeur d'Alene, Ida. Liberty, Apr. 14
Connellsville, Pa. Sousa } Feb.
Coraopolis, Pa. Coraopolis, } 19-20
Council Bluffs, Ia. Garden, Feb. 4-6
Culver, Ind.....Military Academy, Feb. 24
Darlington, Wisc. Orpheum, Feb. 4-5
Decatur, Ill. .....Avon, Feb. 21-23
De Land, Fla. ....Princess, Feb. 7-8
Devils Lake, N. D. Grand, Apr. 12-13
Dixon, Ill.....Dixon, Feb. 5-6
Donora, Pa.....Grand
Dormont, Pa.....Delton
Duncan, Okla. ..Pastime, Feb. 8-9
Duquesne, Pa. ...Liberty
E. Pittsburgh, Pa..Frederick
El Centro, Calif....Palace, Feb. 4-5
Elizabeth, Pa.....Grand
Elkhorn, Wisc....Princess, Feb. 7-8
Ellwood City, Pa..Majestic
Erie, Pa.....Regent
Fairmont, W. Va...Dixie
Faribault, Minn...Sun
Ford City, Pa.....Savoy
Franklin, Pa.....Park
Fredonia, Kans....Orpheum, Feb. 5-6
Geneva, N.Y.....Regent, Apr. 16-17
Goshen, Ind. .....Jefferson, Feb. 12-13
Grafton, W. Va. ...Grand
Grand Forks, N. D. Grand, Feb. 12-14
Grants Pass, Ore. Rivoli, Mar. 11-13
Granite City, Ill. ..Washington, Feb. 10
Grass Valley, Calif. Auditorium, Apr. 2-3
Grinnell, Ia. .....Strand, Feb. 6-8
Grove City, Pa.....Majestic
Hackensack, N. J. Eureka, Feb. 19-21
Hancock, Mich...Kerredge, Feb. 5-7
Hastings, Nebr. ...Strand, Feb. 8-10
Hollidaysburg, Pa. Lyric
Houtzdale, Pa. ....Opera House
Huntingdon, Pa. ..Gamble
Huntington, W. Va. Lyric
Indep'dence, Kans. Belstorf
Ind. Harbor, Ind. Family, Feb. 27-Mar. 1
Indianapolis, Ind...Strand, Feb. 4
Imperial, Pa. ....Imperial
Jackson, Tenn.....Lyric, Feb. 28-wk.
Jackson, Mich. ..Majestic, Feb. 11-15
Jackson, Mich....Rex, Feb. 11-15
Jeannette, Pa. ....Eagle Theatre
Kane, Pa. .....Temple
Keokuk, Ia.....Grand
Key West, Fla.....Monroe, Feb. 25
Kincaid, Ill. .....Kincaid, Feb. 8-9
Kittanning, Pa.....Lyceum
Kokomo, Ind. ....Isis, Mar. 4-10
Lawton, Okla. ..Murray, Feb. 21-22
Leechburg, Pa.....Cosmorama
Lewiston, Wash.....Theatorium, Feb. 11-13
Lock Haven, Pa....Martin, Feb. 9-10
Louisville, Ky.....Mary Anderson, Feb. 4-wk.
McDonald, Pa. ...Dreamland
Madison, Minn. ..Grand, Mar. 27-28
Mannington, W. Va. Burts
Marshall, Ia.....Barrymore, May 30-31
Meadville, Pa. ....Lyceum
Medford, Ore. ....Rialto, Feb. 21-24
Memphis, Tenn. ..Strand, Feb. 18-wk.
Middletown, N. Y. Stratton
Minneapolis, Minn. Loring, Feb. 9-10
Milwaukee, Wis....Modjeska, Mar. 12-15
Mon'gahela City, Pa. Anton
Monroe, La.....Lyceum
Montgomery, Ala. Empire, Mar. 11-13
Montgomery, W. Va. Lyric
Morgantown, W. Va. Strand
Morrison, Ill. .....Lyric
Mt. Vernon, Wash..Vernon, Feb. 6-8
Napa, Calif. .....Hippodrome
Naugatuck, Conn. Alcazar, Feb. 6-7
New Bethlehem, Pa. Andreus
New Brighton, Pa. Empire
New Castle, Pa.....Grand
New Castle, Pa. .....Penn } Mar. 12-13
New Haven, Conn..Dreamland, }
New Iberia, La. Elks, Mar. 14
New Kensington, Pa. Liberty, Feb. 7-8
New Orleans, La...Liberty, Feb. 23-Mar. 1
Nevada City, Calif. Broadway, Apr. 2-3
Newburgh, N.Y.. Academy, Apr. 9-11
North Platte, Nebr. Sun, Feb. 24-27
Norwich, Conn...Strand, Mar. 19-21
Ocean Park, Calif. La Petite
Oelwein, Ia.....Grand, Feb. 6-7
Oil City, Pa. .....Lyric
Okmulgee, Okla. Cook
Olympia, Wash. ..Ray, Feb. 6-8
Oregon City, Ore. Star
Ossining, N. Y....Victoria
Ottawa, Ont. ....Central, Feb. 5-10
Owensboro, Ky..Empress, Feb. 26-27
Owosso, Mich. ..Strand
Paducah, Ky. .....Arcade, Feb. 13-14
Palm Beach, Fla...Beaux Arts, Feb. 12-13
Parkersb'g, W. Va. Camden
Peabody, Mass. Strand
Perry, Ia.....Rex, May 6-8
Peru, Ill.....Riviera
Peru, Ind. .....Liberty, Feb. 4-6
Peru, Ind. .....Victoria, Feb. 4-6
Philipsburg, Pa. Rowland
Pittsburgh, Pa....Hazelwood, Feb. 5-6
Pittsburgh, Pa. ...Lincoln
Plentywood, Mont. Orpheum, Feb. 26-27
Port Arthur, Tex. Strand
Princeton, N. J. ...Arcade, Feb. 5-6
Punxsutawney, Pa. Majestic
Redfield, S. D. ...Lyric, Feb. 15-17
Red Oak, Ia.....Beardsley, Feb. 7-10
Ridgway, Pa.....Strand
Rochester, Minn. Rosh, Apr. 16-18
Rocky M'nt, N. C. Palace
Roswell, N. M. ...Princess, Feb. 26-27
St. Louis, Mo. ....Marquette, Feb. 4-5
St. Marys, Pa. ....Temple
St. Paul, Minn....Garden, Feb. 27-28
St. Paul, Minn....Palace, Mar. 15-16
St. Paul, Minn....Park, Feb. 7-8
St. Paul, Minn....Venus, Feb. 27-28
St. Paul, Minn.....Verdi, Feb. 9-10
St. Thomas, Ont....Princess, Feb. 5-7
Salida, Colo .....Empress, Feb. 6-7
San Mateo, Calif. Regent
Santa Cruz, Calif. Unique, Feb. 4-6
Schenectady, N. Y. Strand, Feb. 10-16
Scobey, Mont .....Rex, Mar. 4-5
Seattle, Wash .....Portola, Feb. 11-12
Sewickley, Pa .....Sewickley, Feb. 13-14
Sharpsburg, Pa. ....Strand
Shaw, Miss. .....Augusta, Feb. 5-6
Sherman, Tex .....Travis
Sioux Falls, S. Dak. Strand, Feb. 24-wk.
Somerset, Pa .....Grand
South Bend, Ind. ...Orpheum, Feb. 11-14
South Bend, Ind. ...Palace, Feb. 11-14
S. Norwalk, Conn ...Rialto, Feb. 4-6
Spencer, Ia .....Solon, Feb. 13-14
Springfield, Ill. ....Gaiety, Feb. 18-24
Suffolk, Va. .....Fate-Shoa
Streator, Ill. .....Majestic, Feb. 5-8
Tacoma, Wash. ....Rialto, Feb. 9-10
Taylorville, Ill. ....Elks, Feb. 6-7
Troy, Ohio .....Jewel, Feb. 7-8
Vandergrift, Pa. ....Isis
Verona, Pa .....Dinnimt Hour
Visalia, Calif .....Visalia, Feb. 7-8
Walla Walla, Wash. American
Wallace, Ida.....Liberty, Apr. 6
Warren, Pa.....Library
Washington, Pa. ....Capitol
Welch, W. Va.....American
Wellsburg, W. Va. ...Strand
Wenatchee, Wash. Liberty, Feb. 20-22
West Chester, Pa. ...Rialto
Weston, W. Va. ...Camden
Willimantic, Conn. Gem
Wilson, Pa. .....Rialto
White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. ...Plaza
Woodland, Calif. ...Granada, Feb. 6-7
Yakima, Wash .....Liberty, Feb. 20-22
Yuma, Ariz.....Lyric, Feb. 6-8

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

A First National Picture

(Continued from Page 55

wonderful if I had enjoyed either the strength or the income to benefit by mere geography.

As it was, I know that I could have compressed every thrilling musical and dramatic which I experienced last winter into a two weeks' visit. Certainly I often used to feel that the Metropolitan Opera House was as much of a boon to Topeka, Kansas, as it was to me.

It must be remembered in connection with the opera season in New York that the majority of the choice seats are sold by subscription. Even if you had the money thus to order your arias by the wholesale you would find difficulty in using it, for subscription seats now have the quality of an heirloom.

If you once get hold of a site which combines visual advantages with aural you hand it down in your will even unto the fourth generation. As to the available seats, I myself have always been obliged to quarrel with this description. Invariably I have had to buy mine from a middleman charging top prices.

Last winter you were a sort of conversational cripple in New York if you hadn't heard Jeritza in Tosca. Tired of being disabled at a dinner party, and animated, too, by my love of this opera, I bought from a scalper a seat costing me six dollars. I realized when I invested in it that it was next to the top gallery, but I did not realize until I claimed it that my seat might just as well have been in a mine shaft. I was so far to the side of the house that almost the entire stage was blotted out.

What was I to do? For it was Jeritza's acting of the rôle even more than her singing of it that had brought New York to her feet. Not until the end of the first act was I delivered from my predicament. Then I was admitted to a herd of other maddened side-seaters which presently took possession of the stairs down the center aisles of our gallery. From this voluptuous seat I viewed the remainder of the performance.

This is only one of the many operatic hardships I have endured. Numerous other times I have tried to burrow my way from side seats without similar success

I have stood all through various performances. I have sat way back in the family circle, where the singers dwindle to the size of dolls, and where any air that reaches you is laden with garlic and other souvenirs of its thousand former clients. The guerdon of these efforts was frequently golden, but even so, my scars will never be effaced.

Before the Curtain Goes Up

Drama presents almost as vigorous a warfare. Gone are the old days when I was content to look down upon the bangs of the star; and gone, too, are the days when folks could get a level view of the performance for two or two and a half dollars. In these times the scarcity of seats for any popular play enforces negotiations with an intermediary, and the bill of lading attached to your parquet seat is usually about four dollars—frequently more. You don't mind this toll so much when the performance is a good one, but I know of scarcely any drama so tense as the one which precedes the modern New York drama.

"Is this thing going to be good, or am I stung again?"

The suspense of this question invariably rends you before the rising of any curtain

The wear and tear of a metropolitan entertainment upon the pocketbook is incidental to a more profound devastation. Think of the miles one has to travel before getting a ticket, and then consider the retracing of one's steps in order to use said ticket. Reflect upon the mobs of people that push and trample, that batter and block both entrance and exit of any popular place of amusement.

After such reflection you will understand why I have come to believe that a month of music and plays in New York should, like mountain climbing, never be undertaken without preliminary training. The training I advise is ten or eleven months of country life.

And now how about the invigorating personal contacts which are supposed to atone for so much sacrifice? First of all, I wish to say that some of my best friends live in New York. That is one of my reasons for moving away. I hope now to be able to see more of them. For, although I managed to glimpse frequently a few intimates, there are many others—people of whom I am awfully fond whom I never saw once all through last winter. Between us rolled miles of Subway or Elevated, and a so something more impassable. The latter is the constant engagement in some contemporary interest, the everlasting effort to keep up to which the average New Yorker dedicates himself. French classes, opera subscriptions, reducing exercises, clubs, a new cause, a new religion—such absorptions as these create, in conjunction with each individual's professional interest, an Alpine ravine between you and some of the choicest spirits. From your separate peaks you sometimes yodel to each other over the telephone. Yet, after all, this agency has its limitations in sustaining intimacy.

My contacts in New York have certainly showed a catholic appreciation. I have known artists and prize fighters; writers and department-store buyers; musicians and tea-room runners; sculptors and professional people; social workers and actors; press agents and makers of batik. I have looked on the radical when it is red and on the society climber when it is blue. I have been a tea-room-taster, and certainly every proprietor of an Italian restaurant in Gotham owes me when I die a wreath of immortelles tastefully bound with spaghetti.

The Charges Against Us

With such a background of varying experience, I myself feel that I am something of an authority on New York. At all events, I say now with implicit confidence in myself that the metropolis is divided up into an infinite number of small towns, created either by geography or solidarity of interest—or both—and displaying a fixity of viewpoint which no small town I have ever known can excel. Even Greenwich Village is made up of many groups, and in justice to this neighborhood it is only fair to state that the artists' quarter does not represent merely a sentiment for flowing ties and flowing love.

I have known fine and earnest work, happy marriages and even children to thrive in this environment. Greenwich Village is in fact just as heterogeneous as is the remainder of New York.

From such a quilted area it might seem unjust to pick any one component. Yet my reason for concentrating upon the radical small town of New York is twofold. First, it is to me most explicit of the psychological trend of the metropolis. Second, it is this particular community, including as it does not only the professional reformer but many widely known writers and artists, that is especially active in its denunciation of the hinterland.

Although I have frequently collided with members of this group, I have not borne away from the encounters a single constructive criticism. On the other hand, destructive thought lingers with me as the one distinctive aroma of the advanced soul. Why, indeed, should it not? I have been informed so often that the United States is strangled by her commercialism, that the great majority of her populace is impenetrable to any idea of art or of beauty. I have gathered that our legislation has all been enacted in the interests of the capitalistic class, and it has been broken to me that patriotism is a weakness which should be overlooked only in adolescents and octogenarians.

In occasional moods I have listened with a certain tolerance to the acid adjective eating away my country's integrity, but eventually a practical streak in me has always prompted the question: "Perhaps—but what are you going to do about it?"

At this point the fiery critic of our national life invariably passes the buck. He may say "Look at Russia," or "See how the English laboring man has organized his forces"; or he may retort with a shrug, "Well, the movement has got to come from the American laboring man." In any event the popular candidate for responsibility is somebody else.

Far from my own point of view is that of the man who thinks "God's in his heaven, all's right with my country." Just like all people with a normal degree of perception, I recognize certain defects in our governmental and social systems. But these defects do not rob me of gratitude to the

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It was fifty years ago in Vevey, Switzerland, that Daniel Peter began to search for the choicest cocoa beans and to find the way to blend milk and sugar most perfectly with fine chocolate.

And the fine, rich, satisfying flavor which he created still gives *Peter's* its distinctive qualities.

Of the scores of varieties of cocoa beans throughout the world, only six go into *Peter's*—and only certain choice grades of these. It is an art—roasting and blending these beans. This is a *Peter's* process that is secret. Only experienced foremen trained in Swiss methods have charge of this work.

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great outstanding virtues which make America the most blessed land in the world to at least two elements of our citizenship—woman and the laboring man. Nor do they rob me of the hope that they themselves will be corrected by years of wise and patient legislation. The one terror with which they do inspire me is that by some hazard of fortune their correction may be intrusted to those parquet minds that, without ever having been confronted by a single executive task, sit around and criticize the players.

One day at a very radical tea a certain torchbearer of the revolution asked me where I hailed from. I replied that it was a town in the Cumberland Valley.

"And don't you find it difficult to go back?" asked he. "The trouble with these small towns is that they're so comfortable; they simply can't be annoyed by thinking that there is any other type of civilization beyond the American."

This represents an almost universal complaint of the radicals against the small town. They do not seem to realize for a moment just how comfortable they are in their own viewpoint. This very man, for example, had just been lolling on his own chosen cushions of absolute scorn for materialistic America, and not for a moment would he have been disturbed by one thorny recognition of anything good in our laws or our population. Which type of preconceived comfort, of absolute intolerance, is the more amiable, I leave to the impartial mind.

Not many months ago I met another lily-handed friend of the people. He was sitting in a little Greenwich Village tea room opposite a woman I know, and I joined them in time to hear the latter telling about a note she had just received from her home in a small Middle Western town.

Tragedy Among the Radicals

"Poor old father!" said she. "He's working himself to death over his Rotary Club. They've been having one of those drives for something—a new hospital or better roads—you know the sort of piffling philanthropies they go in for in a town of that size—it's anything to keep them from thinking, you know."

The two laughed heartily over these senile antics of the hinterland, after which the man's face changed into a stare of Nehemiah fierceness. "The Rotary Club!" he fairly hissed. "Another American disease! How can you expect a nation made up of minds like that to understand the Russian ideal?"

"Have you ever been to Russia?" I asked meekly.

"No," said he; "but I know a lot of people who have been, and they tell me these stories of Bolshevistic atrocities are the merest fiction of the capitalistic press."

Thereupon he launched into the usual praise of the Bolsheviki. I gathered from him that their institutions were almost perfect, and that they themselves were a gentle, winsome people—almost as movingly so as the ancient Huns in Mr. H. G. Wells' Outline.

After he had gone I turned to the woman.

"What does that chap do?" I asked curiously.

"Oh, poor Bill!" replied she. "He's on a newspaper."

"What!" I exclaimed. "With his views, taking money from the capitalistic press?"

"Well," she said rather apologetically, "of course he has to make money some way. That's the tragedy of society as it is organized today."

Another tragedy much more affecting than this was revealed to me during the war. I was moving about in the same stratum of thought represented by the above incident when I heard a woman say "Oh, there goes poor old Ned!"

"What's the matter with him?" inquired I, glancing at the familiar pacifist.

"Oh, haven't you heard? Well, he would have either had to go to war or go to jail, and so he was forced to marry Hilda to get exempted. And just when they were living together so happily too!"

These are only two instances of that painless worship of an ideal which I have encountered so frequently among our New York radicals. Here again, I suppose, I am too practical. I say all honor to the man or woman who has one mighty conviction. I don't care how opposed that is to my own thought, but I do demand proof of its might in some sacrifice of self-interest. Savonarola and Spinoza and Galileo—the story of their greatness is written in the persecutions which each welcomed for the sake of the burning truth that he felt within him.

That the reformer should be indifferent to the well-being of those about him is a fact calling for less scornful comment. We can forgive failures in personal relationships when these are accompanied by the grandeur of spirit which places a man's best at the disposal of some great impersonal interest. But when we are introduced to the phenomenon of the human being who avoids responsibility to either his ideal or his fellow creature it seems to me that we are justified in pouring out upon it the full vials of our wrath and indignation. And in the same breath that I grant the existence of some Girondists who give themselves unstintedly to the cause in which they believe, I assert that New York is especially rich in such phenomena.

One day I was calling upon a friend of mine in the Greenwich Village studio where she shakes up her literature. I found her engaged in feeding the most famished-looking dog I have ever seen.

"This is Ferdie's beast," she explained laughingly. "He never can remember to feed him. If it weren't for the rest of us the old thing would have died long ago."

It may have been a petty strain in me, but the thought of this animal starving while his master was loving the far-off Bolsheviki and the almost equally remote American workingman brought with it a swift picture of Saint Francis preaching his sermon to the birds in that dim Umbrian town. Indeed it has always seemed to me that a nature really filled with love will overflow to the smallest of God's creatures. However, I might have got over the dog if I could have got over the tale that went with it. But Ferdie, so I had just heard, had deserted his wife and small children for the latest of a long tandem of pretty faces which had been drawing him through the years. Also, he had neatly avoided any penalty for his various obstructive activities during the war.

Ferdie is only one of many in his set who refuse to pay their fare in this world. In fact I have often been struck by the fact that such a number of souls elevated by the world consciousness love an object in proportion to its distance from them. Of course, there are certain obvious advantages connected with an emotional trend like this. If I wanted to select a really convenient love I should pick out Russia. It doesn't have to be fed, and it doesn't demand a smile when you feel grouchy. You don't have to sit up at night with it or give it your week's wages.

One of the most pathetic salients of the temperament flourishing in this particular small town of New York is its unconsciousness of slavery to conventionality. True, its conventions are not those of the rural community; but that they are every whit as binding is brought out by a remark I heard soon after arriving in New York.

Various Kinds of Bunk

"Oh, yes," said a certain widely known exponent of freedom, "Bill So-and-So and Tillie have separated. Of course, it was awfully foolish of them to marry in the first place. Everybody knows that you can't sustain any romantic feeling in that squalid institution. Well, they found out their mistake just in time. They realize that if they want to stay in love they've got to live in separate apartments."

Yet the other day, in reading a critique of a contemporary novel rich in that vein of literary talent which specializes upon the density of the American small town, which admits, too, no realities more profound than the dandruff on grandfather's coat and the sick hens wading though thick mud, I discovered that the author was one of our modern prophets who was destined to lead us from the bunk, bla, bally-hoo and blither of the 100 per cent American!

Very nice, indeed; but how about the four b's as often presented to us by the 2 per cent Americans brewed in our metropolis? In case any doubt should linger even after the lurid example of bunk I have just given, I hurry on to another similar demonstration.

This concerns itself with a widely known radical. She is a married woman, but her calling card does not reflect the fact. She is an incorrigible Miss. One Christmas some other woman proffered her a deadly insult. She sent her—the cat—a gift to Mrs., followed by her husband's name. The victim's retaliation was swift and cruel. She returned the gift without opening it, and it is reported that she wrote across the package "No such person lives here."

Make no mistake. I rejoice in every law that brings woman nearer the goal of complete equality. Indeed our status is one of the things that make me very proud of my country. After visiting England and the Continent, I always come back to the United States with a grateful sense of contrast between woman's lot here and there. As to a married woman's keeping her own name, this, to me, is a matter for individual decision. My only objection to the behavior I have just recorded is the lack of proportion involved. To get so wrought up over being called by your husband's name is like minding somebody's calling your hat green when you know it is black. It's a waste of energy that might better be invested in enriching the separate individuality which is the object of such tender concern.

If "bunk" is pinned down to meaning a mere gesture, a display without inward significance, a meringue without pie to support it, I certainly can think of no better term by which to describe many urban goings on. The fact of it is that the majority of the small communities of New York are filled with their own chosen brand of this commodity. There's the radical's bunk and the feminist's bunk and the commercial bunk. As for the artists' distillations, the fumes of these penetrate every nook and cranny of New York. From all the jargon regarding art that I have heard in the metropolis I cull one example.

The Need for a Musical Eye

A woman I know, a futurist of the most virulent type, was busy painting her favorite subject, a big red apple, one day when I dropped into her studio.

"Ah," she cried, describing an arc in the air with her brush and squinting ecstatically at the portrait of the winesap, "see how it moves!"

I must say I didn't see much more movement to it than there is to my ideal of stagnation—a Fifth Avenue bus caught in the afternoon traffic between Thirty-fourth and Forty-second streets. So I turned the subject tactfully to Botticelli. I said that although I did not react to pictures as completely as I should, I found this *quattrocento* painter very breath-taking.

"Ah, yes," assented the artist, "Botticelli was one of the best of our illustrators."

My ire was somewhat aroused at this reflection upon my taste, and I retorted that, admitting the limitations of temperament which made poor old Botty waste his art on the human figure and face when he might have soared to an apple, a peanut or a dahlia, he was a real poet of the brush.

"I suppose," I concluded rather heatedly, "that Vandyke might have painted a masterpiece if he had just left Baby Stuart herself out and executed only the apple in her hand."

It was quite evident from this that I needed guidance, and the other woman rose promptly to the occasion by instructing me in the real message of canvas and pigment. It mustn't be a literal record any more than music must reproduce the sounds of the barnyard. It must suggest, not present. It must move instead of being stagnant. The important thing about a picture is not the fixation of your grandmother's features, but the possibility of initiating you into a certain mood. All mankind's hunger for personality must be abandoned in a complete response to rhythms of color and line.

"Now, the great trouble with you," she wound up triumphantly, "is that you haven't a musical eye."

Musical eye! My eye! Bunk, bunk, bunk! And this is the sort of thing you hear all the time in certain art circles of New York. Just as if Leonardo da Vinci and Botticelli didn't suggest a mood! Just as if Rubens and Veronese and Giorgione didn't paint in gorgeous rhythms of color! Not that I for a moment set myself against experimentation in any art. But to scrap everything that a past master has taught us simply because we feel that we have something to add to it—this is a sort of nearsightedness that is just as pernicious as that of which the small town is accused.

It must not be inferred that there was no mental stimulus associated with these various encounters. Far from it. In fact the artist friend I have just quoted presented her myopic views with deft turns of

(Continued on Page 60)

What Every Woman Wants

FOR years women have been hanging on to the rear seats of motor cars while their husbands rode luxuriously, smoking copiously behind the windshield.

It was a great life—for the husband—but it couldn't last.

As soon as women began to drive their own cars they found out something.

They discovered they could ride in any seat in an enclosed car and be comfortable—and have the ventilation regulated perfectly and be free from wind and rain and snow.

That's one thing that every woman wants.

Every man who ever built a house knows that the first thing a woman does when she enters the new home is to wonder whether the windows and doors will rattle in the breeze.

She wants warmth, comfort and the atmosphere of home.

There is no use talking about it, you cannot get it in cheaply built houses or cheaply built enclosed cars.

True, many real estate men have sold houses on price alone—and some motor cars will be sold that way—but only to those who cannot afford to rise above the commonplace.

The Jordan Sedan provides extraordinary comfort, freedom from rumbles and rattles, perfect cleanliness, cozy comfort, at the lowest price at which real quality can be bought.

In short, the Jordan Sedan stands for Economy with Distinction.

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An Enduring, Sanitary, Crackless White

INDOORS or out, this master made-in-America enamel will protect the surface, be it metal, wood or plaster.

Leading architects specify KYANIZE *White Enamel* for a rapidly increasing number of America's finest edifices.

You cannot obtain more permanent, more beautiful, more lasting whiteness at any cost. Try it today on your bath-room woodwork, metal beds, the kiddies' furniture—anywhere.

There are, in addition, delightful tints of Gray, Ivory and Blue.

Write for our free booklet, "*The Inviting Home*"

BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY
Everett Station, Boston 49, Mass., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 58)

phrase, with the kind of aromatic vocabulary that prevails widely in Gotham. But if she is typical of the metropolitan cleverness she is just as typical of the metropolitan blindness that consistently refuses to look upon any product of yesterday's thought.

The fact of it is that I know of no more perfect mechanism for shutting out both past and future than is contained in the brain of the average New York intellectual. Your Gothamite is prostrated before the present. It's the new book, the new playwright, the new grand-opera singer that always engross him. Indeed, this feverish struggle to keep up with the latest is found here in nearly every group, clever or otherwise. Like so many chipmunks, the population of New York scampers after its new brand of nuts. Unlike the chipmunk, however, everybody fails to store up. The aim is immediate consumption. A curious bite into the shell of novelty, a sharp bark of appreciation, and one is ready for a fresh encounter.

Logically this career of eating constantly en route leaves no chance for assimilation. In other words, the average Gothamite is so busy getting his brain stimulated that he has no time to use that galvanized organ. A poor place for real meditation, this! An excellent place for losing one's sense of the verities in a constant awareness of interests.

Handicaps to Good Work

But the really basic temptation of New York was not to be realized entirely by me until after I settled in my home town. At first, indeed, I didn't comprehend anything except how good it was to be here again; to be sleeping in a room which overlooks quiet brown fields; to be wrapped in fold after fold of the still country night; to be eating fresh, well-prepared food in a home dining room instead of in a cigarette-laden, talk-ridden tea room or restaurant; to go out in my wheezy old car for a game of golf or tennis; to walk, not through squalid streets but between well-kept lawns shaded by trees and cleansed by the winds from our lovely Blue Ridge hills. No, I do not belong to our chamber of commerce down here, but I never in my whole lifetime can express the balm which this quiet, well-ordered town brought to my metropolis-scarred being. In less than a week my nervous prostration had vanished and in seven months I haven't felt a single twinge in my subconscious.

This healing process brought with it a capacity to work that I had lost entirely for some time. The truth of it is that in the city I was never 50 per cent efficient. To my great romance I sacrificed not only enough money to buy a comfortable country place but at least six of my best working years. How, indeed, could anybody be expected to hit on every cylinder after a night torn asunder by a thousand hideous noises? While in New York I used to get up late every morning in order to compensate for my thwarted efforts at sleep. When I did so I found wattles under my eyes and my skin the color of a Mexican yam. My tongue was coated and my head even more so. In this promising state I would drag myself to my typewriter. Usually it took at least an hour before this mechanism and I succeeded in coördinating. Then, just as I was starting to peck out a few languid words, the phone would ring.

"Hello! Have you anything on for tonight?" Thus would usually begin the conversation instigated by that ring.

"No," I would respond somewhat haltingly, and then I often added, "I thought perhaps I'd work."

Well, of course, that provisional attitude of mine was soon overcome by hearing that the person on the other end of the line had tickets for a concert or a new play or perhaps some periodic fancy-dress ball. But though I yielded to this invitation, I resolved firmly as I crawled back to my typewriter that this was to be the only lapse in a week of otherwise stainless industry and sobriety. Needless to say, it was no such thing. By Tuesday morning in fact I was usually dated up for every evening and perhaps every luncheon of the week. That such interruptions—including the phone rings that preluded them—are fatal to any consistent labors is quite self-evident.

I do not mean for a moment to create the impression of a metropolis always ahunger for my presence. In New York everybody else is nagged to enjoy herself or himself in exactly the same fashion. If I could claim even a fair amount of persecution, it was owing to the mobility of both my job and my character. In defense of the latter, however, I must add that there are few natures able to resist the urgency of that perpetual "Oh, you must take this in. Everybody's talking about it" which is the keynote of Gotham's motivation. For if you don't keep up you have the same sense of costly abortion as the person who pays good money for a Turkish bath and then says, "Oh, I guess I'll skip the rub." You're in New York to get stimulated, and, by gum, you've got to keep at it!

In contrasting these past vicissitudes with my present ideal conditions for work I don't mean to say that I now live the life of a hermit. Quite the reverse. But whereas going out nowadays is a holiday, it used to be part of the daily grind.

"Yes, but there isn't anybody to talk to down there, is there?" surmised one Greenwich Village friend of mine last summer when I ran up to my former haunts on a business trip. From his tone and expression you might have supposed that my fellow townsmen communicate their meaning by guttural sounds and animal-like signs.

Of course, he evidently confused my community with that fictional model where nobody either knew or wished to know anything. Incidentally I may say that although I have traveled from coast to coast I never yet have encountered any town of this character. If one lone specimen does exist, it is certainly not representative. In fact it is impossible for me to believe that any settlement, large or small, can shape, like a cooky cutter, that infinitely variable thing, the human mind. If people are dull on Center Square, Fifth Avenue will bring them no relief. They will be just as lusterless there as they were back in their home town. And should I want any prop for my belief that brilliance and insight cannot be extinguished by environment, I should think of Jane Austen. If that seeing eye, that caustic spirit could thrive in Winchester, the American small town need not fear suffocation of its more robust intellects. For should there be, indeed, any successful cooky cutter of the mind, it is the English town with its stuffy formalism, its dependence on tradition, its clinging atmosphere of gentry and church and army.

To show how far my own town is from this imagined slough of ignorance, I may mention that last summer I went to a concert given by members of a musical club including in its membership all the towns of our section. On that program were some of the compositions of De Bussy and Ravel. Many of the performers had studied either in Europe or in the best conservatories of America. And after the concert was over a girl from a neighboring town gave me the best explanation of the modern musical school I have ever had. Yet the metropolis supposes that an overtone would simply wither away if transported from the hallowed soil of New York.

Small-Town Breadth

Nor is our musical interest quenched by merely local performances. Some months ago when Paderewski played in Baltimore a friend of mine called up and said: "I'm going to drive over for the concert. Won't you come along?"

Two hours of fast driving took us to this city, and we got back the same day. Nor were we the only people thus inspired. When we got to the concert, in fact, we found any number of people from our environs seated near us.

This is no mere grace note in the theme of our small-town existence. People here motor to Washington, to Baltimore and to Philadelphia whenever there is anything particularly appealing in a musical or dramatic offering. In addition to these brief excursions there are habitual visits to one of our near-by cities. Many of our inhabitants, too, indulge in frequent trips to Europe, to California and to Florida. The only objection to this system, eliminating as it does the clutter of impression cursing the denizen of New York, is, I suppose, that we start from a comfortable home and wind up there.

That this clutter of impression frustrates any real intellectual curiosity is brought into relief by a recent visit of mine to a cousin in an adjoining small town. Upon my arrival I found said cousin deep in Gibbon's History of Rome.

"A perfectly marvelous book, isn't it?" she remarked

"It must be," I replied sheepishly.

She opened her eyes.

"What!" she exclaimed. "Do you mean to say you've never read it?"

I hadn't. To be sure, I had got through The Outline of History, but that was because I found myself incapacitated for a certain New York season without some casual acquaintance with it. As a matter of fact, I have done little reading during my twelve years in the city. I haven't had time. Like the other chipmunks, I have merely bitten into the literature which everybody was skimming at the moment. If it had not been for the eager reading of my girlhood—spent in this same small town—I should be today what John Ridd calls an unlettered hind.

"But the danger of living in these small communities," I once heard a Greenwich Villager say, "is that their interest is confined to a range of personal topics."

I thought this rather quaint in view of the fact that I had just heard, at the very tea where we met, some information far from indicating that majestic detachment from personalities which Herbert Spencer defines as the test of the advanced soul.

Just a few moments before, indeed, a little sculptress in a smock that looked like a scrambled rainbow had said as she blew rings of smoke into an atmosphere already highly favored in this respect, "Oh, have you heard about Belinda?"

Everybody present bent forward with hungry eyes to catch the latest bit of gossip regarding that widely known radical who had heretofore been such a reliable source of similar entertainment.

"Why, she's fallen in love now with a longshoreman—a great big handsome brute who can't read or write! The other day somebody went to her apartment and found them both stewed and both swearing like pirates."

New York Supergossip

Such wholesome details of Belinda's inner life were snatched up far more eagerly by these buttresses of the intellectual life than are the usual bones of personal comment in my own town. Of course, this group of New York society may vindicate itself on the ground of its superior brand of gossip. Undoubtedly, too, the small community in the country has its limitations. Down here we usually don't have anything more uplifting than "Oh, have you heard? Doctor So-and-So isn't going to see Miss So-and-So any more. They say he's crazy about that girl visiting the Blanks."

Personally I should feel very ill at ease in a world which denied me all personal comment, and I must say that in this respect New York has not been faithless. I have found all the groups I have encountered in the city quite as liberally provided with gossip as any burg I ever knew.

There is one manifest superiority of the usual New York conversation over that of cis-Jersey lands. It displays such a high degree of self-awareness. Like a detective, the typical urban intellectual snoops after each of his precious emotions and he is never happy until he has established a complete record of the old things. However, no secrecy attends these Scotland Yard investigations. At a very first meeting the modern luminary will bare to you frankly every detail of his conscious reactions. That such intimacy of self-analysis involves his wife or his mother, his child or his best friend, is too paltry a consideration to halt this searcher after abstract truth.

"Yes," confided a young Villager to me during the course of my first long talk with him, "I had decided that a love so great as ours could not be trammeled. And then one day I saw her take down her hairpins. Hairpins!" he almost shrieked. "Dozens of them! Everything in me shuddered away. I almost ran from her. For I knew that a woman who used that many hairpins was essentially gross."

A young woman of this same set was equally unconstrained in her first conversation with me.

"Yes," she remarked complacently, "my mother is a very low woman."

The inhabitant of the small town is not accustomed to sharing with a stranger whatever recognitions of this sort he may admit to his own secret consciousness. Nor is he so everlastingly conscious of his reactions to everything from a bowl of gravy

(Continued on Page 63)

What Millions Spent for Research DO FOR YOU

Day after day, year after year, a wonderful work goes on in Westinghouse laboratories—a search for new electrical laws, and for new applications of laws that are already understood.

Would you think that electrical service could be benefited by a study of varnish? Again—you get a better curling iron, and your light and power company a better generator, because certain new alloys have been developed in this work.

Westinghouse Research does things that make people stand and marvel, as when it works with Million-volt Currents; but most of the things it does are merely important, and not spectacular at all—such as finding out everything there is to know about porcelain.

And the discoveries and developments that result, incorporated in electrical apparatus of every kind, are *in your interest*, and bring direct and measurable benefit to all mankind.

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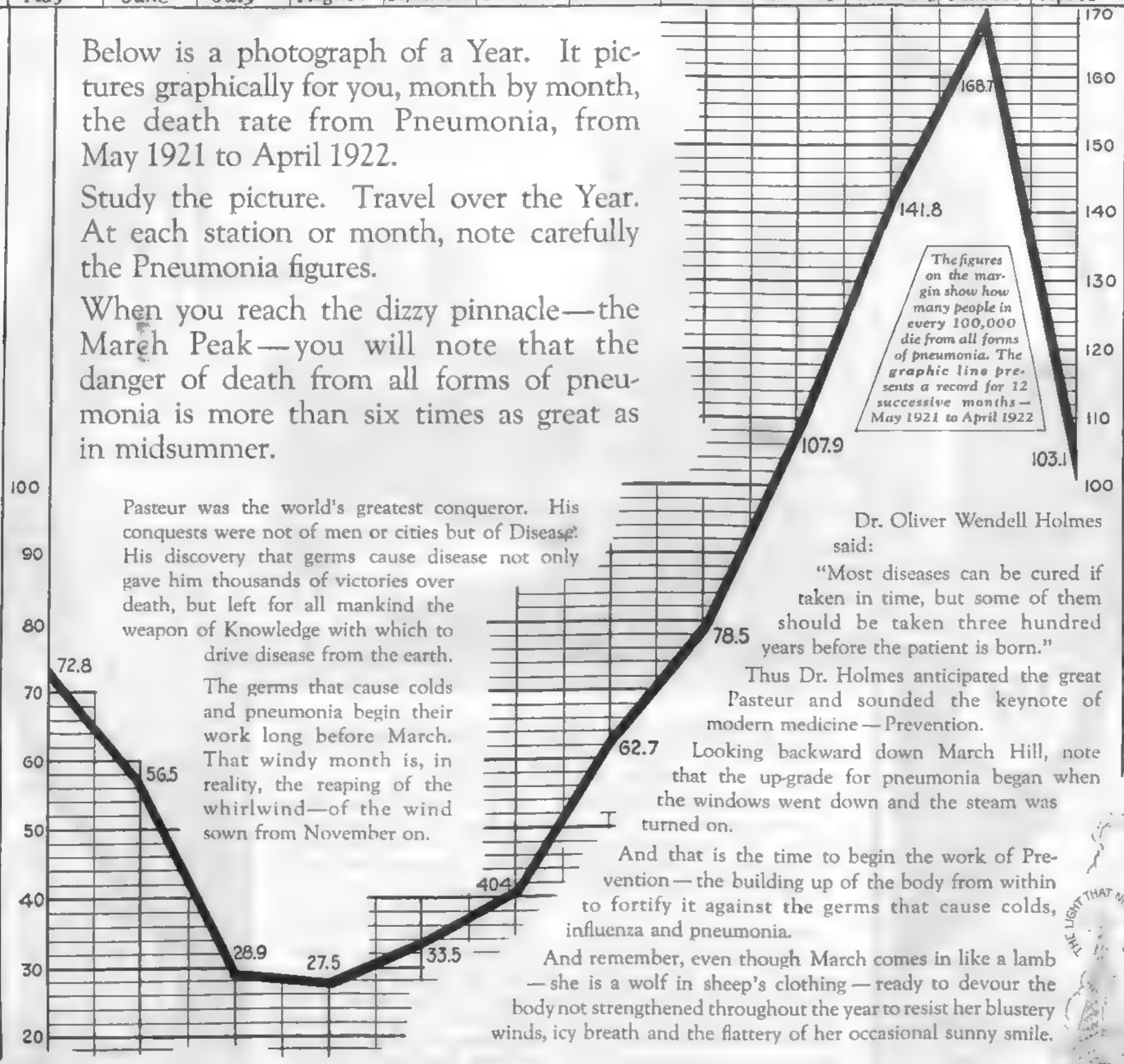
March-The Danger Month

Below is a photograph of a Year. It pictures graphically for you, month by month, the death rate from Pneumonia, from May 1921 to April 1922.

Study the picture. Travel over the Year. At each station or month, note carefully the Pneumonia figures.

When you reach the dizzy pinnacle—the March Peak—you will note that the danger of death from all forms of pneumonia is more than six times as great as in midsummer.



Pasteur was the world's greatest conqueror. His conquests were not of men or cities but of Disease. His discovery that germs cause disease not only gave him thousands of victories over death, but left for all mankind the weapon of Knowledge with which to drive disease from the earth.

The germs that cause colds and pneumonia begin their work long before March. That windy month is, in reality, the reaping of the whirlwind—of the wind sown from November on.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said:

"Most diseases can be cured if taken in time, but some of them should be taken three hundred years before the patient is born."

Thus Dr. Holmes anticipated the great Pasteur and sounded the keynote of modern medicine—Prevention.

Looking backward down March Hill, note that the up-grade for pneumonia began when the windows went down and the steam was turned on.

And that is the time to begin the work of Prevention—the building up of the body from within to fortify it against the germs that cause colds, influenza and pneumonia.

And remember, even though March comes in like a lamb—she is a wolf in sheep's clothing—ready to devour the body not strengthened throughout the year to resist her blustery winds, icy breath and the flattery of her occasional sunny smile.

The heavy zigzag line which stretches across this page is a facsimile of a portion of one of the health graphs regularly kept by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. It is printed to bring home to millions the fact that the danger from pneumonia is more than six times greater in March than in midsummer.

The things to be guarded against are overfatigue, exposure, contagion and neglect. A first hint of danger is often indigestion or cold. Avoid clogging the body with heavy, indigestible foods. Most important, avoid sluggish intestinal action. Wear light, warm clothing. Wear stout, warm shoes. Sleep with windows open.

If you get your feet wet, change to warm, dry things as soon as possible and restore the circulation. Keep the hands out of the mouth and keep the mouth and teeth clean.

Use a handkerchief as a screen for a cough or a sneeze.

As soon as nature warns you that something is wrong, consult your doctor; go to bed, get warm and keep covered up.

Cut down your diet to the last possible notch. Drink plenty of water—hot preferably.

Mothers should specially guard children suffering from measles, whooping cough and the other contagious diseases—pneumonia frequently follows these diseases.

In the interests of community welfare, the Metropolitan gladly authorizes any individual, organization or periodical to reprint either the chart or information on this page.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 60)

to the Appassionate Sonata. The truth of it is that such irritable psychic surfaces are to be traced to that basic temptation of which I have spoken. It is the allure of individualism.

Nearly all those to whom I have ever talked have felt toward New York an attitude of detachment. Though they might love Gotham, they felt no responsibility either for it or to it. Naturally this sense of isolation eats into the soul. It destroys all that civic spirit which went hand in hand with the profound philosophic inquiry and the sensitiveness to art that distinguish the greatest race our world has known—the ancient Athenians. Through the breaking of these bonds, too, comes a general dissolution of our consciousness of any debt to the universe. If the city which he loves imposes no tax upon him it is quite likely that a human being will begin to resent discipline of any sort. He will desire all relationships to be equally painless. He will expect that his wife and his child, his dog and his cause should be as unexacting as New York.

This evil promise of the metropolis is fulfilled most strikingly in the radical small town. But in every other group individualism is likely to spring erect and shake its savage mien. I shall never forget, for example, the words of a certain department-store buyer whose salary is probably ten thousand dollars a year.

"Well," she told me one morning as she scanned her glossy pink nails, "I've just given old Jerry the go-by. I guess I'll miss him all right; I really was sorta soft on him. But whatcha gonna do? He makes four thou and he'll never make any more; and me? I got the habit of sittin' in the parquet and eatin' off gilt-trimmed menus. Now wouldn't I look cute sittin' out in a little apartment in the Bro-anx trying to think how I'd use up the left-overs and wonderin' how I could squeeze enough outa my allowance to buy a new caracal coat? Huh! I guess not; not as long as old Mamie can beat Moses Levenstein over the head and make him come across with his Poiret twills at one hundred and thirty-three and a third. Take it from me, there isn't a clerk in New York worth your ten thou a year."

How often, with what infinite inflections, have I heard this same note in the metropolis!

Verily, the more enervating emotions—romantic love, parenthood, friendship—these have a hard struggle against that imperious sense of individual comfort fostered by New York life. This, mind you, is only the temptation of Gotham. To say that every inhabitant succumbs to it would be as foolish as to assert that every small-town person is an altruist. I have, indeed, known many people in New York who gave unstintedly—time and money, brain and hand—to the good of their fellow man and to the causes in which they believed. All honor to such integrity of spirit! For it has survived the most antisocial environment in America.

Small-Town Self-Sacrifice

Yet even with the salvation of thousands admitted, New York contrasts unfavorably with the average country town in that supreme morality—the going out from oneself to the larger thing. Here in my own home town I never fail to be impressed by that almost universal spirit of self-sacrifice. I don't mean merely those manifestations of neighborliness, so endearing after the callousness of a big city, but the willingness to set aside all personal interests in behalf of the community.

Not long after I came home I met a friend of mine on the street. The day was broiling and she looked awfully tired.

"Why, I thought you were going to the seashore to visit!" I remarked.

"Oh," said she in the most matter-of-fact tone, "I had to give that up. You see, we're getting up this big benefit for the hospital and I simply couldn't break away."

I went back to my individualistic typewriter and pondered. Save for a tremendous response to suffrage and the war, few New Yorkers whom I know have been in the habit of giving up their own pleasures for any wider claim.

Some days after this the contrast was presented to me even more forcibly. Calling up a married pair in town in order to arrange a bridge game, I heard that the husband was devoting every evening of that week—an exceedingly torrid one—to working out some new idea for the Rotary Club. At that moment there came back to me an echo from the Greenwich Village tea room where some woman had spoken of the piffling philanthropies of the small town and where the newspaper man with her had denounced the Rotary Club as an American disease.

Myself, I'm broad-minded. I don't regard as piffling any efforts to add to the health and well-being of the particular nook in which destiny has placed you. But suppose for purposes of argument that they were. Which is the more inspiring example—the man who sacrificed himself for what he saw to be good or the man who while denouncing the capitalistic press refused for the sake of his highest vision to give up the benefits of his association with it?

In answering this I waive my own lucid thought and pungent vocabulary in favor of a brilliant English layman in psychoanalysis, Miss M. K. Bradby.

"In the end," says this writer, "it matters more that man shall do what he beheves to be right than that he shall see clearly what is right. The devil sees clearly."

In connection with this quotation I may say that I am hoping great things from psychoanalysis. I think it may become the Moses to lead the children of light from that phosphorescence which admits no gleam of the spirit. In the meanwhile New York represents the apotheosis of the epigram. Kingsley's famous advice is transposed and "Be clever, sweet maid, and let who will be good" has gained a tremendous number of enthusiastic supporters. Yet Gotham is learning. Only recently one of my friends in Greenwich Village confided to me, "Well, I've been psychoanalyzed and I find the trouble with me is that I'm too introverted. What I've got to work on is extraversion."

Where There is Time to Think

Many of the people in my town do not, I dare say, call it extraversion—the spirit that makes them try to better their community, to bring up families, to efface themselves and their own pleasures in some vivid, transcendent consciousness of what is due the family or the civic group. Yet a very great number of them have been inspired with it for years. That is because perhaps they have always accepted those immortal words, "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

It is characteristic of New York that it waited for Freud to indorse this utterance. For the Galilean lived almost two thousand years ago. And the famous Austrian psychoanalyst has received a widespread hearing only in the past decade.

And what is the epilogue to my shattered romance? First, I'll speak of the financial advantages of my transferred allegiance. I live in a comfortable roomy house which I keep up at less expense than would be required for the most wretched one-room abode in New York. The best food down here comes at the rate of six dollars a week per capita. I have no hotel or tea-room liabilities. A neighboring country club costs twenty-five dollars a year instead of two hundred. My old car is thriving in a garage which demands not one dollar a day but one dollar a week. And when everything in me calls out for a soft drink I buy it for ten cents instead of seventy.

But the conditions which enable me to save at least thirty dollars a week are not to be measured primarily by any such commercial benefits. These are in fact almost obscured by the great gift which my town has conferred upon me. This is a sense of space. Today I have time to do many things which in the city were denied me. One of these is a little thinking.

Yet in the sedate Victorian phrase, my old love and I part friends. I hope always to spend a month or two of each year in her society. I expect never to be insensible to her miraculous beauty of light-flaked towers and of those deep cañons which hold the saffron haze of late afternoon. The difference between yesterday and today, however, is that I can now look on those once beloved features with a clear sense of the spirit back of them. That this spirit is closely identified with that of her most familiar daughter—the beautiful, well-dressed and sprightly Gimme of the restaurant dinner—this is what I have come at last to see.

Men tell us we made shaving a delight

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By V. K. CASSADY, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN: A new-type Shaving Cream has suddenly become a sensational success.

Men by the millions have tried it. Letters by the tens of thousands come to thank us for it. And men, you know, don't often write such letters.

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Quickness. It softens the beard in one minute.

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Now we ask your verdict. You are using a soap you like. Kindly compare it with Palmolive Shaving Cream. If our claims are true, you'll want it. Anyway, give us a hearing. Cut out the coupon now.

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Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the foods invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson.

The grains are sealed in guns, then revolved for an hour in a fearful heat. The bit of moisture in each food cell is thus changed to steam.

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That's the reason for Puffed Grains. The food cells are all blasted so that every granule feeds. One gets the entire benefit of a whole-grain diet.

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Puffing also makes these foods enticing. The texture is like snowflakes, the taste like toasted nuts.

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Puffed Rice with cream and sugar forms the finest breakfast dainty children ever get.

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Puffed Wheat in milk is the supreme dish for suppers, luncheons or at bedtime. A practically complete food made easy to digest.

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What other food can you serve a child which so meets all requirements?

Let no day pass without them.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

THE MAGNETIC WEST

(Continued from Page 21)

Captain Folsom built the Jones House on pilea—it later became the Tehama and was the special hotel of aristocratic rancheros; Sansome Street began as a narrow plank walk, elevated without railings over the water; and Loma Alta, where an American flag was raised to announce the approach of the Panama steamer, grew into Telegraph Hill. San Francisco, then, must have been an amazing city, a place of streets crossing and recrossing, of shops and houses, literally on the water, and of stationary ships. The Niantic was anchored forever at the corner of Clay and Sansome Streets; the General Harrison was penned at Battery; the ship Apollo, caught within city blocks of stone and solid edifices, became a saloon; the brig Euphimia, a jail for criminals; the Georgean was fast between Washington and Jackson Streets. Where the Niantic had lain afloat the hotel followed, and then the Niantic Block. The ships, in the strangeness of their fixed and incongruous fate, were covered with roofs and cut into stores and offices; they were converted into warehouses with balconies over their bulwarks gained by stairs.

The Parker House, on the plaza, was burned three times and three times rebuilt; then it became a part of the Jenny Lind Theater building, and, as that, was burned twice more. Certainly no other city had been so often and so totally destroyed by fire. The first general conflagration occurred in the December of '49; the second swept San Francisco the following May; the third great fire happened within a month; the fourth, which began in the Philadelphia House on Jackson Street, raged the September of that same year; on the anniversary of the fire of May, 1850, there was a fifth; and in June, 1851, a sixth destroyed nearly fifteen squares in the center of activity.

San Francisco recovered with an unimpaired energy from her disasters; each time the city, in large part, was destroyed there was a vigorous improvement of building; the shanties and tent houses were automatically swept away; no civic regulations could have been so successful, so drastic and so swift. It was changing, as Chicago had changed, overnight; already the first grand illumination, in honor of General Taylor's victory at Buena Vista, when every house was bright with unlimited oil and tallow, had grown dim in memory; the great public meeting to fix the price of gold dust as currency was a thing of the past; the day when the discharge of the Belfast's cargo had brought the price of merchandise down by a full quarter and doubled the value of real estate, was over. The Steamboat was lost in a norther and replaced by the Pioneer, scarcely larger; the McKim now left regularly for Sacramento; and the era of the great restaurants, the extravagant gambling houses, set on piles in the mud, had opened.

San Francisco in the Forties

From the time, and before, that Captain Simmons, of the American whaler Magnolia, gave a fête in the May of 1847 on his ship, San Francisco had notably been a place of public and private entertainment. All my memories and impressions returned to that; there the hotels and theaters, the processions and high play obscured the serious and tragic aspects of the city, an air of festivity accompanied whatever was done. Even that Christian committee which, with the mayor, on Portsmouth Square presented the Chinese inhabitants with the proper religious tracts and books, in Chinese characters, was dramatic. The China boys, in their richest silk brocades, marched in procession to the square, where they formed a circle on the platform and listened enigmatically to the prayers, the addresses and presentation.

The plaza, once crowded with negroes and Malays, Chinamen and Kanakas and tattooed New Zealanders, with Russians in sables, and Turks, Germans, Italians, French and the Jews, was losing its cosmopolitan appearance for a somber throng of bearded Americans with smooth cheeks. Even the earlier American dress, the blue roundabout and black trousers, was disappearing. But white was still the garb for summer, and the gamblers clung to the Mexican sombrero with a squirrel tail under its band, and scarlet sash. They wore top boots and sent their linen to Honolulu, and even China, to be laundered. The Hounds—who preferred to call themselves the Regulators, and paraded on Sunday and, at dead midnight, robbed and beat the Chileños, and pretty much anyone else—rose and vanished under the ban of the first Vigilantes; the Vigilantes, for a period, disbanded, and a social life blazed into being with the fire of diamonds.

A new Jenny Lind Theater, in stone, was opened in the fall of 1851 with a poetical address by Mrs. E. Woodward; and that same October the American—the most magnificent temple of histrionic art in the land—was dedicated in an identical manner by Mrs. Stark. There were two thousand people present, and the walls sank a number of inches under the density of the mob. Early in '49 there had been only two circuses—Mr. Foley's on Montgomery Street and Mr. Rowe's on Kearny. They were mere tents with springboards for uncomplicated acrobatics; but a private stall cost fifty dollars. Rowe's Circus was refitted for theatrical performances; and in 1850 there was a French vaudeville on Washington Street and a dramatic museum on California. The Wife was the first play acted; it was given by a small company in a second story; and Stephen Massett was prevailed upon to give the first local concert. Mr. Massett was the talented author of When the Moon on the Lake is Beaming, of When as a Child I Roamed, and List While I Sing. A piano, the only one in the country, was borrowed from the Collector of the Port, and the first row reserved for ladies, of which four were present. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Baker, from Philadelphia, undertook the management of the Adelphia; and, in spite of a year's rental of thirty thousand dollars, their profit was in an equal amount.

A Census of Saloons

It was in 1852 that the Christian Advocate made the discovery that San Francisco had five hundred and thirty-seven saloons; and of these, the report continued, a hundred and twenty-five didn't keep even a modifying onion. There were seven hundred and forty-three bartenders! The following year, for the satisfaction of less than four hundred thousand people, there were imported into California twenty thousand barrels of whisky and four hundred barrels of rum; nine thousand casks, hogsheads and pipes, thirteen thousand barrels, twenty-six hundred kegs and six thousand cases of brandy; thirty-four thousand baskets of champagne; of other wines, ninety-one hundred and fifty hogsheads and casks, twenty-five hundred barrels, eighteen hundred kegs and a hundred and fifty-six thousand cases; there were twenty-four thousand casks and hogsheads, thirteen thousand barrels and twenty-three thousand cases and boxes of beer; together with five thousand casks and pipes, six thousand barrels, five thousand kegs, eight thousand cases and sixteen hundred packages of unspecified liquors and drinks.

The saloons, more elaborate than the theaters or hotels, infinitely finer, freer, in costly draperies and paintings, crystal and gilt, were the principal places of gambling. The gamblers' tables were piled with silver and gold, with bags of gold dust and lumps of the pure metal. The money came from practically everywhere: Shillings and quarters, francs and the Mexican double-real, were all of the same value; the English crown and the five-franc piece were equal. Indian rupees were current, Dutch and German florins and guilders; the local fifty-dollar gold pieces called slugs, and the coined gold of a dozen or more private concerns.

The whole east side of Portsmouth Square, three-quarters of the north and part of the south were filled with gambling houses; these were apparent, the more exclusive games were conducted semiprivately in the rear of the Parker House. The east side of Dupont Street and a reach on Sacramento were lively with the orchestras of the Chinese houses for play; the region immediately about Dupont and Kearny Streets was given over to Mexican dancing halls, Mexican and Chileño gambling resorts. The chief American gambling saloons were the El Dorado, attached to the Jenny Lind Theater, the Arcade and

(Continued on Page 66)

Pickles in Patterns

Just one example of uniformity in food preparation

EXAMINE closely a jar of Heinz pickles. They look good to eat, yes—but note the arrangement of the contents. Everything placed *just so.*

Now look at another jar. It shows the same uniform pattern. You can't tell them apart. And any number of jars, each packed by a different girl, show the same orderly, tasteful arrangement.

The neat, prim, white-capped "Heinz girls" do this very skillfully and rapidly. Visitors to the Heinz spotless kitchens marvel at their deftness.

This uniformity in packing is proof of a still greater thing—the uniformity of the products which are packed. It speaks volumes for the care in sorting and selecting.

And the Heinz principle of uniformity goes still further. It is uniformity of grade and quality as well as of size—uniformity in every phase of preparation. Any one jar of pickles or any one can of beans is exactly as good as any other jar or can. The uniform quality and taste of each of the 57 Varieties is something which can always be depended upon.

The reason is not only high standards of food preparation—but cheerful loyalty to these standards by the men and women who do the preparing.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

57 *Varieties*

(Continued from Page 64)

the Polka on Commerce Street; and their reputations were made and sustained by the beauty of the girls who dealt the faro and monte at their tables—fascinating creatures dressed in all the charming artifice of the Paris from which they had been specially brought.

The saloons, together with all San Francisco, fell into the march of changing times. Barry and Patton, in 1852, opened a thoroughly reputable affair in Mr. Brennan's fireproof block on Montgomery Street; the displayed art was rigidly chaste and gambling entirely forbidden; only the choicest and most delicate wines and liquors were kept; any fancy beverage known might be had; there was a magnificent daily free lunch; and on the second floor there were a number of Thurston's celebrated English slate-bed billiard tables. Mr. Winn, at his famous Fountain Head, excluded all intoxicating drinks whatever; and he was so successful that he opened the Branch, in the best Eastern style of velvet drapings and service, at Washington and Montgomery Streets. His were refectories of the highest order. Mr. Winn's specialty was illumination: Eighty lights brought his oil bill to five hundred dollars monthly; but he sent his candies to New York and London; and he often made six thousand pounds of buckwheat into cakes in a month.

The great restaurants were Delmonico's, the Sutter, the Irving and the Lafayette. Potatoes were a rarity and quail and duck and plover commonplace. Clayton's, on Commercial Street, was sought for its broiled quail or oysters and ale. The St. Francis Hotel was smart for dinners, and notable for the thinness of the partitions between its rooms; the Union was the first really substantial hotel in San Francisco; and then the Jones was followed by the Oriental. It was in the Oriental, on the night of February 11, 1854, that the trustees of the San Francisco Gas Company gave a tremendous banquet on the occasion of the lighting of the city by coal gas.

In ordinary life, duels with navy revolvers at five paces were advertised in the papers: French bootblacks thronged the sidewalks; and the clipper ship Flying Cloud squared into the Golden Gate only eighty-nine days out of New York. The Aromingo and Sword Fish were fast; the Flying Fish sailed from Boston to San Francisco in ninety-six days; but for the Northern Light, returning over that same course, seventy-six days were enough. The ship San Francisco, missing stays while entering the bay, broke up on the rocks opposite Fort Point, and she was robbed by everyone who could reach her, the solid citizens from the town and the soldiers of the Presidio, the criminals from the Alsatia dancing house, the Seven Dials and the Five Points, the Sydney coves and the convicts from the settlements on Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales. But this, practically, was the last of such picturesquely unregenerate manners; the law informally followed.

Los Angeles the Regenerate

In the list of imports for the year 1853 there were, naturally, as well as the wines and liquors, more solid necessities—tierces of Carolina rice and bacon, bales of dry goods and cases of candles and coal; but, where San Francisco was involved, they failed to engage me. I persistently saw the city vivid in the play of life and death, a place more grimly humorous and reckless in high spirits than any other. It had, of course, serious, economic and political and charitable aspects—and there was always tragedy in the background—but they, too, didn't impress me. Looking at the San Francisco of today I was conscious mostly of the past; for, in the way I had noted, the past was still extraordinarily alive and potent. I saw, as though time and the actuality before me were transparent, the beginning city of the early '50's, and I thought of it with regret. I wanted to pass over its streets, the precarious planks above the water and liquid mud, to lose a gold slug to the Parisian goddess of chance at the El Dorado, have dinner, with potatoes, in the new International Hotel, and, afterward, attend the debut, the riotous success, of Matilda Heron, at the American Theater.

In Los Angeles, however, no such desires took possession of me, for, though San Francisco might have concealed its contemporary sinfulness, the respectability of Los Angeles was made instantly and immutably clear. This in itself was amusing, for, through its earliest days, when San Francisco was as innocent as the herb from which it was named, the city of angels was the most dangerously wicked place then existing. It was the chosen rallying ground of the bandits of Baja and Alta California. The desperadoes gathered there in such numbers, they were so desperate, that one year the office of sheriff went begging at an annual ten thousand dollars because of the multiplication of sheriffs slain.

Crooked-nosed Smith, who was allowed to stay about the streets after he had seriously promised to shoot no one, killed a gambler, simply to keep his gun hand in, the day he left. Ricardo Urives, caught by a mob in the Calle de los Negros—the most criminal of all localities—fought his way out with a revolver and knife. With three bullet wounds and countless stabs he rode his horse up and down the main street for more than an hour, daring anyone to arrest him, and then went to his sister's rancho. A Mexican who was brought up for stabbing a pie vender was first sentenced to hang and then to eighty-five lashes. At the protest that he was a man of honor, and should not be whipped by an Indian, a purse of thirteen dollars was collected for a white executioner; but the executioner was so severe with his lashing that he was tossed in a blanket and his neck all but broken.

Bigger and Bigger Every Day

The China boys in Los Angeles were specially unfortunate: the Ah Choy company accused the Yo Hing of stealing one of their women; in consequence two shots were fired at Hing in Nigger Alley and he had the brother of his wife arrested. By 5:30 in the afternoon a general shooting began among the Chinese, which resulted in the killing of a white citizen, Robert Thompson, and the wounding of a policeman. This, obviously, was unendurable; and the China boys, penned in a long adobe building, were shot at through holes cut in the roof. One was killed escaping and the others hanged at odd places and in various numbers—in Thompson's corral on New High Street, a party of three at an awning, and three more, not without a necessary ingenuity, from a wagon; and the Chinese quarter was raided for a very satisfactory cash return.

None of this was evident in the highly reputable Los Angeles I came to know; everything had been absorbed in the tide of progress, of improvement, sweeping in loud waves over the city. No other place, Los Angeles was certain, had ever expanded with such a noble rapidity; and, indeed, I was in no position to contradict it. Probably no other place ever had! I was entirely willing, for all that it was worth, to agree. Statistics actually existed in irrefutable proof of every contention: Los Angeles had raised out of the shifting dust fifteen hundred miles of paved roadways; in 1887, as anciently as that, the recorded real-estate transfers reached a hundred million dollars; no more than three hundred thousand inhabitants had voted an indebtedness of twenty-three million dollars in order to bring water two hundred and thirty miles from the Owens River; the aqueduct that accomplished this bore two hundred and fifty-eight million daily gallons through ninety-eight miles of covered cement conduit and forty miles of open, over twenty-one miles of canal, twelve miles of inverted siphons and forty-three miles in tunnels through mountains. In 1900 there were scarcely a hundred thousand people in the city, but in 1920 there were five hundred and seventy-six thousand, six hundred and seventy-three. Soon, in no time at all, there would be a million; there would be more; it was destined to be the largest city in America, on the globe, the greatest metropolis of all the constellations of planets and stars.

This, if the Middle West could bring it about, was inevitable, for the natives of the Mississippi Valley were there not in neighborhoods, such as those which had started earlier for the Northwest, but in states: Ohio was in Los Angeles, and Indiana—Pasadena at first was the Indiana Settlement—and Iowa. They were present in solid districts, walking in a sort of day-dream, a species of amazement and solemn self-congratulation at their escape from winter and fevers and fog. They gazed in at the stores and out at the massed traffic of the streets, and it was plain that a lifetime was too short for the merest speculation about the surrounding wonders. They filled the boarding houses and apartments of a whole section of the city; and then, appalled at the expensiveness of an urban existence, moved to any empty fields beyond, and overnight a new suburb would be built. On Monday a plain of tents would show, on Wednesday wooden houses, yes, and brick foundations, make their appearance, and by Saturday there would be stores and a settled communal life. There could be no other place so alive, so immediate, so growing; nothing, I feared, could limit Los Angeles but the sea and, perhaps, the Sierra Nevada Mountains; and I reflected that a wilderness of people was more terrible, more empty of hope and life, than a desert of sand.

Los Angeles, originally Yang-Na, was secured to Spain by Portolá, August, 1769; and the pueblo formally founded in 1781. This beginning was made with twelve families brought from Sonora and Sinoloa, there were forty-six individuals, of Indian and negro blood with a slight infusion of Spanish. After five years grants of land were confirmed to the nine settlers remaining—each was given a house lot, four fields and an iron for branding cattle. The pueblo covered four square leagues about its plaza, additions to its population were made by inactive soldiers marrying Indian women, and in 1790 there were twenty-eight families and a hundred and thirty-nine people. The first American to stay in Los Angeles came around Cape Horn in 1818 with a pirate; he built a water-power grist mill, set the timbers for the first church and first made a boat.

A Railway Cut-Rate War

There were difficulties in the construction of the church, east of the plaza: the citizens had collected five hundred cattle for its building, but they were appropriated by the governor. He swore that Spain would erect the church, but this obligation was neglected, and the mission fathers contributed seven barrels of brandy. In 1821 building supplies again ran out and the missions made a fresh gift of ardent spirits. Los Angeles, in 1791, had been moved to a higher elevation; there was a Mexican decree of 1835 declaring it the capital of the territory; but, with no buildings suitable, this was lost sight of until 1845, when, under the Republic of Mexico, it became the actual seat of local government. The market house of John Temple, who came from Honolulu on the ship Waverly and married Rafaela Cota, became the old courthouse. A theater occupied the upper story, Pepita of the Marquez troupe sang La Viuda y el Sacristan there; and the basement of the jail was used as a wine cellar. It was in 1885 that the Santa Fé Railroad established a communication with the East, by the Cajon Pass; and, in the rate war with the Southern Pacific system that followed, the fare from the Missouri River to Los Angeles was reduced from a hundred to twenty-five dollars. Tickets, for the moment, were five dollars for three thousand miles; once transcontinental fares were sold in Los Angeles for a dollar. After that began the headlong course to the city.

It wasn't, however, only a nameless horde in search of a climate where orange trees were an ordinary occurrence and banana trees a fact, that distinguished Los Angeles now; it was, as well, notable for the expensiveness and ornamentation of its suburbs. These commanded the hills and filled with their gardens the valleys rolling gently up to mountains, ultramarine-blue walls, away from the city. There were regions, houses, of twenty years ago bound by continuous lawns as smooth as jade, with an architecture, brought from the East, wholly foreign, incongruous, to palm trees. Those dwellings belonged to the wooden age—with great bays of glass and minarets and heavy porte-cochères, and already the paint was scaling from their columns, they began to be dingy back of the cruel blaze of exotic flowering. Since their day the Spanish style had been rediscovered, and the new, the approved, developments, with the names of Castile, were low wide affairs with blazing white façades and courts.

But, within the walls of Spain, the interiors held the most modern of American conveniences; they were villas with a difference, at once romantic and sanitary; and from garages like corners of old Granada long glittering automobiles rolled out and departed on flights of limitless speed over the masoned roads that were the city's pride. The cars went to clubs in the mountains and clubs on the marshes—the most costly clubs in existence—and they left for San Francisco without an attending thought. But, whatever their destination, they were always going faster; passing other cars there was a dry clipping sound, the brief whirl of dustless vacuum, and then a streaking course in which the landscape was no more than the semblance of a monotonous green-flowing river.

But this, the deliberately picturesque suburbs, it seemed to me, was far less interesting than the transplanted hordes of the city. The difference between Los Angeles and, for example, the American Bottom of the Mississippi River was amazing. And I wondered about the mental processes of the retired small farmers, the families from the little midland towns, moved out of all which had given them being. The truth was that they had left what was hard, toil and winter, for easy and sunny circumstances; they had left the fields into which their labor and years had gone and, with all the proceeds of theirs and other relentlessly frugal lives, escaped from what must have appeared to them a form of bondage. Here, in Los Angeles, with a safe, limited means, they were at last able to sit through long warm days, to grow, with no effort at all, a few astounding flowers about their porticoes; the women, without expense, had all the miraculous streets for their pleasure.

They had, beyond argument, done the reasonable, the inevitable, things, and lost January for a perpetual June; but the drabness of mile upon mile of the Mississippi, the towns of melancholy brick on the great river and villages gray with the dust of the plain, were infinitely more significant, stirring, than the brightness and palms, the sparkling holiday air, of Los Angeles; yes, it was not, in reality, so beautiful. Ohio and Indiana and Iowa had found an Eden, a peace from seasons; but, in return, they had surrendered a tradition and a nativity of the soil. The children of the Middle West, the girls in the hard crowded artificial day of department stores, in the irritable strain of offices, the boys growing into the smart clerks of real-estate sales, had not, actually, escaped from fate. That was only possible for the aging and the sick and weary.

Out of Step With the Past

The obvious thing to do in Los Angeles, indeed, for any superiority at all, it was one of the easiest, was to become rich, to move from one district to another farther out and more exclusive; to get automobiles faster and more complicated than those of the years before; and belong to the clubs where simplicity was so excessively dear. This, in itself, was not an unhappy consummation; it was fortunate that such a place, such possibilities, existed; but it involved a retirement from what, climatically, America had been; it was, in a way, an admission that the past, with all its rewards or overwhelming burdens, had failed. If that were so, then Los Angeles might become the capital of a new America, the center of a different, a more compelling, race.

It was all so respectable, Los Angeles had so thoroughly suppressed old elements that hung China boys in garlands and fired, indiscriminately, dangerous weapons, she was, as a city, so admirable, that I was curious about her close, her fond, relationship with a reputed hussy like Hollywood. I couldn't, in imagination, see them pressed affectionately together—the mirror of the proprieties and the painted lady with an ostrich feather and other signs of iniquities. Hollywood, it was true, in 1920 was supposed to have produced a hundred and fifty million dollars of something—what, it wasn't entirely clear; but that, I hoped, had not clouded the vision, the convictions, of Los Angeles. I had heard, certainly—and not only through print, newspapers and the reports of trials, but from private assurances—of the unrestrained gayety of

(Continued on Page 70)

"GOOD TO THE LAST DROP"

REG U S PAT OFF

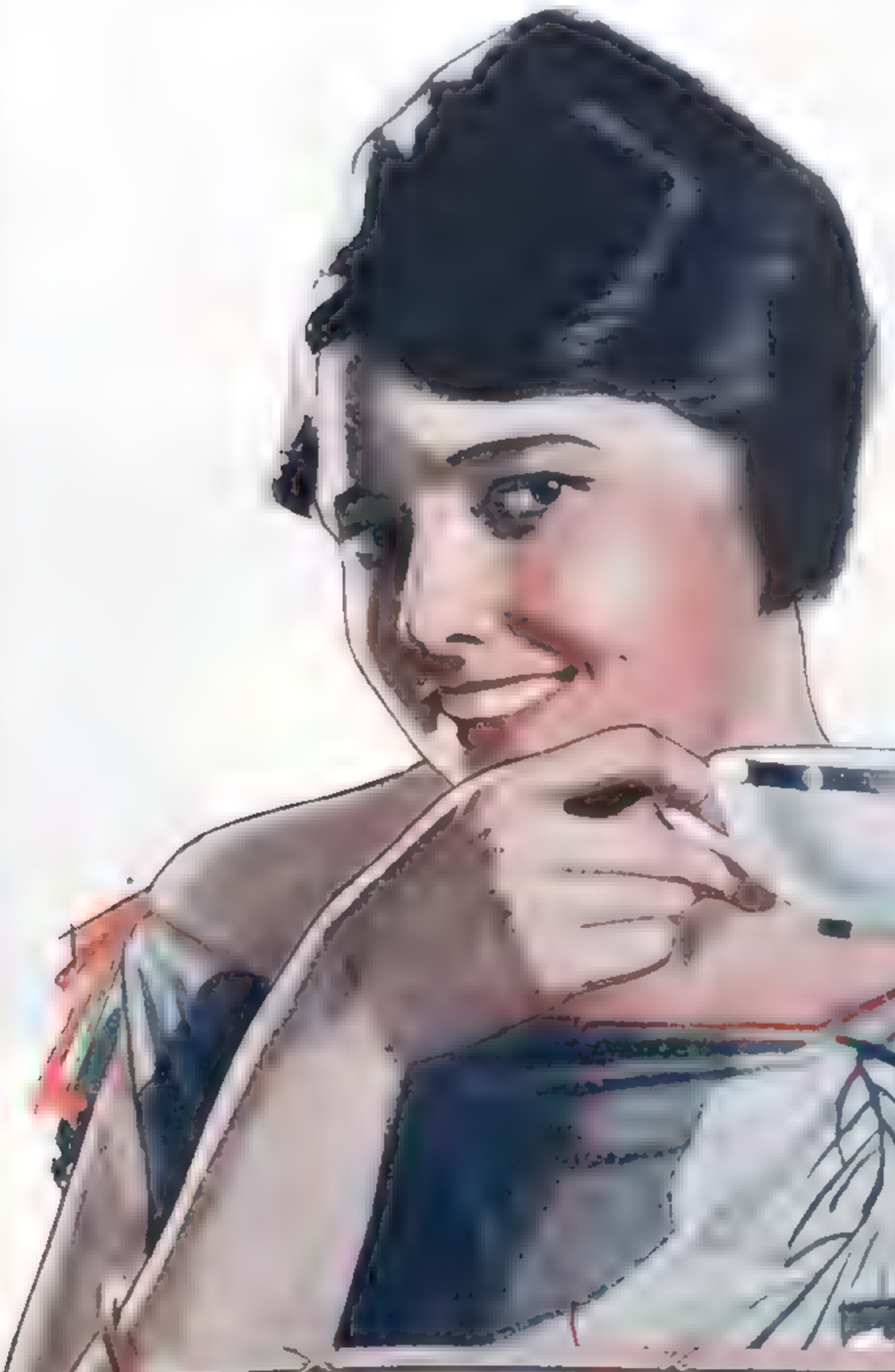
THE taste of Maxwell House Coffee is proof that we have been extremely modest in saying that this nationally known coffee is "Good to the Last Drop".

The thought that Maxwell House is so highly regarded may inspire you to follow in the footsteps of coffee-lovers everywhere —and enjoy this delicious flavor.

Maxwell House Coffee is always uniform in its delicious taste and fragrant aroma because of our perfected process of cleaning, roasting and blending the finest coffees, and of securely sealing-in the taste in Maxwell House tins.

To keep a tin of Maxwell House Coffee always on your pantry shelf is a constant guarantee of keener coffee-enjoyment.

Buy it from your dealer—in the sealed tins.



SOLD ONLY IN SEALED TIN CANS—CONVENIENT TO OPEN AND USE

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

Also Maxwell House Tea

CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE CO.

NASHVILLE, HOUSTON, JACKSONVILLE, RICHMOND, NEW YORK

PALM

Not a Day Older

FORTUNATE is the wife and mother whose youthful appearance evokes this compliment on the day of her china wedding. Yet the most famous beauties of history, beginning with Cleopatra, were most admired when, from the standpoint of years, they were no longer young.

The gift of eternal youth depends upon one attraction—a fresh, smooth skin: "Keep your school-girl complexion" and you can ignore the passing years.

How to keep it

Very easily, as you can quickly prove. The secret lies in thorough cleansing, once a day, of the minute skin pores which compose the surface of the skin.

For these minute pores have a most important function, they provide the skin with the natural oil which keeps it smooth and soft. But when this natural beautifying skin oil is allowed to accumulate, when dirt and perspiration are allowed to collect in the pores, serious clogging is the result.

Unless all dangerous accumulations are carefully removed, you will soon be wondering why your complexion looks so coarse. The appearance of blackheads and blemishes completes the disfigurement.

The simple remedy

Before you resort to the harsh methods which may roughen and toughen the delicate texture of the skin, try this simple but effective method of beautifying.

Get a cake of Palmolive Soap, mildest and most soothing of all facial soaps. Massage the profuse, creamy lather gently into your skin, using your two hands. Rinse just as gently, still with your hands, and use a fine, soft towel for drying.

If your skin is very dry, apply a little cold cream. Normally oily skins won't need it. Do this just before bedtime and you lay the foundation for a fine, real beauty sleep. In the morning your mirror will compliment you by reflecting a freshened, beautified complexion.

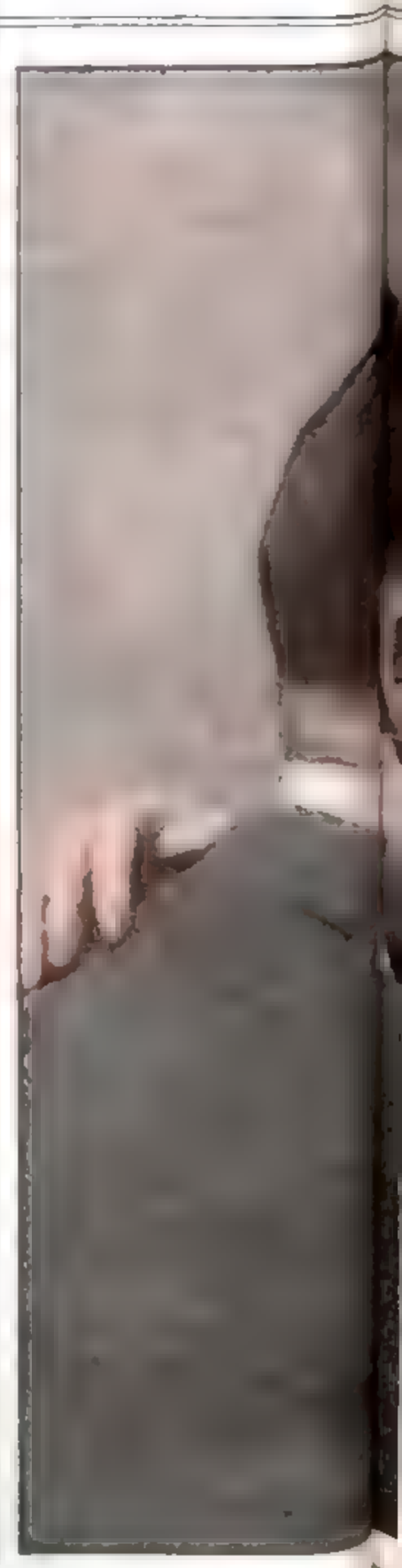
This faithful daily cleansing was the secret through which Cleopatra kept her youth, whatever cosmetic completed her elaborate toilet.

Palm and Olive oils

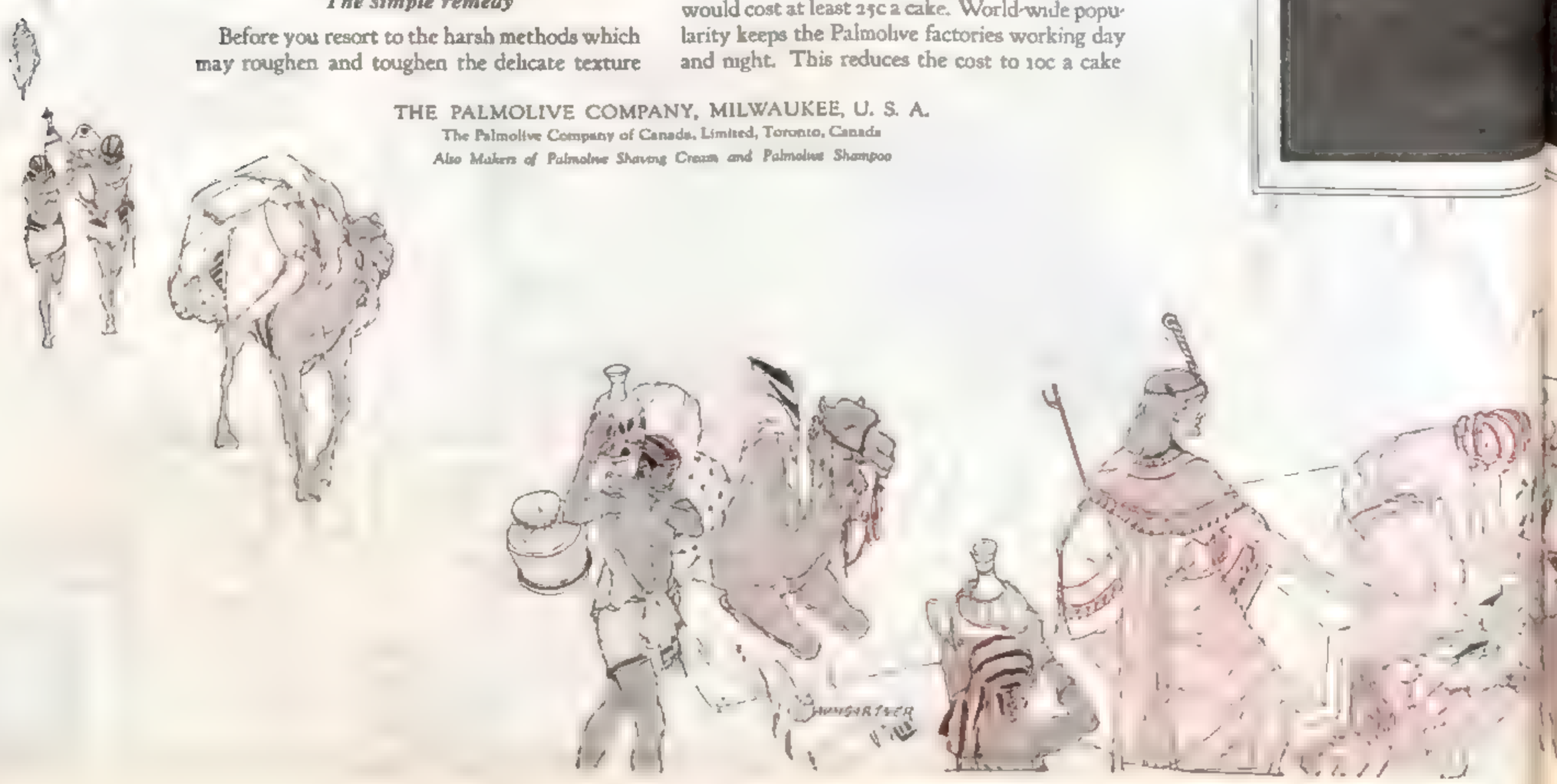
Palmolive Soap is the modern scientific blend of the same palm and olive oils which were the favorite cleansers in the days of ancient Egypt. Modern progress has perfected their combination, but they have remained the ideal soap ingredients for three thousand years.

The only change is that, while in olden days they were the luxury of the rich, modern manufacturing methods and gigantic production allow us to offer Palmolive to users at a popular price.

If Palmolive were made in small quantities it would cost at least 25c a cake. World-wide popularity keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night. This reduces the cost to 10c a cake



THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada
Also Makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo



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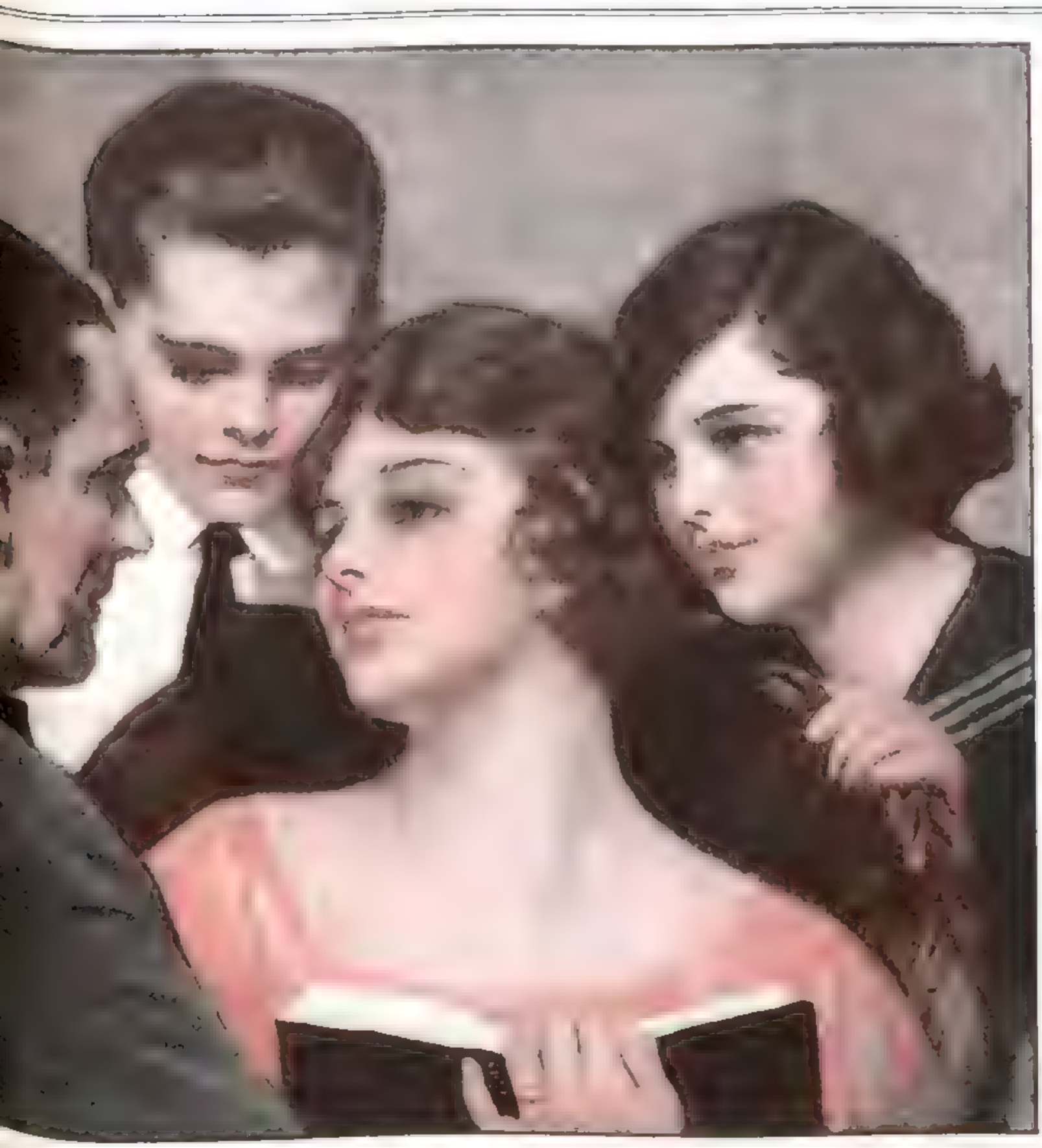


Why Palmolive is Green

Because the rich, natural color of these rare oriental oils from which it is blended naturally impart their color as well as their quality to the fragrant green cake.

The soft moss tint is nature's own—just as is the color of grass and foliage. Thus there is no need for artificial coloring. Nature does it for us.

Palm and Olive oils — nothing else — give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap

Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality for

10c

Copyright 1923—The Palmolive Company 1706

Here Are The Facts About Sauerkraut

MEDICAL science now knows that many serious diseases are due to harmful bacteria in the intestines. And that to keep the intestinal tract clean and free from these poisonous germs goes a long way toward preserving health and prolonging life.

It was Metchnikoff, head of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, who first drew attention to the importance of lactic ferments in combating the harmful effects of these germs.

And it is because Sauerkraut is rich in these lactic ferments that it is one of the most valuable of intestinal cleansers and disinfectants and a natural conditioner and regulator for the entire system.

It has a tendency to prevent constipation. It has great value as an article of food in cases of diabetes and excess of uric acid in the blood.

The story of these discoveries about Sauerkraut is told in detail in the free booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food."

Mail the coupon for your copy.

(Sauerkraut may be purchased at grocery stores, meat markets and delicatessen stores.)

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION Clyde, Ohio

Send for This Interesting Booklet— FREE

The National Kraut Packers' Association, Clyde, Ohio

Please send me postpaid a free copy of "Sauerkraut as a Health Food" with new and tested recipes.

Name

Address

City and State

Continued from Page 66

Hollywood Olympian riots and Roman dinners and pastorals in the manner of Boccaccio. And, impressed by the circumstantial accounts of the gaudiness, the sins prevailing along Hollywood Boulevard, I missed what, a moment's reason would have shown me, was the truth.

Any memory of the moving pictures I had seen, any reflection upon their taste and spirit and profound revealed convictions, the slightest attention paid to the tone of the rumors about them, must have convinced me that Hollywood, essentially, was as respectable as an inland village in the grip of a revival. Undoubtedly the parties luridly described to me took place; there were villains on the actual streets and vermilion dinner dresses in drawing-rooms; that was inescapable; there were bad girls and sinful men, of course; the stage was perfectly set for them—the Cooper-Hewitt lights blazing with the insidious tremolo of violins; but that was wholly unimportant, adventitious; at the heart of the moving-picture world all the old conventions were dearly cherished.

What the Public Wants

The public, with its restrained curiosity in a wicked gayety rather than in the infinitely duller fact, had filled the monotony of its Sunday mornings with the accounts of precisely the things it would have repudiated in life and the theaters. Hollywood and Los Angeles, where the latter represented the American world, were identical. Respectability, in reality, was the base of almost all the stupidity moving pictures exhibited; it was, for example, respectable to believe that successful financiers were corrupt and that all women of aristocratic birth were light in conduct. It was, generally, respectable to insist that poverty was in itself noble and riches the reverse: but the most respectable thing of all—which invariably happened in moving pictures—was, at the beginning, to show a young man in the full nobility of poverty and, at the end, elevate him to the evils of wealth.

The truth was, but in a manner quite unexpected, that Hollywood was a scandal, but the scandal was not individual or moral; it was national, and bore upon practically every phase of the country's existence. It represented, as much as anything, the American love of sharp dealing, of being sharper than anyone else, and it always returned to the belief that the sole adequate reward of all earthly struggle and dignity and sacrifice was a sum of money, a fortune or a particular young woman. The money, I had no doubt, was present for the pleasant contemplation of men, but the latter, the value of one particular girl against all the other forces of life, was certainly upheld in the interest of feminine vanity. Both of those conceptions, upon which ninety-nine in a hundred of all moving pictures were constructed, were highly respectable and, at the same time, moral, economic and social lies.

No one could blame Hollywood—it was, everyone repeated, what the public, what America, wanted, and a hundred and fifty million dollars had been diverted to that end. The public, as well, too familiar, it seemed, with the poverty which was so ennobling, had an insatiable desire to gaze into the halls of iniquity maintained by the rich: the public well knew what was appropriate there, and it insisted upon seeing it. The directors of productions equally understood what was expected; more than that—they had experienced the truth, and they photographed it in all its debased plush luxury. And the actresses, the stars, too, were familiar with the highest planes of society, and they revealed them for respectability to gasp at. This, then, was founded on current national ideas, on the materialism of America.

The insistence upon a sheer accumulation of money, however, was even more clamorous and tyrannical. And it was characteristic of the masculine principal of the moving pictures that he invariably became ultimately rich not by bitter labor or astounding luck, or by an adroit dishonesty, but because of the kindergarten honesty of his character and the power of love. The honesty, in any case, was admirable, yet the whole American view of it was more sentimental than actual. An individual honesty maintained in the face of any popular misconception had never, I was certain, found its way into the moving pictures, which were a mirror of undistinguished public emotions. The principal masculine character, opposed to patent rascalities in his story, must never for an instant be in opposition to the prejudices of the audience; and the American audience, for its pleasure, wanted the contemplation of no lost causes in convention or virtue.

Yes, on that plane, as an indication of a people's mind, Hollywood was tremendously significant; and I walked through its lots, by the artificial streets and empty facades, fascinated by its hollow ingenuity: it was like a vast conservatory of hectic life, exotic feelings, lighted under a lemon-yellow sun with purple shadows. There was a world about me of pretense, of tinsel romance; and, together with that, there was a mechanical romance infinitely more arresting. The moving pictures, after they were completed, were hardly more than a pictorial babble compared to the processes of their construction. The finished stories were dull, the ideas caught in the conventional steel traps that were plots were dead; but the incredibly rapid cameras, the batteries of lights, the vast echoing dimness of the studios outside the wedge of brilliancy where a picture was being made, were endlessly absorbing. The means was superior to the end: those floods of girls with their faces unnatural in staring paints, the busy shifts of workmen in familiar overalls, the assistant directors and toiling property men, even a director or two, a star here and there, were as laudable as possible—the rest, it was repeated over and over, was the fault of the public. The public would pay to see only prettiness in women and men always triumphant, or, where it was possible—the rarest of all commodities—to purchase laughter, even at the price of a brutal and vicious clowning.

The exception director, the truly ingratiating star, were happily available, and, throughout a dinner with the former, I was secretly entertained by a difference from the general conception of such occasions: it was a dinner made charming by the presence of children, of grave and very young girls. There were delightful things to eat, the simplicity of a dignified service and a conversation, afterward, about classic music. It was in a house not easy to find, hidden by a screen of shrubbery, and its privacy, I at once felt, was maintained at any effort. And the star who occupied most of the celluloid firmament exposed to my view—it was impossible to invent a cover for his slightest characteristics—was Douglas Fairbanks. I saw him first, as slender and flexible as a bundle of traditional whalebone, in the dress of the Earl of Huntingdon standing in a room more than four hundred feet long. There were turrets and winding stone stairs and a moat and drawbridge; and it was possible to be drowned in the moat and crushed under the portcullis of the gate into his castle.

Life on the Lot

The cameras, then, were shuttered, and, far away, in an angle by a great open fireplace, four girls in medieval plum-colored and sage green and rose gowns were practicing a dance. Before them a small portable organ had been set up, and a dancing teacher, in very modern garb, was instructing the four in a necessary slow grace. They bowed and advanced and retreated, their bodies lithe in the round casings of cloth, their slippered feet quick under the long draperies. Farther out on the vast floor an acrobat in gay parti-colored tunic was rehearsing a difficult posture; a king in regal state was promenading in the sunlight, his crown raked across his vision; and a corps of electricians were moving files of sun-arcs forward and experimenting with the icy shafts of spotlights. About the cameras the assistant photographers were active in a ceaseless polishing and calculating busyness; and below their stand there was a small semicircle of visitors from a great variety of interests, occupations and lands.

On the lot outside the walls of Huntingdon's castle—they were so high that they formed a landmark for that open section of the city—there were buildings without end and, not more noticeable than the rest, the town of Nottingham, in England, in course of construction. Tied to a rail there were a number of cow ponies with, lounging about them, a cowboy who was, I thought, more perfectly made up than any other living mimicry I had ever seen. I spoke to him, he turned, and I realized that he was no longer young; he was aging and brittle, for all the dexterity with which he rolled his cigarettes, and his clothes were his own. He was, or rather he had been, all that he seemed—an episode, a figure of the past kept within the romantic magic of Fairbanks' corral. Wandering, together with myself, in that fabulous inclosure, were celebrated athletes, Turkish wrestlers and international tennis players, girls—out of Sherwood Forest—too lovely to be true, youths in the racing silk of the historic steeplechases, preoccupied women in serviceable clothes with notebooks, chauffeurs, odd animals, feverish clerks in their shirt sleeves and draftsmen with sheafs of blue prints, and, in a quiet space, a group of young men competing in the long jump: they ran vigorously and launched themselves in air with landings at various distances in varying states of equilibrium.

Again, I wasn't concerned with the tremendous spectacle in process of making—of such paramount interest to Mr. Fairbanks—but I was absorbed by the details going into it. There was a rafter from which hung a row of death masks—they were better, he explained, for the camera than the contortions of actors; there was a shelf of limp bodies to be cast from the high walls; and there was bin after bin of swords, swords for knights and swords for common soldiers. Tall ladies in waiting waited in a group with their velvets and satins held off the floor; they had flaxen wigs and heavy necklaces of green and ruby cut glass, fillets of silver foil, and their smiles were an effort on faces piled with paint.

Behind Beauty's Mask

Outside, the life of Hollywood, of Los Angeles, was very strictly contemporary, American; and that evening I had dinner with—in their own persons—three girls famous, wherever light and shade could be projected in motion, for their beauty. They were, so close by, more amazing than in flattened and uncolored effigy; but the signs of their origin, triumphing to the last over the wildness of their incredible success, surpassed in importance their flawless appearance. They were America, pretty and, at heart, respectable, conventional in spirit. None of them, I think, had made any notable beginning on the stage; they had risen, with the rise of moving pictures, through their sheer beauty, a beauty with natural golden or black or warm russet hair that was easy to perceive. They had been paid extravagant sums merely to be looked at, and such thinking as was required from them was furnished, stereotyped in form. They were expected to pass, pictorially, through all the emotions, the dangers, to which life was exposed, but, always, in every possible situation, looking beautiful.

This they came to understand thoroughly and to value correctly; in addition they could act, a little, and, in consequence, the dinner was a procession of statuesquely lovely gestures and lisping formality. By turns they were simple and curious girls, public favorites; and then persons of the highest aristocracy. They delivered little set, gracious speeches, and I thought how much more characteristic, engaging, this was than the violent gayeties both predicted, and, on different occasions, quite possible. One of them, the golden, had a pleasant reminiscent habit of referring to people as "folks." It came directly from the country, a village or even a farm, where there were cottonwoods or willow trees rather than palms, and I liked it better than her most studied and luminous gaze. Her beauty had been hardened into a mask, hiding all that was native and amusing, all that was honest and shrewd and simple; her beauty had been closed forever about what, in her, was natural; and she was, now, publicly only a puppet galvanized at remunerative moments by cheap and gasping emotions. What she had known, in an instinct deeper than reason, was destroyed in order that she might satisfy a respectable conception of what was desirable.

So fundamentally, in her, Hollywood was Iowa and Indiana and Ohio; it was Los Angeles with an ostrich feather in its hat and a pat of rouge on either cheek: it was, in actuality, thoroughly reputable, and, like all that was reputable it wanted to conceal its most delectable and interesting quality. If it succeeded, and grew into the aristocracy it imagined, became rich in the manner of the moving pictures, then the end of America would be near.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue

THE LURE OF SHAPELINESS

BY *Natalie Norris*

You, *madame*, and you, *ma petite*, are wondering why the fashions shift so. You don't know whether to be glad or sorry.

You love your new ankle-length street gown, and yet it makes your heart ache to give up the little rose toned party frock that barely covered your knees.

But fashions must wax and wane, alternately concealing and revealing, to give new lure to the beauty that is woman's treasure chest.

Meantime the longer skirt has arrived —there is no question

And we, those of us whose particular point of beauty is a Diana-like slimness and symmetry of limb, must make decidedly the most of it.

Yet is there heart-warming consolation in this:

Short months ago on every boulevard and highway sparkled the limbs of all nations, a world of legs—a maze that disarmed the bystander and bereft him of ability to distinguish between the shapely and the *gauche*

Where does one hide a leaf? In the forest.

Where does one hide a pebble? On the shore.

And where does one hide a shapely leg? In a veritable army of shapeliness.

Thus, *mignonne*, through your very concealment shall you triumph. For in the occasional fleeting flash of deftly sculptured shapeliness you register a thousand times more effectively than when fashion decrees continuous display.

And in that fleeting flash it is many times as important that the loveliness of limb with which nature has so lavishly equipped you shall be clad in the shapeliest hose—soft and lustrous of texture and "knit to fit without a seam"—Burson

The true fashioning to the soft curves of the leg, the snug-fitting ankle, the smoothly rounded calf, with no seam to mar nature's grace of line, the soft, rich texture give it a vogue among women who know the hallmark of fashion

For those of us who take the normal sizes in foot and ankle, yet who require the outsizes and extra outsizes in the calf and leg, the Burson machines lend themselves most admirably to the perfect product of this type

I suggest you try Burson outsizes when next you purchase

They are roomy and comfortable, giving a snug, trim fit without the pinching discomfort of so many so-called "outsize" stockings that are merely stretched to size, instead of being shaped to size in the knitting, as Burson stockings are. The Burson outsizes and extra outsizes are actually formed to a larger calf and thigh —not merely "regular" sizes abnormally stretched.

For those women whose skin is extremely tender and who may therefore prefer an undyed foot in their hose, the Burson Split Soles, with an ivory-white sole (low enough so that low shoes may be worn with them), are the perfect answer.

Whatever your desires impel, your taste suggests or fashion dictates, you may have it in Burson—in cotton, lisle, mercerized, Silk or Heather.

27,000 Merchants Sell Burson

It has been the aim of the Burson Knitting Mills to make Burson stockings availab to every woman in America no matte where she may live—to make Burson s easy to ask for and so easy to get tha she never need wear any other kind o stocking.

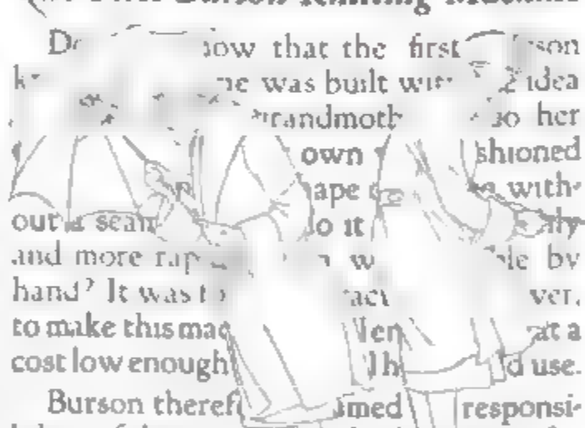
Twenty-seven thousand able merchants throughout the United States are daily increasing their circle of staunch patrons by offering Burson Fashioned Hose. Even this great number is not sufficient, however, for occasionally we receive letters from women who are unable to get Burson in their own town and have actually written to friends to buy for them in neighboring towns or cities.

You will be amazed at your own added grace and symmetry when you put on your first pair of Burson and take a long, admiring survey of yourself in the mirror.

And as for comfort, there is no comparison!

There were no seams in stockings in the days when your grandmother knit by hand, yet the stockings were "fashioned" —large at the top, smaller at the calf and still smaller at the ankle—legs, foot, heel and toe all *knit to fit without a seam*

The First Burson Knitting Machine



D ow that the first son k e was built wi idea randmoth o her own shioned ape with- out a seam o it ly and more rap w le by hand? It was t act ver. to make this mac len at a cost low enough h d use.

Burson therefore assumed responsibility of doing grandmother's knitting for her, in the accepted natural and correct way—stockings shaped to the true contour of rounded calf, slim ankle and snug-fitting foot

In the great Burson Knitting Mills at Rockford, Illinois, it is necessary for over 2,300 of these machines to operate day and night to supply the daily needs of Burson wearers

Any day or any night you may see these famous machines at work. For more than twenty years this great mill has operated night and day. And today there are over four hundred *more* employes than in 1919 which would be considered by most businesses the banner year of the century. Such is the standing of the Burson product with the hundreds of thousands of women who wear Burson Fashioned Hose.

Even the Machines Are Burson-Made

As you walk into the great Burson factory, one of the first things you encounter is a huge department, solely devoted to the designing and manufacturing of the actual machines that produce Burson Hosiery.

"What?" you say, "I thought this was a stocking factory. This is much more like a machinery plant."

Ah! you have hit it exactly. Only, nobody can use those machines but Burson. That is why you are protected when you ask for Burson stockings and know that you are getting Burson.

Those machines are made and used in the Burson mill exclusively, which is the

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BURSON KNITTING COMPANY
ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

BURSON FASHIONED HOSE

Grove Park Inn in the hills of North Carolina

Every Day *for* Seven Years

Nestled in the picturesque hills of North Carolina, near Asheville, is Grove Park Inn.

A decade ago, the spacious lobby of this famous resort hotel was richly carpeted with ten "Aubusson" rugs, each twenty by twenty-two feet.

Although these rugs have been trod by thousands of transient feet, their beauty is as much admired today as ever.

Mr. F. L. Seeley, President of Grove Park Inn, recently sent us, voluntarily, the following interesting letter:

"Until we discovered The Hoover, it was impossible to keep these valuable rugs clean, although we had an expensive installed air-cleaning plant.

"Since then the rugs have been Hoovered *every day for seven years.* I wish I could cut a piece out of one of them to show you their splendid condition.

"They are fully fifty per cent better off today because of The Hoover.

"The way The Hoover erects the nap has enabled these rugs to resist wear far better than they did when the nap was left mashed down.

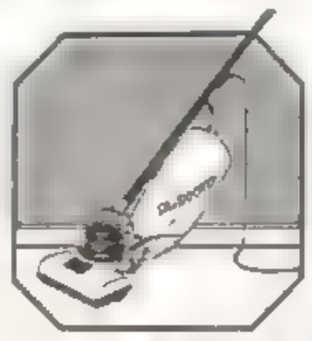
"Also, the regular and thorough removal of nap-cutting dirt by the electric beating, sweeping and suction cleaning of The Hoover has prevented a great deal of damage."

Mr. Seeley adds that he has heard, lately, "the ridiculous statement that vacuum cleaners are hard on rugs." He continues:

"I am so incensed over the injustice of such remarks, after our long experience with our eighteen Hoovers, that you are welcome to use our testimony to contradict such an absurdity."

Keep *your* rugs beautiful for years longer, have them *always* clean, make housework a pleasure, by using a Hoover.

'Phone any Hoover Branch Office or write us for names of Authorized Dealers who will gladly demonstrate The Hoover in your home—no obligation. On the divided payment plan, 17c to 23c a day soon pays for a Hoover. There is a Hoover for every task or purse.



More people clean their rugs with Hoovers than with any other kind of electric cleaner

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, O.
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ont.

The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

THE POOCH

(Continued from Page 19)

her own body until she tore the flesh, and blood reddened her muzzle.

Fenton shrieked in pain and terror. "Get her off me, someone! The brute's gone mad. Kill her, quick!"

Someone brought a blanket, and the next moment The Pooch was enveloped from behind and dragged away, snarling and snapping at the hands that restrained her.

"Now I'll get you!" His teeth bared in a cruel snarl, Fenton ran toward the struggling shape of The Pooch, striving to free herself from the suffocating folds of the blanket. "I'll break every bone in your body, and then I'll brain you, you ——"

"You'll do nothing of the kind," cut in an icy-quiet voice. "Drop that stick, Fenton, and get out of this. No dog would have attacked you in that fashion without some reason. You'll not touch that puppy. Now get out, and get quick!"

The master stooped to free The Pooch from the blanket, and was repaid by a slash of teeth at his hand. He drew back just in time. But the teeth had come close enough to startle all humane intentions out of existence for the moment.

"Ugh, you brute!" he grunted, then turned to Doctor Crowley, a highly interested spectator of the entire scene, with the sentence of execution: "Better kill her, doc. What shall it be, gun or gas?"

The veterinarian looked at The Pooch, sighed, and turned to the master.

"I'm a sentimental old fool, I imagine," he replied after a moment, "but I just can't do the job. Now if you want a good workmanlike job of killing done on your kennel manager; and cheap too —— But not that puppy." He turned back to The Pooch. "Let me take her away with me. I have been interested in this throw-back from a scientific standpoint ever since her birth. She has never had a chance around here. I would like to give her that chance. And I don't think that she will fail me. Blood lines will tell, be it with dogs or with humans. I have proved it time and again."

"Take the pup. I wish you joy of her. But how you are going to give blood a chance to tell with this subject is beyond me. How on earth will you tame her?"

"That I cannot say. Perhaps by love."

"Ha! You are an idealist!"

"Perhaps by —— Ouch!"

The idealist suddenly descended to the realm of practicality. The Pooch, unnoticed, had broken away from the blanket that surrounded her and had fastened her teeth in the calf of Doctor Crowley's leg.

"My recommendation would be against moral suasion," laughed the master as he assisted in recapturing the varmint.

The Pooch destroyed much of Doctor Crowley's idealism and faith in canine nature during the ride from her birthplace to her new abode. Friendly overtures had been sullenly rebuffed. Attempts to soothe and caress had been met with snarls and bared teeth. The experiment had not advanced to any appreciable extent, and the experimenter was beginning to have decided doubts.

The excited bark of Sir Toby, his self-important old wire-hair, welcomed Doctor Crowley to the manor. Quieting Toby's boisterous greeting, Crowley turned to release The Pooch from captivity.

Toby, ever the gentleman, trotted up, ears cocked, tail waving, to extend the courtesies due a guest. His softly modulated whine should have conveyed his meaning, even had his bearing been less hospitable.

But The Pooch was beyond the pale. Toby's advance upon her could mean but one thing—challenge to battle. She met the challenge more than halfway. Tearing herself free from Crowley's grip she flung herself on the startled Toby—muzzled though she was.

The shock of the impact bore that startled gentleman to the ground. Such an unwarranted affront demanded immediate reprisal, but a native caution advised discretion rather than valor in this particular instance, and Toby retired, leaving the field in the undisputed possession of The Pooch, growling hatred and defiance through the bars of her wire muzzle.

Crowley, convulsed at the ignominious rout of Toby, and at the same time out of patience with the ill-tempered little beast that would not respond to kindness, could but admire the stubborn courage of The Pooch.

"It's an admirable quality, this British tenacity of purpose you seem to have developed to such an extent," he remarked as he led her, still snarling, to solitary confinement in the yard, "but you've got to cut it out, little dog, and that's all there is to it. I hate to break that spirit of yours, but one of us is going to conquer. There now, snarl to your heart's content!"

And The Pooch was chained to her kennel.

III

DOCTOR CROWLEY was a wise man, a patient man and a lover of dogs. He set about the task of reclaiming The Pooch to a decent life with the enthusiasm of an idealist and the patience of Job.

He tried every method known to a wide experience to bring about the desired reformation. Affectionate interest failing, he tried starving.

He even took away her dish of water, but he was the first to weaken. The Pooch repaid him by attempting to tear off the doctor's hand as he set the reviving fluid within her reach.

The crowning offense was an absolutely unprovoked attack on Toby, as anxious as his master to bring the lost lamb back to the fold of righteousness. Toby ventured too close one day. The Pooch sprang at him, fastened on his throat, and had Crowley delayed but a moment in running to the rescue, poor old Toby would have made his last overture.

That settled it. Crowley Rancho was no place for The Pooch. She belonged in a zoo, behind strong steel bars. Or else ——

There was one last hope.

That night Crowley sat him down to communicate with one Jim Miller, a predatory animal hunter in a game-infested district in Northern Idaho, who knew wild things better than they knew themselves. He wrote as follows:

Dear Jim: You may think in your bull-headed way that you know something about wild animals. I am about to demonstrate to you that you don't. On the receipt of this letter prepare yourself to welcome the toughest little varmint you ever saw or heard of. I have tried for a solid month to tame her. She repaid me by trying to kill old Toby. She's a sweet little thing. She'll eat off your hand in one bite. If you can't tame her turn her over to a grizzly. I'm not so sure that even he could do the work.

Her breeding is all that could be desired. By Ch. Tristram of Kildare out of Ch. Wykeham Victoria. When you see her you'll say I'm crazy, a liar or both. I'm neither. She is down in the stud book as Wykeham's Disgrace. And she's all of that in appearance, as well as manners.

I have always maintained that blood will tell, as well you know. Here is the exception to the rule. She is what she is, not because of courage, but because of fear. She fights like a cornered rat, and with the rat's same mean spirit. I wonder if you can convert the cowardly rat into a game terrier. Bet you a hat that you can't.

Let me know the result.

Yours,

Doc.

Several days later Jim Miller—sheriff, court of law and executioner over wild misdemeanants that roved over several hundred square miles—stood on the platform of the general store and post office of a little mountain town reading a letter from his old friend Doctor Crowley, and chuckling as he read.

"The old son of a gun! Still harping on the same old strain. And now wants me, who never did agree with him, to save his face! Humph!" The last an unreproducible snort of good-natured contempt and derision. "Well, guess I'd better mosey over to the station to see if this seven-day wonder has arrived yet."

It had arrived. As Miller entered the railroad shed he became aware of the fact. Old Bill, the station agent, was calling down the maledictions of the ages on the wonder with fluency and point.

"Oh, here you are, huh," growled old Bill. "You take the little brute t'ell outa here quick before I get in Dutch with the comp'ny by killin' a shipment. Consarned little varmint dern near took my hand off when I went to give it a drink. I'd jest as soon pet a rattlesnake."

"Lay off lettin' my dogs bite you," replied the grave-faced Miller. "Think I want 'em to come down with the rabies or the bubonic plague or somethin'?"

"Is that so?" frothed Bill, nettling under the raillery. "Is that so? G'wan, get outa here, you an' yer darned purp!"

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Highly amused by old Bill's righteous anger, Miller complied. He hoisted the crate into his buckboard, and then stood off to inspect its contents. He peered between the slats. He took a second look. Then he stepped back and loosed a long shrill whistle of surprise.

"Wow!" he exclaimed. "Doc is right. He's both crazy and a liar. Looks like no kind of dog in the world to me, and he says she's by Tristram out of Victoria. And what a sweet child it is," as The Pooch made a lunge at her critic from behind the bars. "Well, come on, kid. The tall timbers for yours. If my gang don't give you all the fighting you want perhaps we'll be able to dig up a couple o' grizzlies or panthers or something to give you a workout. Let's be friends. No? All right. But we will, kid, don't forget that. I kinda like your looks, even though you are the homeliest pooch that ever drew breath. And I'm for you because you took a piece out of old Doc Crowley. He thinks he knows everything there is to know about dogs. And he don't, does he, kid? Not by a damsite! Wants to bet me a hat, huh? Guess I'll go pick it out."

There was something about this newly met human less obnoxious than the rest of his tribe, The Pooch thought. His voice was pleasant and reassuring, somehow. The Pooch in spite of herself was disarmed, momentarily at least. One could never be certain about these men, but here was one who appeared to be halfway decent. He had a most decent smell, for instance. Still, one never could tell, and it was always best to be on guard.

Miller's running comment on men and things, addressed sometimes to herself, sometimes to the team of pinto ponies that drew the light buckboard, had a slightly soothing effect on The Pooch's bad temper, which had not been improved in the least by several days spent in the baggage cars. It still was far from a normal dog that was dumped out of the crate after several hours of bumping over rough roads, at a cabin set in a clearing in the heart of wooded hills.

"We're home, Pooch. Wasn't that what the doc said you were called? Here's where you're going to live after this. C'mon in and meet the folks."

Miller jerked her out of her crate by the scruff of her neck, skillfully avoiding the lightning-quick thrust of her teeth as he did so. "Oh, May," he called. "Come see what I got!"

Had The Pooch but awaited developments she might have been saved great mental and physical anguish. But she had yet to learn the lesson of patience. There came an interruption in the shape of one shaggy-coated gentleman of her own race and breed, who answered to the name of Mike, and being one of the family perforce had to come out to investigate. He saw another dog, and his pace quickened. Probably the interloper would have to be shown his place. The Pooch bristled and snarled. Seeing that he was in the presence of a lady, Mike, dog of breeding, hesitated. The Pooch did not—and that's where she made her big mistake. She leaped into action, silent and intent on the duty at hand.

Mike was a bit surprised. So was his master. Mike looked at his master for advice. What was one to do under these distressing circumstances?

"You little fire-eater, you!" shouted Miller, trying to save The Pooch from her fate. "Wanta get killed? Oh, you wanta be the leader of the pack, do you? Well, you've got to lick this guy first. If you lick him you're it. Now go to it."

Mike seemed to take this as official instruction. He squelched what instincts of chivalry to the so-called weaker sex he might have felt, and became the simple administrator of justice, the leader of the pack putting down threatened insubordination. And he put it down in a most workmanlike manner.

The Pooch was beaten; thoroughly and completely beaten. Not since her fight with the short-tempered cat—the one she had lost—had she sustained such damages. Of late she had been cherishing the idea that she was something to be feared, and that knowledge had bred a certain cocky conceit that had entirely supplanted the cringing fear of her persecuted puppy days. Now that terrible cringing fear had laid hold of her once again. She must run. Where, it mattered not. Only to run until exhausted, then to run still farther and hide.

A white streak was seen kiting toward the woods; simply a white streak. Miller ran after her.

"Here, come back here!" he shouted. "You damned pup, you'll get lost in there. Here, Pooch! Here, Pooch! Mike, go get her."

The obedient Mike set off in pursuit. Mike was a capable runner; very capable. But The Pooch, catching sight of her pursuer, redoubled her effort, and not even a whippet, the fleetest canine runner, could have kept pace with her. She disappeared in a distant thicket.

Morning came, but no Pooch. Another day, and still the wanderer was missing. "Doc sure sent me a swell pup," Miller remarked on the third day. "She's so wild that she takes to the woods the first day she gets here." None the less he was concerned over the safety of the little dog, and he and Mike and several assistants combed the neighboring woods for a sign of her, but without success till one morning he and Mike went out to attend to their traps along the creek bottom. The word "their" is used advisedly; Mike claimed a full share in the credit for the catch. Little Jimmy begged so hard to be allowed to go wif daddy that finally Mrs. Jim relented, and the little fellow trotted along the trail, now ahead of, now lingering behind big Jim, causing much anxiety to the faithful Mike, it being his duty to ride herd on little Jimmy—a dog-size job, Mike opined.

It was little Jimmy who made the discovery. Toddling ahead of the rest of the party, the baby stumbled onto a trap, sprung. But it was not mink or weasel that the steel trap held imprisoned. It was a tired, bruised, torn little dog, more dead than alive, but still tenaciously clinging to life. The trap had clamped on her hind leg, just above the hock. She had dug up the trap and dragged it to the water. Bright scars on the chain told of her helpless efforts to gnaw her way to freedom. A bit of the wolf strain in her ancestry might have prompted her to gnaw off her own foot. But her British stubbornness, noted and admired despite himself by Doctor Crowley, had made her keep at the hopeless attempt to bite through steel links, and she had kept at it until exhausted.

The baby boy flung himself on the trapped Pooch, put his chubby arms about her neck and burst into tears. "My doggy, daddy, my doggy. Don't let hurt my doggy, daddy. Please fits Jimmy's doggy," the youngster sobbed.

The Pooch stirred, opened one eye—the one with the permanent rakish wink—and made one last effort to tear herself away. But the baby arms twined the tighter about her neck, and baby tears dropped on her muzzle.

The Pooch quieted her struggles as suddenly as if she had been struck. She had been struck, as a matter of fact, and the blow was sweet. For the first time in her life she had come into the rightful heritage of every dog—love of man. The tenderness of baby Jimmy woke a responsive chord in her hard little heart, and of a sudden she herself was overwhelmed by a great wave of tenderness. She whined softly, and cuddled her torn little body farther into the baby's arms. Then her tongue darted out and licked the salty tears. She had found her man, and she was all the more determined to free herself from these tearing teeth, that she might rise and follow that deity to the ends of the earth.

Big Jim choked down a lump in his throat. "You poor little devil," he said. "Take an awful lickin' from Mike here, and then go and get caught in a trap. I'll pull you through, though, if there is any life left to save. 'Course we'll fits the doggy, Jimmy boy. Let daddy fits her now."

Mike, sensing the melancholious atmosphere, lifted his shaggy nose in the air and howled dolefully. Then he set himself to licking the wounds that he himself had administered in line of duty.

Big Jim carried The Pooch home. He took off his coat and wrapped it around her, and never was wounded man borne more tenderly. Mike capered at his master's feet, as nervous as a mother dog whose puppy is in alien hands. There was a lot of the feminine in Mike's nature; except when a fight was on.

They laid The Pooch on a pile of soft sacks behind the kitchen stove and turned her over to the tender administrations of ma. For the first time in her life she was experiencing loving care; and oh, but it was sweet! Baby Jimmy demanded a share in the nursing, so he was given a bowl of warm milk and told to feed it to the doggy a little at a time. In his love for his new pet Jimmy was unkindly kind. He gave her the whole bowl at once, and the half starved animal nearly choked, so greedily did she lap it up. Then Mrs. Jim washed and bound the torn leg, rubbing in some sort of stuff that The Pooch discovered was most agreeable to the smell and most abominable to the palate.

The convalescence of The Pooch brought days to be remembered. First of all, Mike presented himself, tail wagging, and gave a straightforward explanation of his conduct at the time of their first meeting, culminating in an abject apology for the severity he was forced to use and respectful admiration for the skill and technic displayed by his antagonist. All of which The Pooch accepted in as straightforward a manner, and the friendship of Mike and The Pooch was sealed.

Soon there came walks through the woods with the boss, sometimes with Mike to bear company, and sometimes alone. The Pooch liked these jaunts, particularly those in which she alone accompanied the boss. On those occasions he was wont to go to such interesting places and show her such interesting sights.

For instance, one day the boss led her to a tree that was torn about the trunk, and bade her sniff at hairs clinging to the bark. Her nose drew in the scent, and at once her back hair bristled. It was the hated scent, the scent of her first enemy and first kill, but stronger and different somehow. She growled her hatred of the smell.

"All right, Poochie; don't forget that smell," Jim had said. "That's bobcat. Some day soon we'll run onto one and let you at him. What do you say?"

The Pooch needed no words to express her eagerness. Eyes and stubby tail spoke volumes. Yes, those walks with the boss were most pleasurable and very instructive. But most fun of all were the romps with little Jimmy. Mrs. Jim turned the baby over to The Pooch's care for an hour every morning. They were allowed to go to the edge of the clearing unchaperoned, but beyond the boundary of the pasture was forbidden territory. Both The Pooch and baby Jim knew this full well. Baby Jim had a habit of purposely forgetting such instructions. But not so The Pooch. When the youngster came to the pasture fence and began to attempt to crawl between the rails a very determined little nursemaid fastened her teeth in the slack of his overalls and argued the question with him. No commands or baby slaps and kicks could make her let go. Baby Jimmy had to give in every time. Then they would play hide and seek around the haystacks, or The Pooch would dig wildly after elusive gophers, until the boss' whistle indicated that they were wanted at the house, and the nursemaid would herd her charge back to quarters.

IV

THERE came the day when her cure was pronounced complete, and thereafter the boss, Mike and The Pooch went on more extended expeditions. It was on one of these trips that The Pooch gave Miller his first intimation of the stuff that was in her. Scampering ahead on a tour of investigation with Mike, The Pooch halted so suddenly that she slid on her haunches. Her keen sense of smell had been assaulted with a new odor—an odor, powerful, pungent, nauseating; an odor that made her want to run and hide. But some newborn power within her held her to the spot, then drove her forward to investigate. It was something like the blind hatred that made her jump at Fenton's throat in those almost forgotten days in the kennels. It was something like the stubborn, sullen, cowardly meanness that made her feared and despised around Doctor Crowley's place.

Yet it was different somehow. There was a compelling urge about this power, something that made her go ahead when she really did not want to, something that was fully repaid with a pat on the head and a kind word from the boss. It was the instinct of her ancestors asserting itself, had she but known it, the instinct bred into the fox terrier for centuries past to take to the burrow after his quarry at the command of his master; the primal urge of the game, working terrier, as opposed to the cowardly doubt and fear of the mongrel, a spirit that had all but dominated The Pooch in her days of terror at Wykeham. Doctor Crowley, could he have followed the workings of her doggy mind, would have enjoyed this scene; and Miller, sensing the mental process of instinct battling with the fear ingrained by the wrong environment, was thoroughly appreciative.

To return to this fetid odor. Mike had got it, too, and was not at all pleased. He had met it before and knew what it meant. He went back to the boss, looked up at him and said, as plainly as words could have phrased it, "Of course, if you want me to go in there after them, I will in a minute. But we don't want to hunt those things today, do we? Let's go find a bobcat!"

The boss was perfectly familiar with the odor too. But he wanted to find out something. "Sic 'em, Poochie! Dig 'em out, girl! Go in and get 'em!" he urged.

A grin that hinted at amusing eventualities accompanied the order.

The Pooch needed no further bidding. She dived head first into the mouth of a hole at the roots of a tree and started digging. The den narrowed and turned. She was hemmed in on all sides. Her nostrils were assaulted by that most terrible stench. Her lungs were bursting, her eyes smarting and almost blinded. Yet that compelling something made her keep on. Ahead she saw a furry shape. Her jaws closed on it and her suffering immediately became the more acute. Gasping and choking for breath, she backed out of the den, bearing her victim with her. In the fresh air above she dispatched him.

While she was finishing the job Mike was doing his bit. He took a long breath, closed his eyes and charged through the gas attack, bringing back a prisoner.

The Pooch, somewhat recovered by this time, took a second turn. Then Mike went at his hated task. In all they brought out seven skunks, and The Pooch got four of them. Then she became suddenly and violently ill.

"Good girl," said the boss, laughing, "but keep away from me, for the love of Pete! You're a fine little dog, but please run away and drown yourself."

Worst of all, when she got home The Pooch was decidedly *persona non grata* with Mrs. Jim and little Jim. This last hurt most of all. She could not understand why she was not taken into the family circle and praised and petted for her brave deed. Mike, similarly exiled from the humans and his kind, tried to explain to her, but failed. Her feelings were hurt, and she sulked for three days. By that time she was permissible within thirty or forty yards, and shortly after that she was again welcomed home, and allowed to play once more with little Jimmy.

During her exile Miller had written a brief but highly comprehensive report of The Pooch's progress to Doctor Crowley. It consisted of three lines:

> Thanks for the dog. She has had one good workout. Now I'm waiting for the final test.
> P. S.—I wear a 7¼ hat.

And almost immediately there came the opportunity for this final testing. Word came to Miller one day of a huge grizzly bear that was taking toll from the herds that cattlemen had loosed in the hills for the summer pasturage. Cow punchers had seen him and had pursued him in desultory fashion, but he was a cunning old fellow and eluded such hunters with seeming ease. So Miller was called upon to rid the community of this undesirable citizen.

The Pooch sensed that something of great moment was in the offing. She sniffed around Miller's heels as he got together his camp outfit and roped it on a pack horse. Her excitement knew no bounds when the boss released his terrier pack. She had had but little to do with these outsiders, and fain would have engaged in combat with certain ones that passed rude remarks concerning her personal appearance and its suggestive origin. But a sharp word from the boss quelled all such desires for the moment.

A farewell hug from little Jimmy, a hurried caress of her tongue, and The Pooch joined the yapping cavalcade, bound where she knew not—and cared less.

Now Miller was a fervent admirer of the courage, the intelligence, the tireless perseverance and the lightninglike dash of the wire-haired terrier, but he was an experienced hunter and he knew the limitations of these little gamesters as well as their strong points. Nature had endowed them with all the virtues of the hunting dog, save the nose for the trail. They would attack anything they saw, but on a cold track they were useless. Therefore, in the famous Miller pack there were two keen-scented hounds, tolerated by the terriers for their ability as trackers, but regarded as

(Continued on Page 79)

What proper shampooing will do for your hair

THE appearance and healthy condition of your hair depend very largely upon the care you give it.

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Simply wet the hair and scalp with good warm water; then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, and rub it in.

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KNIGHT

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5. Its automatic window regulators lower front door windows flush with door frames.

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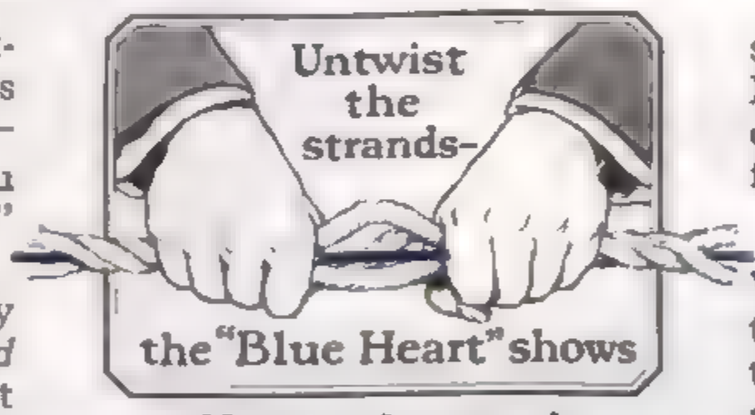

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H&A "Blue Heart" Manila Rope

(Continued from Page 74)

strictly out of it when their clannish little crew swung into the chase.

On the second day out a hound suddenly bayed "Cold track." The terriers heard and understood his message as well as did Miller. The second trailer soon chimed in, and presently the wise pair were following up the bear's track, six whining, quivering terriers in their wake, greatly hindering the painstaking efforts of the hounds, did they but know it, in their impatience to come at grips with the killer.

All that long day the hounds scented the path for Miller and his fighters. The trail led over ridge and down draws, through patches of timber and over rocky divides. Now the bay of the hounds would indicate a warmer scent, and the sharp yapping of the terriers would add to the excitement. But still no bear. The wary old animal was keeping well in advance and out of sight.

And first in the van at every turn was The Pooch. Something wonderfully exciting was about to happen, she sensed, and you could bet your bottom dollar she was going to be in on it, whatever it was. Cocky, self-sufficient, she even tried to give directions to the experienced Mike, and the leader of the pack—on business bent and friendship forgotten for the time—was forced to halt proceedings ever and anon to tell this fresh interloper just where to get off. But it didn't faze The Pooch. Next moment she was more cocky than ever.

At last to Miller's strained ears came the sound he had awaited so long, the howling bark of old Pete that told of a hot scent. The message was repeated again and again. The bear was close at hand.

Nose to the trail, the hounds did not see what met the quick eyes of The Pooch, far in advance of the terrier pack. Fifty yards ahead she discovered a huge silver-gray form, turning, turning with bruin's peculiar inquisitiveness to ascertain the cause of all the tumult to the rear. She made for the bear at full gallop. Mike's shrill bark brought the rest of the pack to his heels as he bounded up the slope after her.

In about four Greenwich-chronometer seconds the big grizzly was surrounded by a snarling, snapping circle of tormentors. Whichever way he turned he was attacked from the rear by a little puffball of white that nipped him and darted to safety as he clumsily swung to fend off the attack. Bruin was sorely puzzled, and much angered. He would rid himself once and for all of these little pests. He tried to slap at one with his huge paw. It was like trying to brush away flies. His blows knocked them head over heels ten yards down the hillside, but back they came, unhurt. He tried to gather an armful and hug the little beasts to death. When he reached out to embrace them they were not there. Then he decided to charge.

Miller scrambled up the mountain just in time to see the working out of this idea.

Lunging with his death-dealing forepaw at the attacking terriers, his huge jaws snapping at them as they harried him, the bear was gradually working away from the spot where he had been brought to bay by the pack, and was on the verge of making a clean get-away. And once in the open no terrier or hound afoot could head him.

Then it was that The Pooch invested herself with the thirty-third degree of the Order of Gamesters. Consider the relative sizes of bear and dog: The Pooch weighed twenty pounds, ringside, the bear scaled one thousand; the bear's foreleg was thicker than the dog's body; those ponderous jaws were capable of assimilating the dog in one gulp—and yet ——

With a sudden lunge the bear broke through the circle. Fancy, a fickle wench under stress, had weakened. Mike, engrossed in a rear-guard action, was powerless to head off the retreat. But he had an able assistant. As though shot from a bow The Pooch launched herself straight for the jaws of death. Attacking from the side, she flung out of the reach of those snapping tusks and her teeth fastened on the bear's tender and vulnerable snout.

With a roar of agonized anger the grizzly reared and struck at the dog with his paw, exactly as a greatly annoyed old gentleman would brush a pestiferous fly off his nose. The blow struck The Pooch fair and she was torn loose, rolling end over end to strike against a bowlder and lie still.

A shot rang out and the grizzly toppled over, mortally wounded. A second shot ended his murderous career. The Del Paso country was rid of a killer, and the killer had been brought to justice, at terrible cost to herself, by The Pooch.

There were real tears in Jim Miller's eyes as he ran over to tend to the dog. "You game little devil!" he gasped as he bent over her seemingly lifeless form. "I'd sooner that bear got away than lose you. You sure died ——"

The Pooch opened one eye—the rakish one and feebly wagged her stump of a tail. Her jaws parted in a doggy grin. Her teeth released a black, leathery something. It was a chunk of the grizzly's nose. Bruin had rid himself of his tormentor, but his action was rather in the nature of biting off his own nose to spite his face!

Miller's tears soon turned to boisterous laughter. The epic tragedy had become a farce comedy, but a comedy with a touch of the sublime. A hasty examination of The Pooch disclosed abrasions, lacerations and contusions, as they say in police reports. She was just too dern tough to kill, as her boss phrased it, and she was able to sit up at the camp fire that evening and partake of considerable nourishment, which consisted in the main of fresh bear meat.

And the first time that Jim Miller got back to semicivilization he dispatched a wire that was brief and to the point:

DR. J. B. CROWLEY,
San Francisco.
I have instructed my bankers to draw upon you for one fifteen-dollar hat, size 7⅛. Blood will tell.

RETROGRESSIVES AND OTHERS

(Continued from Page 10)

he is through with the fight the taxpayers will be getting a dollar's worth of service for their dollar in taxes at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

Mr. Flack squeezed a copious amount of lemon on his oysters, dabbed a pat of horse-radish on each one, transferred the largest one to his mouth with a look of stoical resignation, and washed it down with a copious draft of Black Cow. After a slight shudder, probably due to the confluence of the lemon on the oyster and the cream in the Black Cow, he continued dispassionately: "At the same time that the good people of the country are enlightened as to the possibility of lowering taxes, they also need a large amount of enlightening concerning a lot of the so-called statesmen who have stolen for themselves the title of Progressive. The progressivism of these gentlemen consists of attempting—and I may say that they show signs of being successful in their attempts—of attempting to force this country away from a republican form of government and toward the rule of the mob, which means the loss of personal security and the disappearance of the rights of property. Their progressivism brings forth such ideas as trying to do away with the Supreme Court, and of extending privileges to certain classes of society at the expense of other classes of society.

"It therefore must be apparent to any person with any knowledge at all of our forms of government that these gentlemen are not Progressives. They are Retrogressives. They stand for abandoning the only form of government that has been a conspicuous success, and going back gradually but surely to one of the forms of government that were the only forms ever tried out until the United States of America after a dozen years of notable and disastrous floundering, started in 1788 to function smoothly and prettily under the practically perfect rules laid down in that year in the Constitution of the United States—back, in other words, to a democracy, which has always been a failure; or to an aristocracy, which has always been a failure; or to an autocracy, which has fizzled as energetically as any of them; or to a bureaucracy, which has invariably blown up with a deafening bang.

"These gentlemen who call themselves Progressives, but aren't, may be sincere. Possibly they have merely been led astray by their fads and by their closeness to the particular class of people who need their help.

"But it's about time to stop letting these gentlemen with the whirling brains get away with their self-applied label of Progressives. They're Retrogressives, and they belong to the Retrogressive Party; and if they are successful in their retrogression they'll get us so far away from our republican form of government that the United States will land where Mexico has landed and where Russia has landed and where every other country in the history of the world has landed at one time or another; and that landing place, as you know, has been the soup. The carefree citizens who have fifty or sixty thousand dollars soaked away in nice railroad and public-utility bonds that are yielding 5½ or 6 per cent feel pretty smug and contented when they skim through the financial page of the evening paper and note that you can get six thousand German marks for a dollar and between thirty-five and fifty million Russian rubles for a dollar; but these gentlemen only need get behind the Retrogressive Party and push it along for a few years in order to be paying eighteen or twenty dollars for a cotton crêpe necktie, and a couple of thousand dollars for an almost-wool suit with a pair of extra trousers. When that time comes, if they sell all their bonds, they may be able to buy the baby a quart of milk every day for several months.

"Of course the good people in this country think that such things can't happen here; but they happened in Austria and Germany and Russia and Hungary and Rumania and Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia and a few other countries, when our wisest bankers thought they couldn't happen and backed their judgment by buying marks and crowns and rubles and what not when marks were selling at forty or fifty for the dollar instead of four or five thousand, and all the others in proportion.

"When the faddists and the nuts and the fluff-heads among the Retrogressives get so strong that they can make Congress pass their wild bills, authorizing the paying out of money to people who aren't willing to work for money, or the giving of luxuries to persons who are too lazy to scratch for their own luxuries, or the printing of a few billion dollars' worth of paper money, then such things will happen here, and don't fool yourself into thinking that they won't."

Mr. Flack's nose trembled appreciatively over the plate of Terrapin Naturel which the waiter set before him, and he nodded graciously to the Secretary of Commerce, who was seated at a near-by table, but who stared glassily at Mr. Flack without acknowledging his salutation. Fortunately, Mr. Flack hadn't waited to see whether his greeting was returned.

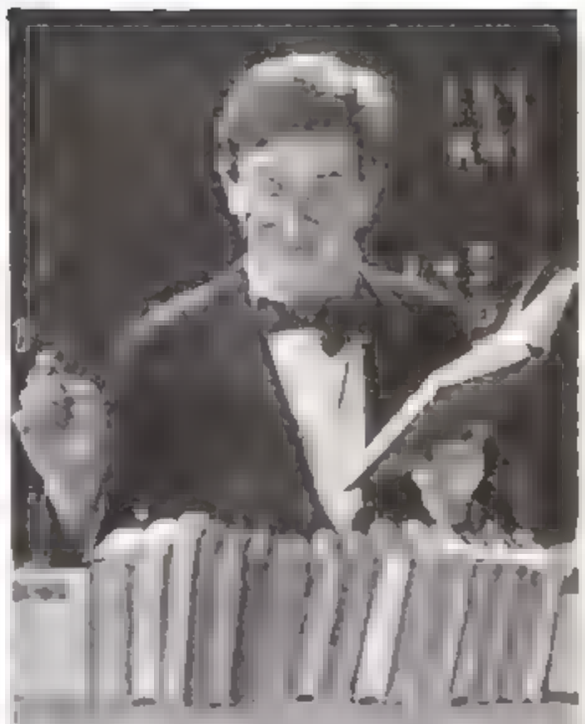
"Yes, sir," said Mr. Flack calmly, "La Follette is a Retrogressive, and Smith Brookhart is a Retrogressive, and so are all the rest of the noble statesmen who throw in with those gentlemen; and how they have the nerve to class themselves as Progressives is beyond me.

"They're about as progressive as a progressive euchre party.

"Yes," mused Mr Flack after rolling some terrapin around on his tongue in a meditative manner, "there's as little in a name nowadays as there was when Shakspere was writing stuff that was no doubt bitterly condemned by the peanut novelists of the day, just as present-day novelists who write sane and wholesome books are ferociously sneered at by twenty-seven-year-old literary lights who seem to think that great art and realism depend almost entirely on smut, and that a book is worth neither writing nor reading unless it contains at least three prominent characters who never think about anything decent.

Mr. Flack shook his head despondently, swallowed the remainder of his Black Cow hurriedly, and delicately removed the traces of it from his gray mustache with a caressing touch of his napkin.

"Let us consider for a moment the situation on the Mexican border. A great to-do has been made, and rightly so, against opening the doors of this country to low-grade aliens. The door at Ellis Island, which is the big front door of the country, has been carefully repaired and chained, so that only a few strangers can get in at one time. But the back door of the country, which is the Mexican border, is in a distressing state of disrepair, and is a constant temptation to anyone who wants to walk in and steal the spoons. The Mexican border is two thousand miles in length as the crow flies; but when the meanderings of



LLOYD HAMILTON

has grown in public favor by leaps and bounds through his appealing and sympathetic portrayal of screen humor until he is established, by verdict of critics and picture-goers, as one of America's four leading screen comedians.

HAMILTON COMEDIES

the two-part humorous features in which he is starred, almost invariably take first honors on the program. That's why leading theatres all over the country are showing these pictures:

"The Speeder"
"The Educator"
"No Luck"

Hamilton Comedies are part of the Educational Pictures program of Short Subjects. Progressive theatre owners select pictures from this quality group to make up a well-rounded program for your enjoyment. There is a theatre in your neighborhood that shows them.

Hamilton Comedies—like all Educational Pictures—carry this trade-mark on the motion picture and on lobby displays in theatre entrances.

When You See This, Go In—
It's the Sign of a Whole Evening's Entertainment

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President
EXECUTIVE OFFICES NEW YORK

Suppose you ask a Friend or Two

YOU'LL find almost as many reasons for preferring Allen A Spring Needle Knit Underwear as you know men who wear it.

One will tell you it's the comfort of the elastic, *spring needle* fabric — the only way a garment can be knit for perfect fit and freedom — *the stretch that comes back.* (*Every* suit of Allen A Knit Underwear is *spring needle* knit.) Another, that he gets exactly the material he likes. And a third, because it *wears* so well.

But they *all agree* that it's far and away the biggest *value* they ever got for their money — *style that wears.*

When you look at Allen A Spring Needle Underwear at your dealer's, notice that *every* seam is a *flat lock* seam. One of the many Allen A niceties contributing to your comfort.

The Allen A Company
Kenosha, Wisconsin

Makers of Allen A Hosiery for All the Family

the Rio Grande are taken into consideration, its length is nearer three thousand miles. Along that three thousand miles of border there are only fourteen or fifteen immigration-control stations—or a station for every two hundred miles—and the entire three thousand miles is guarded by fifty-five mounted guards. They are called mounted guards; but instead of being mounted on the calico pony of border fiction, they are mounted on the more durable and less romantic tin lizzie of commerce. They travel in pairs, for protection, so that the fifty-five are really equal to only about twenty-eight. The result of this small number of men and control stations is that the large areas between the controls, if not wholly unguarded, are certainly most inadequately guarded. In other words, while the country is barring out undesirable immigrants at Ellis Island, it is only going through the motions on the Mexican border. In order to make the motions effective a genuine cordon barricade must be established.

"Mexico is a great dumping ground for the offscourings of the world, since her immigration laws are either imperfectly administered or completely ignored. Even before the passage of our Three Per Cent Law the smuggling of Chinese, Japanese and Hindus across the Mexican border into the United States was a highly lucrative traffic. These people, of course, had racial characteristics which caused them to stand out from those with whom they came in contact. They were easily distinguishable, and the traffic in them was controlled fairly easily. But with the passage of the Three Per Cent Law, Mexican visas were sold in Europe for nominal sums, special facilities were provided for undesirables who were willing to go to the United States by way of Mexico, and Mexico rapidly began to fill up with low-grade Europeans who couldn't be detected as easily as could the Orientals.

"In addition to the rewards offered to smugglers for getting these aliens across the border there were the infinitely larger profits to be gained from smuggling liquor and narcotics into the United States. Consequently the problem of the immigration officers on the border has become as complicated as a snarled fishline; for the smugglers have combined all these contraband goods—Orientals, Europeans, narcotics and liquor—and are leaving no stone unturned in their efforts to cross the border undetected. Murder upsets their conscience about as much as would a brisk game of croquet; while arson and assault and battery are as essential parts of their daily lives as are toothpicks and eating with their knives. The smuggler of today shoots the moment that he's challenged by Federal officers. He shoots first, and he shoots to kill. Nine-tenths of these whisky, drug and immigrant runners, by the way, are aliens themselves."

Misplaced Economy

"The cost of this illicit traffic, which absolutely cannot be stopped on the small amount of money the Government allots to it, is enormous. The cost of prosecuting immigrants once they have succeeded in crossing the border, the cost of deporting those who are caught, the cost of the damage done by the smuggled drugs and liquor, the loss in revenues—the whole business, in a roundabout way, runs into vast sums of money which the Government would either take in or not pay out if the traffic could be suppressed. For one million dollars, and with a border guard of five hundred men instead of the beggarly fifty-five that are now employed, the United States could cork up the Mexican border and stop the overwhelming and disheartening influx of Oriental and European aliens, drugs and liquor.

"Why an apparently sane and enlightened Government will refuse to spend the money to stop such a rotten traffic is a matter that seems to me as mysterious and unexplainable as the well-known problem that has to do with the reason that leads a hen to cross the road."

Mr. Flack lifted a finger at a near-by waiter and made a mysterious pass with it in the general direction of the table. The waiter, who apparently understood his peculiarities, picked up his empty Black Cow glass and made off with it.

"This is a great and glorious country," Mr. Flack resumed after the waiter had returned and his throat had been soothed by an internal application of Black Cow, "but it is not so great that we fail to get word of things that happen in its most distant corners. The truth of that fact must have impinged with considerable violence of late on the brain of Holm O. Bursum, the distinguished junior senator from New Mexico.

"Of late Senator Bursum has been the recipient of wild yells of rage from various organizations throughout the country because of a Bursum Bill authorizing the taking of land from the Pueblo Indians by white squatters. This bill was supported by Secretary of the Interior Albert Bacon Fall, of New Mexico; but it was sponsored by Senator Bursum, so all the howls, cusswords and objurgations are directed at him. The Pueblo Indians have been howling wildly, in spite of Secretary Fall's declaration to the Senate Committee that the bill had the indorsement of the Pueblo Indians. The General Federation of Women's Clubs has been howling, and so has the New Mexico Association on Indian Affairs, and the Eastern Association on Indian Affairs, and various other organizations. The uproar was augmented by a few piercing screams from the colony of writers and artists in Santa Fé.

"As a result of all this Senator Holm O. Bursum suddenly found himself receiving large amounts of highly undesirable advertising. All is not over, however, for Senator Bursum, for he has another bill that bears his name; and this bill, in many other quarters, is also regarded as not so good. By the time the country at large gets through roaring at these two measures anything that bears the title of Bursum Bill will automatically have the witch's curse put on it."

The New Freckle Parks

"The second Bursum Bill of which I speak is officially known as the Mescalero Indian Reservation and All Year National Park Bill. It was introduced by Senator Bursum, of New Mexico, and it was personally indorsed by Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall, also of New Mexico.

"There are many features of these Bursum bills to which attention is being called, and one of them is the fact that they were referred to the wrong committees. As you know, our legislative system is such that the recommendations of a committee which has charge of a bill are usually followed by the body of the House or the Senate. The Bursum Bill dealing with the Pueblo Indian Lands belonged in the Indian Affairs Committee; but it was referred to the Public Lands Committee, which knows next to nothing about Pueblo Indians. The Bursum Bill dealing mainly with the All Year National Park properly belonged in the Public Lands Committee; but it was referred to the Indian Affairs Committee, which knows next to nothing about National Parks.

"This second Bursum Bill creates a so-called All Year National Park consisting of a dozen or more widely separated spots or freckles on the broad surface of New Mexico. There is a little clump or cluster of freckles set down in the middle of the desert, only a few miles apart, each one of which is about the size of a respectable camp site; and then there are three much larger freckles from thirty-eight to ninety miles away from the lesser freckles. The reason that these scattered freckles are to be dignified with the name of All Year National Park is probably because anybody who goes out to take a look at the park will have to devote nearly all the year in getting from freckle to freckle.

"This, however, is not the only thing that the Bursum Bill does. As you probably know, there is and has been for some time a constant struggle between those who want our national parks kept unspoiled and those who are perfectly willing to do anything to the national parks. The latter have been trying for years to get mining, grazing, hunting, lumbering, irrigation and water-power privileges into our national parks. Their opponents have insisted that the national parks be preserved for the people in their natural state; and since the sentiment of the country has been with them, as well as precedent and law, they have been successful in keeping the national parks unspoiled. But the Bursum Bill included in the freckles of the All Year National Park a large freckle known as Elephant Butte Reservoir, in which existed both water power and irrigation. And in that as well as in other sections of the All Year National Park there also existed hunting, mining, grazing, lumbering and the leasing of mining and grazing privileges.

Consequently if the All Year National Park were admitted to the national-park system a precedent would be established for granting all sorts of concessions and privileges in all the rest of our hitherto well-protected national parks.

"This bill was passed by the Senate, and the chairman of the committee that had charge of the bill received a letter from Secretary Fall in which a few approving words were said for the bill. The bill was favorably reported by the committee. Then on a hot July day when a small number of senators were sitting drowsily in the Senate Chamber, dreaming, doubtless, of the coming elections and cool streams and the bonus bill and clear mountain air and the tariff, Senator Holm O. Bursum got himself up on his feet and asked unanimous consent to take up a bill. The senators drowsily agreed, after the manner of senators on a hot July day, and the title of the bill was read.

"Then Senator Smoot, who is constantly fearful of a deep-dyed and well-laid plot to raid the treasury, asked a couple of questions designed to bring out the amount of money required, and one or two other senators did the same. Thereupon Senator Holm O. Bursum assured them that no money was needed.

"He did not, however, explain the freckled nature of the proposed park. Nobody, in fact, seemed very much interested. Consequently the Senate passed the bill."

Alaskan Affairs

"The bill still has to pass the House before it becomes a law, and there are some indications that when, as and if it appears before the representatives, some questions will be asked. If the state of New Mexico wants a lot of scattered freckles made into a plain park there is no reason why it shouldn't have its wish; but if it wants a national park it would do well to get one that includes its impressive relics of prehistoric peoples or its marvelous deserts, or its extraordinary cañons, or its magnificent Taos or Pecos Range, instead of a few scattered spots that include special privileges which if extended to our other great national parks would go far toward wrecking them.

"At the same time," declared Mr. Flack, seizing his mustache with his lower lip and blowing it loose again—"at the same time this policy of conservation can be overdone; and one place where it has been so violently overdone that all of the nourishment has been cooked out of it is our large and backward Territory of Alaska.

"In spite of Alaska's great size and enormous resources its total population is in the neighborhood of sixty thousand, or about that of Portland, Maine. It is a perfect example of a bureaucracy, being run by a set of bureaus located in Washington, D. C., five thousand miles distant.

"Some years ago the Guggenheims began to develop some mining property in Alaska; and in order to smelt the mined metal they got control or sought to get control of some near-by coal lands. It's a long time ago and I've forgotten the exact details.

"At any rate, a ferocious howl went up to the effect that Alaska was being despoiled of its natural resources; and from the tumult anyone would have thought that the Guggenheims were trying to get hold of all but seven tons of Alaska's total coal supply. President Wilson later spoke of this occurrence as an attempt to seize the coal lands of Alaska. As a matter of fact Alaska is a big country, and the amount of coal involved in the Guggenheims' development project was somewhere in the neighborhood of one-thirtieth of one per cent of Alaska's total. But people all over the United States began to scream that Alaska was being despoiled. Coal and timber areas were withdrawn from entry, millions of yards of red tape were wound around everything in sight, and departmental regulations were issued which effectively discouraged enterprise and the investment of capital in Alaska. Most of this seemed to be the result of arguments that Alaska's rich resources should be preserved for posterity; but as Governor Scott Bone, of Alaska, has recently been pointing out, that argument, if it's good for anything, should always continue to be good, and the territory of Alaska should forever remain hermetically sealed. And keeping Alaska perpetually sealed would be a far greater piece of stupidity than that perpetrated by the Biblical gentleman who hid his light under a bushel.

"Under the strangling restrictions of red tape and bureaucracy the population of Alaska began to go steadily downhill. Few newcomers entered the territory to take a gambler's chance with their money or their lives, because the restrictions were such that they couldn't find any gamblers' chances—a gambler's chance, as I understand it, being the chance of getting an adequate return for the risk taken.

"Then our esteemed but occasionally paternalistic Government, having warned off capital while suffering under the delusion that all capital becomes foul, sinister, selfish and unworthy of consideration when engaged in large operations in new lands, undertook to remedy the damage it had done to Alaska by building a government railroad from the coast up into the interior.

"The railroad was authorized in 1914, and it has only recently been finished, at a cost of fifty-six million dollars.

"The railroad is now operating on schedule; but unfortunately it is in somewhat the same position as the gentleman who is all dressed up with no place to go. The railroad runs through a large and potentially very wealthy country; but since there are few people living in it, and no roads running down to the railroad from the interior on which freight can be moved, there is little for the railroad to haul. If the Government wishes the railroad to function in the manner and for the purpose that it is supposed to function it must build roads and lots of them, it must offer inducements to capital to come in and develop the country, and it must practically subsidize settlers to come in and take up land along the railroad and raise supplies for the capitalists' employes."

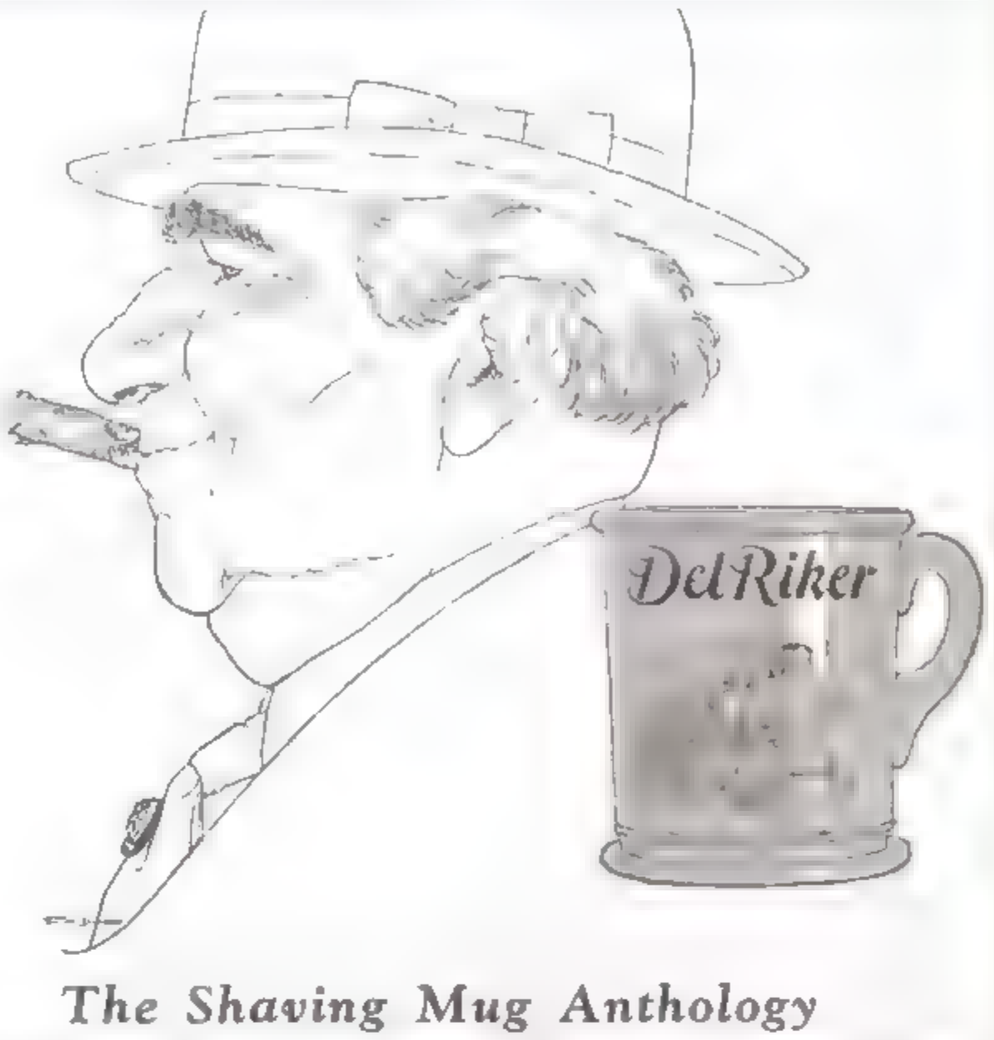
Waste and Conservation

"If such an unexpected and greatly needed change in the attitude of our Government toward Alaska should take place it would not only help to build up Alaska in the way that it should be built up but it would help the meditative person to understand how it is that the government of Soviet Russia, after burning its fingers in the fires of communism and bureaucracy and government ownership for five years has decided to permit the despicable and loathsome capitalists to resume their activities once more and begin to put the development of the country on a sane, businesslike and common-sense basis.

"The only place that communism, bureaucracy or government ownership can put anything is on the bum, if you will excuse my colloquial bluntness.

"As is to be expected from a bureaucratic system of government five thousand miles removed from the governed country, things are conserved in Alaska which shouldn't be conserved; and things that should be conserved aren't conserved at all. There is waste, for example, in the Alaskan fisheries. If the president of any large corporation should allow one of his subsidiary

(Continued on Page 85)



The Shaving Mug Anthology

Del Riker only used his shaving mug the one with the locomotive on it every other Saturday night, when he came home from off the road to spend Sunday with the missus, so Sliver Niles kept it handy and within easy reach on the lower shelf of the rack. Del always said that every man should forget about business once in a while and get acquainted with his family, so he loafed around the Commercial House all day Sunday swapping stories with Proprietor Luke Nading and the Sabbath-bound drummers.

Do You Shave in Pullmans or Hotels?

If any one man appreciates Barbasol more than another, it is he who lives most of the week in a traveling bag.

He carries the simplest yet the most efficient shaving kit in the world—a razor, a tube of Barbasol, and perhaps a strop.

He has no shaving brush to rinse out and pack when it is still damp, for Barbasol is spread on with the finger-tips.

He has no need for after-shaving lotions or talcum powder, for Barbasol leaves the face smooth and cool without them.

In crowded Pullman washrooms, he does not linger over the washbowl while others fret and wait their turn. He merely washes his hands and face there before moving aside to spread Barbasol on his wet face and to shave.

He shaves with fewer and more even strokes, in half the time, and with hot water or cold. He has no soap to work into a lather. He wastes no precious minutes over the tedious rub-in.

He just shaves, quickly and without razor "pull," and revels in the shaves he gets.

For Barbasol holds each hair erect for the razor's edge and softens the beard as well.

Barbasol is sold by druggists in 35 and 65 cent tubes, or a trial tube is yours for filling out the coupon.

Barbasol

no soap no brush no rub-in

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I want to give Barbasol a fair trial. Herewith find ten cents (stamps or coin). Send your one week's trial tube.

Name

Address

S E P

Threaded

Has reduced the national bill for repairing batteries

(Above) Section of Threaded Rubber Insulator (enlarged) to show the tiny threads (196,000 to the insulator) with which it is pierced. The hard rubber gives perfect durability and insulation, the threads permit uniform passage of the electric current—hence a sustained high voltage throughout the battery's life.

(At left) Full size view of a Willard Threaded Rubber Insulator.

Willard

Rubber—

Has reduced the national bill for re-charging batteries

Threaded Rubber Insulation was invented by Willard seven years ago. It is used between the plates of a Willard automobile starting and lighting battery to separate—and insulate—each positive plate from the negative plate next to it.

It represented a great advance over previously used insulation for two reasons:

1. Rubber is the best acid-resisting and insulating material

2. The 196,000 threads, piercing each insulator from front to back, make it *uniformly porous*—permitting uniform chemical action between the plates generating the current.

These two qualities result in greater force and amount of current, with less liability to repairs and recharging.

Seven years' use on hundreds of thousands of motor cars have proven it beyond question.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Made in Canada by the Willard Storage Battery Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Willard Wood Insulated Batteries

Sturdy, Reliable Values at Attractive Prices

The high quality and reasonable prices of Willard Wood Batteries appeal to many car owners with whom immediate economy is a serious question; but who realize that no one can afford a battery with less than this sturdy, dependable value built into it, and the name and reputation of Willard back of it.

Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries

The Batteries Used on 134 Makes of Cars

Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries are being purchased by constantly increasing thousands of car owners for replacement. They do this, not only for greater assurance against repairs, but for greater resistance to the heat of summer and the cold of winter, and greater vim and punch to start their engines

Ask your Willard dealer also about Willard "A" and "B" Radio Batteries. They reduce noises and increase efficiency.

Batteries

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

PAR-KERRY

THE FASHION PARK OVERCOAT SHOPS PRESENT A SPRING WEIGHT, FULL DRAPED ENGLISH BOX MODEL.

EXECUTED IN SPATTER SHOWER-PROOF WEAVES. THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS AND MORE. AT ACCREDITED FASHION PARK AGENTS.

CUSTOM FINISH WITHOUT
THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON
READY-TO-PUT-ON

FASHION PARK

Rochester, New York

(Continued from Page 81)

companies to get into such a mess as the United States has allowed Alaska to get into, the board of directors would be justified in beating him to a pulp with inkwells and table legs.

"Fortunately for our politicians, however, governments have never been run on a business basis."

Mr. Flack patted his mustache with his hand and yawned delicately. "Over in the Squirrel Cage," said he, indicating the State Department by a slight flick of his head, "they tell me that Rumania is telling Russia that Russia must return Bessarabia to Rumania because Russia stole Bessarabia about a thousand years ago, or something like that. It's rather involved, but you can probably grasp it without much trouble. That ought to be a lesson for these tender-hearted souls who want to keep admitting to the United States a lot of aliens who think nothing of going back to the year 1200 for arguments on which to start a fight.

"Recently there has been some bickering as to whether America was discovered by Columbus or Leif Ericson or a Japanese fisherman; and in another hundred years or so, if immigration were to continue freely, we'd probably have four-fifths of our residents of foreign descent getting into a fight over it. After the fight was over and the Senate was pretending to be in favor of a bonus for the survivors, the Chinese—who seem to have discovered everything from the telephone to the alarm clock away back before the dawn of history—would probably step forward with the announcement that a Chinaman discovered America around 4492 B. C."

Mr. Flack shrugged his shoulders nervously and drained his glass of the last of his second Black Cow. "I think," said he, "that these Black Cows allow the mind to wander in inverse ratio to the weight which they put on the digestive organs, and if you will excuse me I will take steps to remedy the difficulty."

Three minutes later he was resting on the softest couch in the Metropolitan Club with a practically soundproof copy of the London Times covering his face as protection from outside disturbances.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Wild Animal Pets

WILD animals of many sorts and from many lands find their way to the markets of America, but not all are desirable as pets. Even those of proper size and apparent gentleness may have some other fault which will bar them from the list. There are many points of virtue, but the cardinal ones are these: Suitability of size, ease of control, evenness of temper, hardiness, freedom from offensive odors and habits, and simple food requirements. Failure to meet any one of these will prove a serious drawback.

Monkeys probably are imported and sold in greater numbers than any other mammal, the dealers' shops always being stocked with at least a few, and often with many.

No animal makes a stronger appeal to the pet seeker and none is more difficult to keep. If it is to thrive, a monkey must be taken into the family and treated as its most cherished member. The only person who ever really succeeded with the gorilla is an Englishwoman, who took a young animal into her home and reared it as if it had been a child. Monkeys are hard to feed, suffer from cold if exposed to it, are usually unclean in habit, acquire cage paralysis if confined and become uncertain in temper, even positively dangerous, as they approach maturity. This is particularly true of males.

Marmosets, diminutive and appealing, are infinitely more difficult than monkeys. The tiny creature known as the cottonhead is imported in large numbers at times, but it is certain that very few survive for more than a few months. The beautiful species known as the lion marmoset, with its long, silky coat of spun gold, is larger and hardier than the others, and its sheer beauty nearly balances the trouble necessary to keep it in good health. But no marmoset is an easy subject. A big-hearted woman of my acquaintance has had a common marmoset for nearly seven years, a noteworthy record. This little creature needs but little more care than a human baby during the summer months, but as soon as autumn comes it is wrapped in flannel and placed on a hot brick. The reader can compute for himself the number of times this brick must be changed, day and night, to maintain the necessary heat. He should work this out with care before he decides to buy a marmoset.

A bear cub makes an almost perfect pet, where suitable space can be provided; but after the first few months increasing size and temper usually land the cumbersome infant in the nearest zoo. This is true also of the cat family, from the baby lion to the beautiful ocelots and margay cats of South America. No wolf, wild dog or even fox is a safe pet, once it has reached maturity. And there is no more dangerous or treacherous animal than the tame buck, perhaps reared on the bottle from a wabbly, long-legged fawn. Such animals are safe only in the stout inclosures of the public zoölogical park or the well-supervised private estate.

Squirrels come very near to being ideal pets, the only point in which they fail being that of temper. This is especially true of wild-caught specimens, which seldom become so tame that they will not bite if handled. However, one often sees squirrels from the tropics, many of them of great beauty, which have been reared by hand. Some of these little creatures are engagingly docile and leave little to be desired.

Of the smaller North American mammals, the raccoon probably makes the best pet. If taken when very young, its temper remains safe and even, and no animal has more interesting and amusing ways. However, the raccoon has an odor that unfits it for being kept indoors. The kinkajou, a South American relative of the raccoon, combines all the endearing ways of the northern animal, with an absence of offensive odor.

Practically all that reach us have been reared from infancy by natives, usually Indians, and are amazingly tame. This little animal is partially nocturnal, and therefore inclined to be more active at night than in the daytime. But this is a small fault and will not prevent the kinkajou from being considered as among the most desirable of animal pets.

—Lee S. Crandall.

First Half of the First

JONESVILLE and Hardscrabble were two suburbs of the county town; each had a boys' baseball team. They were playing a match game on Saturday afternoon in a neutral pasture field. The rooters on both sides were yelling lustily when Judge Jones came by.

"How's the game?" he asked a boy near the fence.

"Twenty-nine to nothin' in favor of Hardscrabble," replied the boy.

"My," said the judge, "that's a fearfully one-sided game, isn't it?"

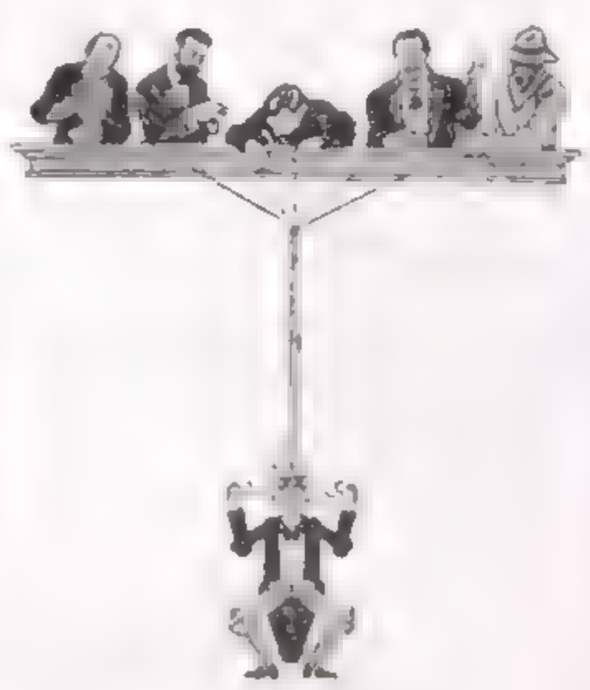
"You never can tell, judge," answered the boy. "Our team ain't never been to the bats yit."

Our Cook is Also a Swede

WHEN Mr. Nansen, the famous Norwegian explorer, was in the United States a certain prominent woman had an opportunity of meeting him. She was warned beforehand to be very careful not to forget that the man's nationality was Norwegian, as the different Scandinavian peoples were not on the best of terms.

When at last her turn came to be presented to him, try hard as she might, she could not think of a suitable remark.

At last she burst out in despair, "I am so very glad to meet you, Mr. Nansen. Our cook is also a Swede."



Crumbs of Comfort

DEEP-DISH huckleberry pie,
Lobster Newburg, oyster fry,
Shrimp croquettes and sweetbreads creamed,
Cocoa roll, fruit pudding steamed,
Cream puffs, chocolate éclairs,
Crabs in alligator pears,
Chicken in a casserole,
Marguery's filet de sole,
Curried eggs and salmon steaks,
Sausages and buckwheat cakes,
Frogs' legs fried, Casino clams,
Spicy jellies, sugary jams,
Chicken lobster, mayonnaise,
Artichokes with Hollandaise,
Apple fritters, cheese soufflé,
Spanish cream, meringue glacé,
Chicken livers en brochette,
Steak and onions, omelet,
Tutti frutti, terrapin,
Big sweet buns with raisins in ——

Oh, my soul, why list them more?
Why set down a further store
That I'm not allowed to touch—
Sweets and fats and starch and such?
But just writing down the things
Sort of hollow comfort brings.

—Carolyn Wells.

Can You Beat It?

RASTUS and Sambo, two Mississippi darkies, met in Memphis. They were discussing the heat in their towns.

Rastus said, "Why, man, in my town it gits so hot it wilts the flowers onto the wall papah."

Sambo replied, "Shucks, niggah, you don't know nothin' a-tall 'bout no hot wedder. Why, in my place dey has to keep de 'lectric fans runnin' in de col' storage room at de ice plant."

The Little Jay Town

I'VE been searching the highways up and down
For the hapless, hopeless little jay town;
But its streets are straight and its pavements new,
And the Interurban comes whirling through,
And its taste in motors is quite omnivorous,
Locomobilious as well as flivverous;
And Broadway sings in a boxed machine,
And Hollywood frolics across the screen,
And its yokels—they of the long ago—
Now yawn in the face of the radio.

I've been looking over the spreading map
For the place which we ridiculed as yap.
But I find the dinners are served in courses
And the smartest marriages breed divorces,
And the social strata of vamps and vandals
Has its full pro rata of scamps and scandals,
And Uncle Josh plays the saxophone,
And Old Aunt Mary rolls her own,
And Reuben—he whom we deemed a dub—
Plays the course in par at the country club.

I've been peering into the innermost nooks
For the hayseed town of the story books.
I have read of the place in the magazines,
I have seen it flicker across the screens,
And the author, famed for his realism,
Declared it as true as the catechism.
Oh, the people were pictured as hopeless hicks,
With never two notions to clash or mix;
But I found the priest and the village roué
Discussing Freud and dissecting Coué,
And the author—he of the great renown—
I found he lived in the little jay town!

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

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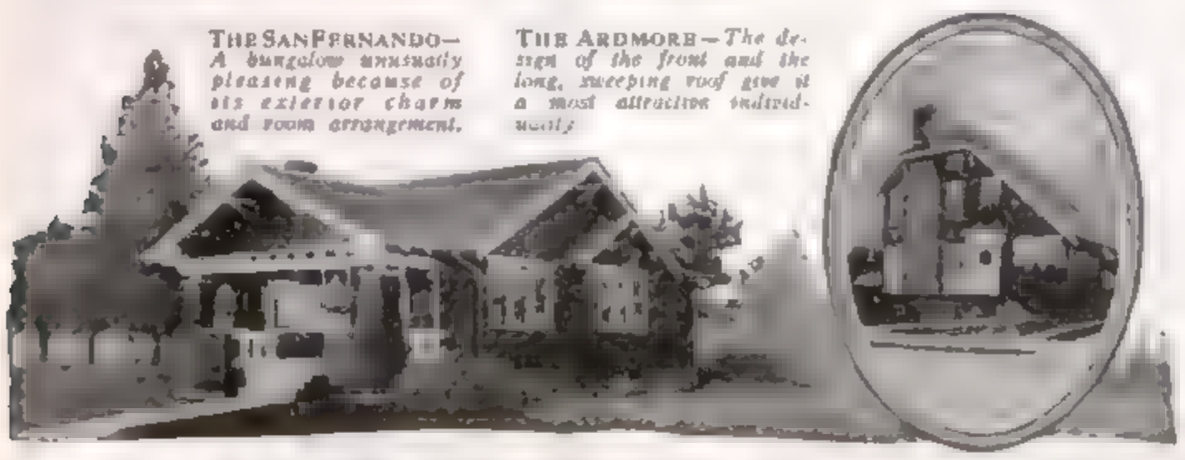

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Write name and address plainly. (Note—if you live anywhere outside of the United States, send $1.50)

POSSESSIONS

(Continued from Page 9

Mrs. Benedict glared at him.

"It seems to me," she said, "an odd subject to joke about."

"I'm not joking. I mean it. I'd be afraid of a mortgage. Never could remember the interest."

"Still, it would be an advantage," Eugene persisted, "when you came to sell."

"But why should I want to sell?"

"Why—when you need a larger house."

"But I don't—I didn't think ——" He looked helplessly at Dell.

"Father," said Dell, "aren't you ashamed? Talking business to poor old Bob; he doesn't know what it's all about. It's true that he doesn't make much money, and that we'll have very little; but don't expect him to enlighten you on his plans. I'm to be secretary-treasurer of the corporation; if you want information about the prospects of dividends come to me. I guess you can trust the granddaughter of Eight Per Cent Benedict to steer clear of the rocks."

"Dell!" cried her mother.

"Well, what I mean is, with one of our family managing finances, it seems to me the subject is closed," Dell said gayly.

"It isn't just the money," Mrs. Benedict began. "Going way off to Massachusetts to live! I've always hoped Dell would settle down right here in Mayfield. And what's all this about travel? Travel isn't for married people; at least not when they're young. I didn't even get to New York until Dell was eighteen. It seems to me ——"

It seemed to Dell that the discussion should end.

"Mother dear," she broke in, "you and father have been wonderful and I hate to leave you—I honestly do. But Bob's told you the whole story—we love each other and we're on our way. What happens from now on is our worry, not yours. You two dears deserve a rest. Besides, just now you've got your hands pretty full, what with a wedding in your house in two weeks' time ——"

"That's another thing," protested Mrs. Benedict.

"I think we'd better go to Cleveland in the morning and begin our shopping. Have you any ideas, mother ——"

Of course, she had behind her long years of experience in managing them, but her technic was admirable none the less. When the luncheon ended, Eugene and his wife seemed reconciled if not enthusiastic, and preparations for a wedding were well under way.

After lunch Bob found himself alone in the library with Eugene. The banker offered him a cigar, lit one himself.

"Well, Bob, when I got you out here to paint that portrait of father I never dreamed of this." He puffed away for a moment. "I hope I haven't seemed lacking in cordiality. As a matter of fact, I like you—like you enormously. And as far as your getting engaged to Dell is concerned—well, she's always had her own way in everything, and if she wanted you I don't suppose, when we come right down to it, you had an awful lot to say about it."

Somehow this idea didn't appeal to Bob.

"I proposed, if that's what you mean," he said. "You don't think for a minute that I went into this against my will."

"No, no; that's not what I meant. You don't quite understand. As I was saying, Dell's always had her own way—the only child; a bit spoiled perhaps. I'm mighty fond of her; but you'll have your hands full ——"

"Oh, I'll manage."

"I hope so. I'm looking at it from your angle now. Always try to see the other fellow's side. You're an artist. I don't know much about artists. I'm a small-town banker myself; but even I—all men—I guess there are times—well ——" He looked anxiously over his shoulder, lowered his voice. "You know—times where all this paraphernalia of marriage gets on your nerves; when you wish you could chuck the whole business and have your freedom back again. And what I'm getting at is, if I've had spells like that it seems to me that a boy like you, with a temperament—it seems to me he'd have 'em pretty often."

Bob stared at him. He was beginning to like Eugene. The little banker was human after all.

"Maybe I shall," the boy admitted. "But if I do—Dell's mighty clever and sensible too. She'll see me through. We'll get along."

"Well, of course, there's a lot in that. Dell's a bright girl." Eugene stood up. He appeared a bit embarrassed by his confession. "Going down street with me?"

"No, thanks. I'll see Dell a minute before I go."

"Of course." They went into the hall. Eugene picked up his straw hat. He held out his hand. "I just want to say, Bob, I wish you all the luck in the world."

His handclasp was friendly, his look sympathetic. Somehow Bob got the idea Eugene felt he was saying good-by to a man who was starting out on a long and hazardous journey.

During the next two weeks Bob called daily at the house on Maple Avenue. Dell had little time for him, however; she was busy shopping, busy with modistes and caterers. Up there round Eugene's back door it appeared that something was going on, something that was news to Bob. Wedding presents were pouring in—crates, barrels, boxes. At first Dell insisted that they must open these together; he struggled with nail pullers, hammers, wallowed in excelsior. Steadily the loot increased. Bob found the sight of it a bit disturbing, but Dell was thrilled.

"Oh, Bob, look! Isn't that sweet of her? Aunt Helen. She's sent that Italian silver she picked up in Genoa. I never dreamed she'd part with it. Isn't it wonderful? It's as old as Columbus—all handmade—oh, you don't care! Mother! Mother, where are you? Look what Aunt Helen ——"

As each gift was unwrapped Dell and her mother would croon over it, pat it, behave toward it as though it were a child. Even a bonbon dish seemed of international interest.

"Bob, see what came today! I couldn't wait. I had it opened. A Georgian chair! And this mirror—Chippendale. Isn't it lovely?"

"Yeah. Going to be hard to pack."

"Oh, you don't appreciate anything!"

"But it's different with men, Dell. I guess just—er—things don't mean so much to them. Say, Dell, give a thought to the bridegroom."

"Not now—later."

The big evening came. Bob checked out from the Mayfield House and went with his luggage up to Maple Avenue. Eugene met him at the door.

"Hello, Bob! How are you?"

"I'm—I'm all right."

"I guess you'll be glad when the ceremony's over." Eugene always referred to it as the ceremony, in a solemn way that sent the cold chills down Bob's back. "Your best man is upstairs. My room, you know. Say, just step in here!"

He led the way into the library at the rear, an enormous room. Bob gasped.

"Presents look pretty well, eh?" said Eugene.

He waved his hand. It was like a combination furniture and jewelry store. Sheffield plate, a great chest of table silver, French, Italian and old English chairs, pottery, tall, fragile-looking vases, mirrors, linen, an antique sideboard, a highboy. A large, red-faced person with flat feet plumped anxiously about.

"Who's that?" Bob whispered.

"Plain-clothes man," Eugene explained under his breath. "I thought it best to have him there."

"Great Scott!" Bob cried. "They're not worth all that!"

"My boy, some of this stuff is priceless."

Bob stood there. Into his mind flashed something he had said to Dell—why, it was only two weeks ago—"I've always made it a rule not to own any more than I can crowd into a steamer trunk."

He began to laugh. Eugene looked at him anxiously.

"See here, my boy, what's the trouble? You're hysterical."

"Yes, I guess I must be."

"You go right upstairs. Better lie down on the bed until the ceremony. Don't get too excited. People have been married before."

Bob went up to the room where he was to cower until the summons came. The succeeding two hours were never very clear as he looked back on them. Dazed, just dazed, that was all. He found himself standing with Dell before a little man in

(Continued on Page 89)

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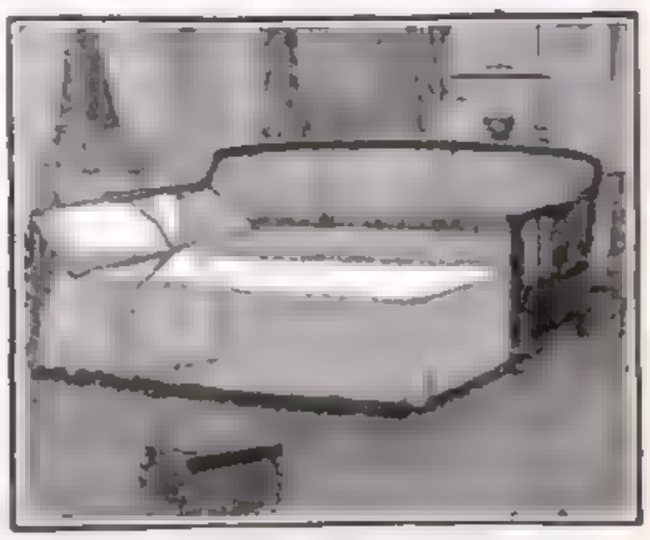

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For a Long Time He Sat There. Well, He Had Let Himself in for This. Dell Had Worked Him, Given Him His Chance to Escape

(Continued from Page 86)

black. "I do—I will—all my worldly goods." It was over. Dell did look wonderful. He began to be conscious, to breathe again. People were crowding in upon them.

It was, Eugene whispered, time for them to go. The man was invaluable. Dell poised on the stair, her bouquet in her hand. Bob would never forget the picture she made—must paint it some day from memory. Then he was back in his upstairs haven, clad again in his regular suit, beginning to feel his regular self. Eugene bustled in.

"Well, Bob, all over now. Got your tickets—everything? The car's in the drive. You'll have to make a dash for it. Dell's ready—take good care of her—all we've got—naturally anxious. By the way, I meant to tell you—I had the packer up today to look over the presents. He figures on twenty barrels and twelve crates."

"Twenty—twelve ——"

"I'll get them off to you by express right away. It's quicker than freight. Have to put a pretty stiff value on them—five thousand ——"

Someone knocked on the door -Dell was waiting. Bob seized her arm at the top of the stairs and they dashed down through the crowd and out into the moonlight. He helped her into the car and sank down beside her.

"Well, we made it!" he cried.

He was mighty happy now. The car sped toward the station. Thank heaven that was over. Married! He was married—that was what had happened. Well, why not? Pretty good idea. He felt in his pockets—tickets all right. What was Eugene fussing about? Oh, yes, the presents. Twenty crates, twelve barrels! Good Lord!

Suddenly there flashed through his mind a picture out of the past.

He was standing on a curb somewhere, waiting for a trolley. A truck went by, an enormous truck. On it was painted in great gilt letters: The Acme Fireproof Storage Warehouse, Inc.

Ah, yes. So that was all right too.

"Bob dear, what are you thinking about?" asked Dell.

"About life, Dell. Life's looking up. The future never seemed so bright. It's filled with you."

"Happy?"

"Happy!" He held her close. "Words, Dell, words! I'm stumped again—clean stumped. But wait till I get back to my easel. I'll say it with paint."

II

THEY were settled in the cottage at Provincetown. It was bought and paid for, the deed reposing in the bottom of the grandfather's clock that had been one of the wedding presents. It seemed to Bob Dana that for ages he had been pulling nails, wallowing in excelsior; but now the twenty barrels and twelve crates were unpacked. As each precious item emerged again into the light of day Dell had gone into ecstacies. It really was remarkable how she could delight in things.

On their way to Provincetown they had stopped for a week in New York, and Dell had done a bit of shopping. Eugene had been represented amid the wedding gifts by a generous and easily carried draft on a New York bank. In the midst of the honeymoon Bob had discovered that Dell had lists—long, appalling lists of things that were needed. For it seemed that this prodigious array of presents would not serve; there were other things vital to housekeeping—beds, tables, more chairs, prosaic kitchen ware. As soon as they reached the cottage Dell's purchases began pouring in.

"Where we going to put all this stuff, Dell?"

"Oh, we must make room somehow. Not a thing we don't actually need. I'll find a place."

She found it.

"Bob, I don't believe you half appreciate how kind people were to us. All these lovely things!"

"Oh, Dell, sure I appreciate it. But after all, they're just things. They don't live and breathe. And what I'm thinking is—if we should want to travel ——"

"Oh, but we don't—not yet. Let's not cross that bridge till we get to it."

He began to paint, a little disturbed by the things heaped up around him. Dell was learning to cook, and proving efficient, as always. Almost daily, it seemed, there was something more she simply had to have. He took to joking her about it.

"Another package for you, Victoria."

"Oh, it's that copper wash boiler. That's good. But why Victoria?"

"Seems to me the late queen was your only known rival, Dell. You know, she had so much stuff that in her last years she wasn't able to get round and pat it. So she had it all photographed and put into albums, and she'd sit by the hour turning the pages.

"That'll be you, Dell. I'll have albums made for you, and when you're old you can sit and gloat over the things you own. 'Oh, that darling highboy! Ah, what a kettle that was!'"

"Bob, don't be silly! I believe you're beginning to be sorry ——"

"Nonsense, Dell! I'll never be that."

Late in August she said casually, "Bob, I meant to tell you—father is sending on my car."

"Your car! Great Scott, Dell! Where shall we put it?" He looked anxiously about the studio living room.

"We'll have to build a garage, of course. I've got figures on one—only five hundred dollars."

"But—but"—his spirits sank; a car—oil, gas, tires, repairs—"but, Dell, we don't really need a car."

"Of course we do! We can take an occasional trip along the Cape. It will do you good—the change, the fresh air"

"But the air—the air's pretty fresh right here."

"All right, if you don't want me to have it," a little note of martyrdom creeping in. "It's already started, but I can send it back."

"No, Dell, don't do that."

"I'll call the carpenter in the morning. Bob, it will be fine for you. We've been sticking here too closely. Every evening we can take a spin." She stopped. "Only we must have a stronger lock on the back door, and new locks on the windows. I'll speak to the carpenter about that too."

For days thereafter he worked with the noisy evidences of a five-hundred-dollar project drifting through his windows. Then the hammering came closer, new locks all round—new locks to protect this vast collection of things that had come along with Dell and were so precious—to Dell.

One evening a few weeks later she came home with a dog, a quaint specimen she had bought from a man downtown.

"Oh, Bob, look!"

"What? Say, Dell, who does he belong to?"

"He belongs to us. Company for me when you're working. Isn't he too cute?"

Bob was annoyed.

"But, Dell, look here—just another thing to care for."

"You don't mean you begrudge me—why, Bob!" He sensed impending tears. "You'd turn this poor little thing out?"

She held the dog in her lap, fondling it. Further objections, Bob knew, would be futile. He went outside. The car was standing before the cottage, its engine running merrily. Dell, excited over her newest acquisition, had forgotten it. Running along, using up gasoline—gasoline that cost money. But Dell never thought of such things. He reached in and savagely snapped off the power.

A dog! He sat down on the running board of the car. A dog, of all things! What did you do with a dog if you wanted to set out and see the world? Things, things, things! Piling up, barricading the road! He wasn't joking about them any more. They seemed in his thoughts constantly. Each article was a separate millstone about his neck, pulling him down, down into domesticity.

The dog came out and sniffed at his feet. A cunning little chap. Bob smiled, leaned down and patted him.

"Nothing personal in all this," he said. "No offense intended." He picked him up and carried him inside. "It's all right, Dell," he said. "The dog tells me he's fond of travel. What shall we call him?"

In October Bob finished what he was doing—a portrait of Dell ordered by Eugene. It was shipped to Mayfield, acknowledged by a letter of kindly praise and a check. He would have preferred the latter from someone else. Still, he had earned it; it was no gift from the First National.

The days grew increasingly cold; an icy wind began to sweep in from the sea. They couldn't remain in Provincetown through the winter. The knowledge cheered him, buoyed up his spirits. He became the gay lad of old, a bit of sunshine round the house. For he was studying the newspapers—certain pages of the newspapers, that is; the pages headed, "Steamships and Tours." What magic words! "Reduced Fares to Europe" "It's Summer on the Mediterranean." "Have You Ever Heard the Beat of Desert Drums?"

One Sunday afternoon late in October, as they sat together in the studio before the fire, he decided it was high time to speak.

"Look here, Dell, I've been thinking ——"

"Yes, Bob?"

"How about winter? We don't want to spend it here."

"No, of course not."

"Have you—er—noticed the newspapers lately?"

"Not particularly. Why?"

"There's a good deal of talk about ships, Dell. Summer seas and strange, interesting ports."

"Is there, Bob?" She smiled a little sadly.

"Look here, I've got nearly three thousand in the bank. Why can't we just lock up and beat it? I'd like to show you round the Mediterranean. It's my old-home ocean; I know it well. Gibraltar, Algiers—a few months in Sicily and Naples. You'd love it."

"And how about your work, Bob?"

"Oh, I could get a little done. Not much, perhaps; but I'd pick up a lot of color. Then when we came back in the spring ——"

"We'd be broke," said Dell. "And we can't be broke next summer, Bob, you know that."

His heart sank.

"I suppose you're right," he said, remembering.

"I'm sorry, dear," Dell went on gently. "Some time later, but not now. Now—if you stop work for an instant we're lost. You've got to go on making money. I'm afraid it's like that, Bob. Being married, I mean." He said nothing. "I've been thinking, too," Dell continued. "My plan is, let's go up to Boston and take a studio apartment. It's cheaper than New York, and I've got a lot of college friends there; people who would help us. I'll arrange an exhibit of your work and we'll sell something, I'm sure. Then, too, there's Myra Tell. They've loads of money, and they want a portrait of the grandmother. I've practically arranged it. It's a big chance. You don't know; it might lead to great things for us."

He stared at her in wonder.

"You've arranged it!"

"Yes; and I've got on the trail of an apartment for the winter. We can get it, furnished, beginning next month. They want to know right away."

The dog rose from beside the fire, stretched lazily.

"What would you do with him?" Bob asked.

"Mrs. Goodrich, down in the town, will take him; and her husband will keep an eye on the house for us."

"You—you've arranged that too?"

"I've spoken to her. What do you say, Bob? Don't you think it's the thing ——"

Continued on Page 92

Radiolas for

REG. U. S PAT. OFF.

This symbol of quality is your protection

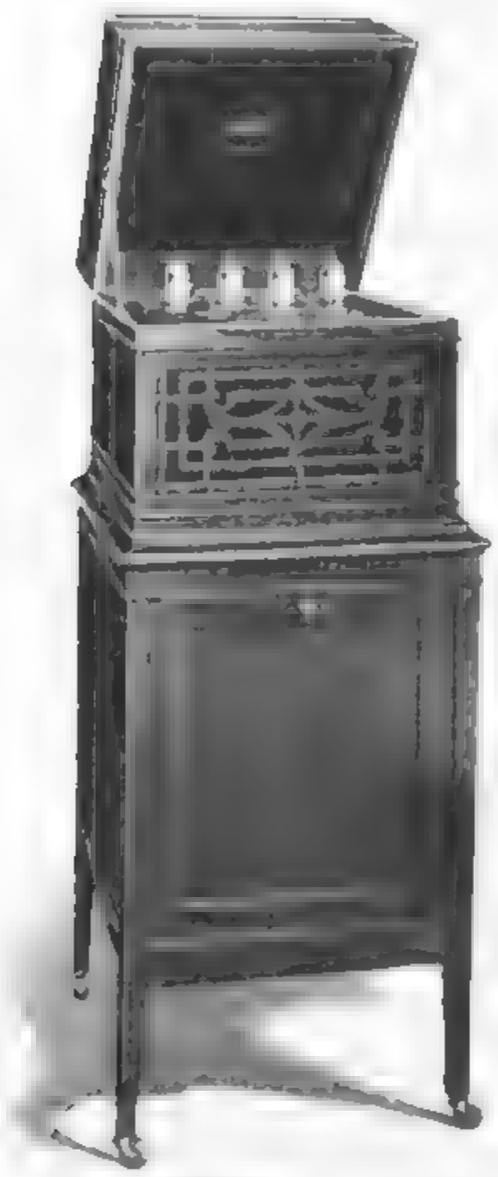
BACKED by the manufacturing, scientific and research resources of the Radio Corporation of America, the full line of RCA sets and apparatus makes the marvels of radio available to every home and within reach of anyone's purse. Simply tell your dealer you want a RADIOLA.

If you can turn a knob you can operate a RADIOLA, the trade-marked receivers of the Radio Corporation of America. These modern products make experience unnecessary. They are beautifully made, fitting into the decorative arrangement of every home.

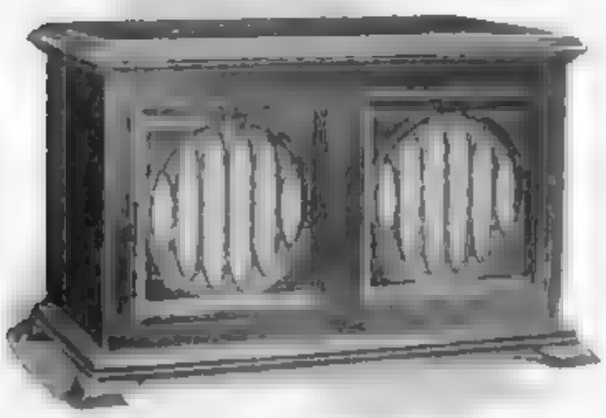
For permanent satisfaction, service by reliable dealers, and tested quality, insist upon an RCA set. When you insist upon one of these sets, you know you are purchasing the result of the scientific achievements, research experience and conscientious public service of the Radio Corporation of America, in whose establishment such companies as the General Electric and Westinghouse participated.

The best receiving sets are now here. Be prepared for broadcasting in 1923 which will include the finest programs that can be provided. Every RADIOLA described here has the necessary wave length range to receive the broadcasted programs of established broadcast stations. Don't delay. Order your RADIOLA from your nearest RCA dealer today.

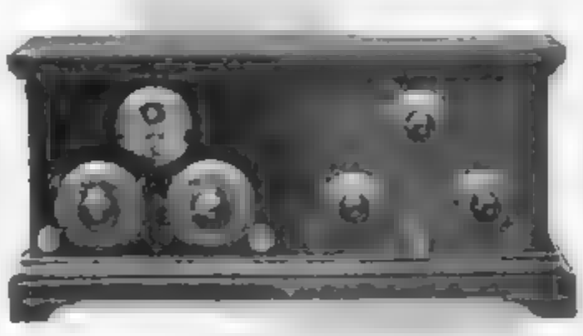
"There's a **Radiola** *for every purse"*



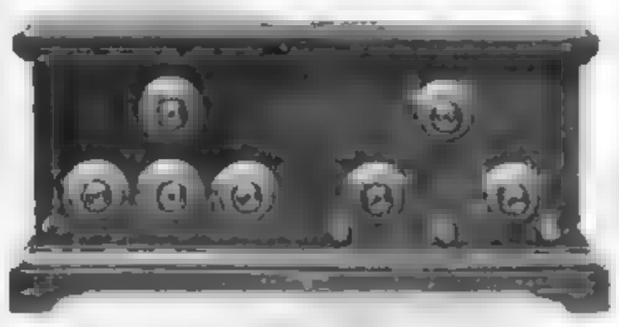
Radiola Grand
One of the DeLuxe instruments in the RCA group. So attractively designed that it harmonizes with the furniture of any room. Especially suitable for those desiring a large volume of reproduction for family dancing and for the entertainment of large groups. Furnishes local and long-distance reception. Four Radiotron tubes (one detector and three amplifiers) and plate batteries. Perfect in tone. Easy to manipulate. **Price $350.**



Radiola IV
The latest addition to the RADIOLA line. A DeLuxe instrument of the console type, completely self-contained, including dry batteries for filament, plate and grid voltage, a new loud-speaker, head-telephone jack, antenna and ground plug connectors. Artistic in design to harmonize with fine furniture. Provides long-distance as well as local reception. An ideal addition to the modern music-room.
Price $275.



Radiola V
Attractive receiver with mahogany case for well-appointed homes. Very sharp tuning possible. Vacuum tube detector with two stages of amplification. Also fitted with a crystal detector Good for distances up to several hundred miles. **Price $132.50 without Radiotrons or batteries.**



Radiola VI
Receives with an indoor-loop antenna. Six tube set including three stages radio frequency, one detector, and two stages of audio amplification. Designed for long-distance reception (up to 1000 miles under favorable conditions). This Radiola is designed to be operated with Model AG-1380 loop antenna. **Price $162.50 without Radiotrons or batteries.**

Radiola RC
One of the most popular of the Radiola group. More than 25,000 in use. Accepted as the standard universal receiver Can be tuned to receive stations sending on wave lengths between 175 and 700 meters. Remarkably clear reproduction. **Price $132.50 without Radiotrons or batteries.**

Radio Corporation of America

WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

Sales Department
233 Broadway
New York

District Sales Offices
10 So. La Salle Street
Chicago, Ill.

433 California Street
San Francisco, Cal.

every home in 1923

This is what a **Radiola** *will bring you throughout 1923*

The best entertainment and education that the world, serious and at play, can provide—from the local broadcasting stations and distant ones—broadcasting which will be more elaborate than ever in 1923—complete, constantly changing programs that will thrill the family circle during the long winter evenings—

- Music by famous orchestras—
- Songs by famous artists, singing to you in person—
- Complete church services—
- Instantaneous reports of sporting events, play by play, blow by blow—
- Weather reports, crop information, time signals—
- Stock and bond quotations—
- Fashion hints—
- Bedtime stories for the children—
- Statesmen explaining national problems—
- Election returns—

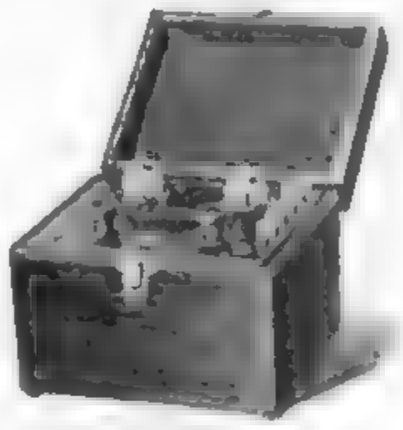
Front seats in the new theatre where life's great drama is played out, day by day, night by night. New programs, new artists, different entertainment every day.

Radiola Sr.

Most popular of single-tube sets. More than 40,000 of these sets in actual use. Wonderfully efficient. Anybody can manipulate it. Receives up to distance of 1500 miles. Can be fitted with amplifier for long distances and with loud-speaker. Operated by dry batteries only. **Price, including one WD-11 Radiotron and head telephones, $65.**

Radiola Sr. Type AC Amplifier.

Combine it with Radiola Sr and obtain loud-speaker operation of sufficient strength to fill a room with music. Operated by dry batteries. **Price, with two famous Radiotron WD-11 vacuum tubes, $68.**

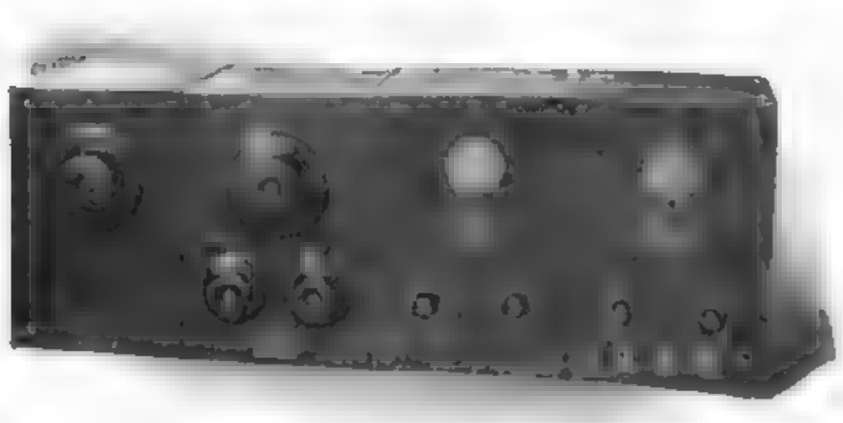


Radiola Jr.

Complete crystal receiver, easy to set up and operate and good for distances up to 30 miles. All the joy of radio at the lowest price Mahogany finished case, head telephones and super-sensitive crystal

Price complete $25.

"There's a **Radiola** *for every purse"*

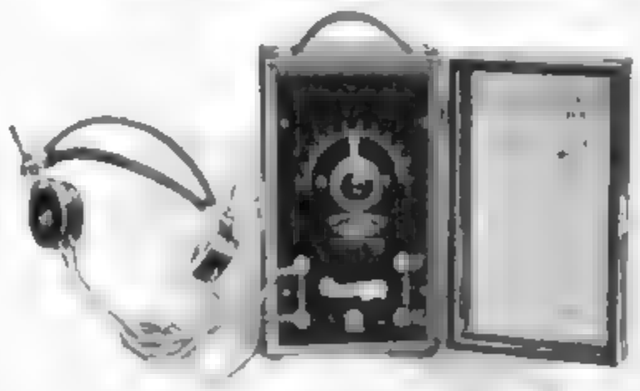


Radiola Combination

A super-selective set, particularly adapted for lectures, class room demonstration and experimenting by the discriminating. Extremely sharp tuning for local and long-distance reception under conditions of severe interference. Comprises coupler RT, tuner RA, radio-frequency amplifier AR and detector-amplifier DA. **Price $263 without tubes or batteries.**

Radiola AR-1375

The finest crystal receiver available. Good for distances up to fifty miles. Receives stations sending on wave lengths of 170 to 2650 meters. Very easy to operate. Perfect tone quality. Compartment for head telephones. **Price, with telephones, $40.**



Radiola I

An exceptionally well-finished crystal receiver, ideal for the boy or grown-up who wants to listen to nearby stations and to enjoy radio in a modest way at a moderate cost. Receives up to 30 miles. Self-contained, with but one knob to manipulate Complete with head telephones. **Price $25.**

Radio Corporation of America

WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

Sales Department
233 Broadway
New York

District Sales Offices
10 So. La Salle Street
Chicago, Ill.

433 California Street
San Francisco, Cal.

It's great after shaving

IF you've never doused clear Listerine on your face after shaving, you've missed something good.

Just try it tomorrow morning. See what a delightful, exhilarating feeling it brings to your face—how it "sets you up" for breakfast and the day's work.

You'll want it after your shave every morning

Listerine provides the ideally safe antiseptic lotion. It is composed of a pure, saturated solution of boric acid, skillfully and always uniformly blended with healing, fragrant oils.

Thus it allays irritation and guards against infection that might come from any abrasion or nick your razor may leave.

Read the circular that comes packed with each bottle. It describes dozens of other uses for this excellent antiseptic—uses that have kept Listerine ever growing in popularity for the past half century.

Fresh, clean, cool and safely antiseptic

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
SAINT LOUIS, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 89)

"What does it matter what I say? It's all arranged, I guess." His tone was bitter.

"Why, Bob, it's a grand scheme! A change for you, and no interruption in your work. We'd have to take only a few things—I think it would be nice to have the car. We could keep it in a public garage. And then just silver and china, bed and table linen ——"

He got up from his chair. His face was terrible.

"Bob, Bob, where are you going?"

"For a walk. Let me alone. I want to—think."

He strode blindly from the house, took unconsciously the path toward the town. What was all this that had happened to him? Had he nothing to say about his own life any more? Only a few things! Things, things! Linen and china and silver! The confounded car! So this was to be his winter!

He went out upon the pier, sat down on a pile of rope and stared across the harbor. He used to be so glib; why couldn't he find words to assert himself? Why couldn't he explain to Dell, win her over? The water was cold and rough, little whitecaps on it. In the Mediterranean it was warm, unbelievably brilliant; this same water, washing far shores. Algiers, the desert drums, the Bay of Naples, with the green hill of Posilipo, smoking Vesuvius beyond. He wanted them again—wanted them; not later—now. Later? How many years? Old, maybe, all the joy of life gone. Married, indubitably married.

For a long time he sat there. Well, he had let himself in for this. Dell had warned him, given him his chance to escape; he had refused to go. Poor Dell! If only she had married somebody in Mayfield—somebody who would be content to dedicate his winters to a furnace. He mustn't be unkind to Dell. He was fond of her. He must try to be like other people for Dell's sake. Dell was right too. Her plan was sensible. Boston wouldn't be so bad. Painting an old woman's portrait. Not Capri, not Sorrento. But he was married now.

He went back to the cottage. Dell was sitting as he had left her, on the sofa before the fire. As he drew nearer he saw she had been crying. He hated himself.

"It's all right, Dell." He dropped down beside her, put his arms about her. "It's a good idea. Write and tell 'em we'll take that apartment."

She looked up at him.

"Poor Bob," she said

"Oh, no," he objected. "Don't pity me. I won't have that. I'm going to try to be a solid citizen. Help me, Dell."

"You were so innocent," she said. "Some other girl would have got you if I hadn't"

"I'm glad it was you," he smiled. "I love you, Dell; now more than ever."

"Stick to it," Dell whispered.

He glanced about the room.

"I'll do the packing myself," he told her. "I'm getting good. How long will it take us to get ready?"

"Not more than a week," said Dell.

A busy week; barrels, crates and nails again. Dell flew about wildly but efficiently, wrapping, packing, storing. On a dull, foggy morning early in November Bob sat on a packing case, his work done. Just inside the door reposed a huge pile of luggage ready for the car. He lighted a cigarette.

His mind went back to that night when he had stood with Dell on Eugene's porch—only last July, but it seemed longer ago somehow; that calm night when he had discovered that he was, after all, a marrying man. What was it he had said? "And that bright morning—just before we lock the door. It won't take you long to pack?" And Dell had answered, "Only five minutes. An overnight bag."

It wasn't that she had meant to deceive. She just didn't know how things would be.

He had been at it a full week. Hammering for a week, and they were going only as far as Boston. And the bright morning was glum with fog. He smiled, glanced round the dismantled room, at the clutter of barrels and boxes all about him.

"I know what marriage means," he thought. "It means possessions"

The expressman was knocking at the door.

III

THE Boston apartment was sunny and cheerful, and Bob settled himself for a happy winter. Then along came the question of the afternoon clothes. An invitation had arrived, suggesting that they drop in for tea some Sunday at the Tell home in Brookline, and immediately Dell had begun. It seemed he must array himself in a cutaway, a silk hat.

"But see here, Dell, I don't want any more clothes. I've got too many now. And why pose as a tea hound? I'm only a poor boy trying to get along."

"I won't have you looking like a tramp."

"Like a tramp? When was this?"

"There are certain things required by convention, Bob, especially in Boston. Besides, this is a very important call. If you're to get the commission for that portrait ——"

"But surely they won't think I'm a better artist because I'm all dolled up. If I had my way I'd go out there in a soft shirt and my oldest hat."

"I know you would. But you're not going to have your way, Bob dear."

He held out for two days, then went to a tailor. When they finally made the call he announced that he felt like a clothing-store dummy. He acted more or less that way, too, but it didn't matter. By the time the call was over Dell had landed the job.

Grandmother Tell was too frail to come to the studio, so Bob began making daily visits to the Tell house. Dell's car came in mighty handy. "You see, I knew it would," she said. The old lady was a famous character in her set, a brilliant talker; the days slipped pleasantly by. Also, she offered possibilities for a striking portrait, and Bob worked hard.

Life was empty of annoyance, his old enthusiasms returned. The furniture in the apartment didn't trouble him; it didn't belong to him; any morning he could walk out and leave it. A comfortable feeling; he could have stayed on forever.

By midwinter the portrait was finished and loaned by the Tells to play a leading part in an exhibit of Bob's work Dell had arranged with a Boylston Street dealer. The Tell family was well connected in Boston; the old lady had many friends and the exhibit attracted attention. Bob sold a number of his paintings—things he had done abroad. That is, Dell sold them. Not for nothing was she the granddaughter of Eight Per Cent Benedict. She asked prices that took Bob's breath away, and got them too.

"Some little business manager," he said admiringly.

"You'd never have done it," she reminded him quite truthfully. "You see, Bob, you needed me. Marriage wasn't a mistake, after all."

"Not with you, it wasn't," he said. He meant it with all his heart.

And then rumors of spring began to get abroad, and depression like a great black cloud settled down on Bob Dana's soul For Dell was chattering gayly of the cottage at Provincetown, and through Bob's mind were floating thoughts of rugs and highboys and taxes and repairs, and the old round of locking up at night.

Particularly unwelcome thoughts in April, when the soles itched and the far corners called insistently again. About this time—Italy! He pictured a village on the shores of Lake Como, a village he had been meaning to go back to long before this. And Paris—Paris with the moon on it—the boulevards in spring!

On May first, said Dell; on May first—back to Provincetown, back to all those possessions. There was no escape; she had spoken. It seemed to Bob that time had never gone so swiftly. Already he felt the nail puller in his hand.

The morning came when he actually had it there. He sat on a crate in the middle of the dismantled studio. Outside, the sun was sparkling on the harbor, the town was coming to life.

Dell had gone down to the village for groceries, and he was left alone amidst their goods and chattels. He paused in his work of unpacking and stared about him. He hated everything he saw. Things, things! Never had he felt so hopeless in his life, and yet he must clear away a little space and go to work; go to work—full of inspiration and good cheer.

It occurred to him that there was no real reason why they must unpack—not just yet, at any rate. If he could only put it off for just a little while. Why not? They had plenty of money now. Why not get aboard a ship ——

"See here, Dell," he began, rehearsing, "let's take a short run to Europe. Land at

(Continued on Page 94)

Who are they...

these 2,000,000 women who use the new washday methods?

TEN short years ago almost every woman accepted as inevitable the weekly ordeal of washday.

Today from coast to coast, more than 2,000,000 wives and mothers send their washing to the laundry. To them washday differs from no other day.

And these women—who are they? Are they individuals of unlimited income, and many servants? Or, are they as are most of us, people who must give economy a place in their washday plans?

Recently, 33,000 came in person to inspect a certain famous laundry in the east. Many had previously employed laundresses—but by far the greater number had been doing their own washing—women who formerly imagined that they couldn't possibly afford laundry service!

And once you do as these women did; once you visit a modern laundry or send a trial bundle, you, also, will make a discovery. You will find today's laundries giving many excellent services—and usually one or more of the six new services which are recent developments by the laundry industry.

The names of these are Prim-Prest, Ho-mestic, Rough Dry, Float-Ironed, Thrif-T-service, and Wet Wash. Some are all-ironed; some are partially ironed; and in one (Wet Wash) your bundle is simply washed and returned moist—a complete series, so graduated in price as to meet your every washday want.

For your next washing try one of these six services, or any of the many other washday helps which modern laundries give. You'll find the cost most moderate—really less than that of equivalent work done at home. Phone one of the laundries in your city today and have your next washing called for.

Prim-Prest

A finer laundry service. Everything washed in the purest of rain-soft water and mild suds, everything beautifully ironed ready to use or put away—a dainty service, complete in every detail.

Ho-mestic

A most acceptable medium priced ironed service. Flat work is tastefully ironed and folded. All wearing apparel is ironed, but because of the moderate cost of this service no starch is used. Many laundries, however, starch wearing apparel at a slight additional cost

Rough Dry

Everything washed. Articles like knit underwear, sheets, bath towels are fluffed dry, ready for use. Flat work is neatly ironed. Those pieces needing to be starched. Only the ironing of the lighter pieces is left to be done at home

Float-Ironed

A low-priced ironed service. Everything washed. Flat work ironed. Wearing apparel ironed unstarched and 70 per cent finished. Articles like shirts, waists, and house dresses will require some re-ironing at home

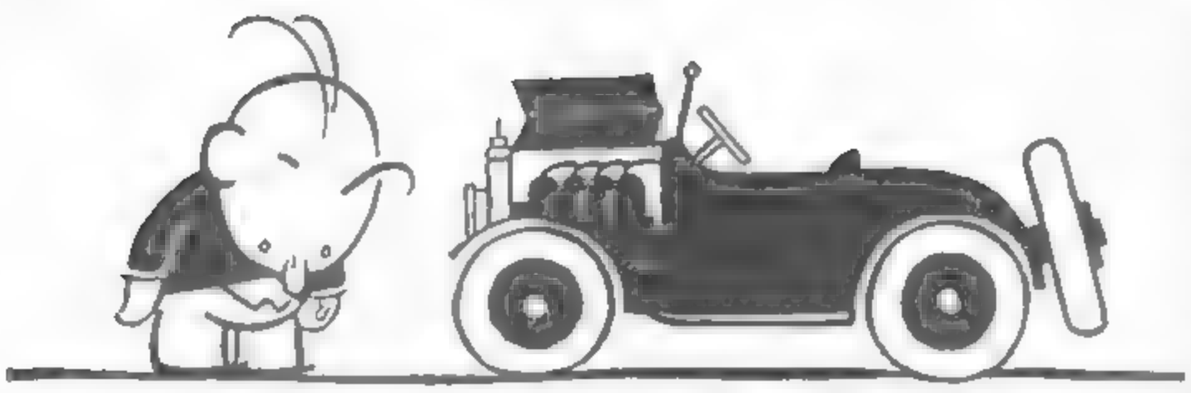
Thrif-T-service

Everything carefully washed and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed. All flat work is ironed. Other work is returned damp, ready for starching.

Wet Wash

Everything washed in mild suds and rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed and the bundle is returned damp, sweet and clean, ready to iron or hang up to dry.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices*, CINCINNATI



Spring terminal clip permits wire to be instantly detached and reconnected while motor is running. Facilitates testing spark plug and coil. No nut to be unscrewed or lost

New electrode design forms a natural drain so that no oil can lodge in spark gap

Unscrew this bushing and plug comes apart. Notice compact porcelain to withstand hard service

Patented CARBON PROOF porcelain with its high temperature fins attains sufficient heat to burn off deposits, thus offering effective resistance to carbon

Ford Drivers

Why You Should Change Your Spark Plugs

Ford engines require the best plugs just as much as others because a good spark in each cylinder is a necessity in any engine.

AC 1075 *Special for Fords* is AC's answer to this need.

The same experts, who, year after year, make the AC Spark Plugs used in most costlier cars, have designed these AC 1075's—as illustrated—to provide Ford owners with equally superior plugs.

They may cost a trifle more than ordinary plugs for Fords, but built as they are to end most motor ills, they are more than worth the difference.

Put in a set of AC 1075's—they will give you improved engine performance and easier starting.

If your Ford dealer cannot supply you, obtain them from any other dealer—change to AC 1075's *now!*

AC 1075
Special for Fords

AC Spark Plug Company
FLINT, *Michigan*

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,737 April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139. Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending.

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

(Continued from Page 92)

Genoa; little town on the shores of Como I want to show you. Buried in roses now—lovely. Then down the Riviera; season's over, we'll have it to ourselves. Then up, just to make sure Paris is still there—and home. We could be back here in plenty of time for work, and -and all that. It's nearly a year, Dell, and that morning hasn't come; that bright morning when we lock the door and go. And you know you said ——"

The door opened and Dell came in, a radiant Dell, very much alive, enthusiastic. She tossed an armful of groceries down on a chair.

"Bob, listen to me! I've just called at the real-estate office. What do you think? The Minturn house is for sale!"

The old, familiar sensation—that sinking feeling. His heart in his boots.

"The Minturn house!" he repeated faintly.

"Eight rooms, Bob—and only nine thousand dollars! I talked it over with the real-estate man. He said he could sell this place in a minute for twenty-seven hundred."

"Twenty-seven? Wait a minute. I paid twenty-eight, and we built a garage."

"Yes, but you paid too much. I wasn't managing things then. Twenty-seven hundred would do for a first payment on the Minturn house, and the balance on mortgage—you know, first and second, with the second to be paid off semiannually."

He rose to his feet. The nail puller dropped from his hand, making a great clatter on the floor.

"It's the chance of a lifetime, Bob," Dell went on. "We've got to have a larger house; you know that. The Minturn place has a wonderful furnace, if we have to stay there a winter or two. And we won't need many more things—a few rugs, a regular dining-room set -a thousand dollars would cover it."

He stared at her, his face stricken. Things, things! More things! Oh, Lord, was there to be no end? Mortgages—two of them—assorted mortgages. And tonight the little lake steamer would put into that town he had been dreaming of, and the people would clatter down the long flight of stone steps, and there would be the tinkle of guitars and the sound of happy voices singing, and the scent of roses in the air. Mortgages!

"I told the real-estate man I'd talk it over with you and let him know this afternoon," said Dell.

He turned toward her. "Bob, Bob, what's the matter?"

"The matter!" he repeated. He stood looking down at her. "Do I have to tell you, Dell? Are you blind? I'm supposed to go to work—isn't that the idea? Clear a space and go to work. Well, I can't do it. I'm stifling." His voice rose. "I'm stifling under the weight of all these damned possessions you're heaping up about me. I hate them. I can't stand it any longer—I can't stand it. I never dreamed it would be like this. Just you and I and a trunk, I thought, traveling through the world, and then you began to acquire things. Things! And now a bigger house, more rugs, mortgages!"

"Oh, Bob, I didn't know ——" It was Dell's turn to look stricken.

"No, I suppose not. I haven't said anything. But I've been heartsick, Dell. I wasn't ready for all this—to settle down. If I'd been middle-aged, if I'd seen everything—but I was just starting out."

"You should have thought of that before you asked me to marry you."

"Did I ask you? Oh, forgive me, Dell! But I don't know yet just what happened last spring—back home. I went to Mayfield to paint a picture, and I never intended to get married, and the first thing I knew ——"

"Bob! How can you?"

But he couldn't stop. Everything was coming out now—things he had never intended to say. Mean things, too, and unkind.

"You didn't play fair, Dell. All that talk about five minutes to pack—an overnight bag—was that on the level? Or did you know what I didn't know—how things would pile up? Possessions! I'm sick of it all, I tell you!"

Dell was standing, too, facing him now; proud, high-spirited Dell, who would endure very little talk like this.

"All right," she said in a low voice. "If that's how you feel, Bob." Her face was very pale.

"That's how I feel," he answered. He had hurt her, he knew, but he mustn't weaken now. "Listen to me, Dell. I'm going to do a bit of managing myself. Forget that house! There's nothing doing! I'm going over to Paris for a month or so. I'd like to have you come along, but that's up to you. Think it over. But whether you go or stay, I'm taking the evening train."

He walked past her, picked up his hat, went on out into the sunlight, never even looked back. He moved along, his heels sinking deep into the sandy path. At last he had asserted himself, said all the things he never meant to say. Oh, well, it was better so; better that she should understand how he felt. Eight rooms a thousand dollars more for things! She'd think twice before she brought that up again.

If only he didn't feel so much like a little boy who had been naughty! Confound it, was he a grown man, or wasn't he? Was he captain of his soul, or was Dell? He walked on and on, labored through the heavy sand to the other side of the Cape.

Late in the afternoon he returned to the cottage. He had made up his mind he would not surrender. He had been a little harsh; he would admit it; he would assure Dell he was fond of her. But pleadings would not move him, nor tears. He must get away. They were going to Paris, if only to turn about and come home.

The door of the cottage was unfastened, the key still in the lock. As he entered the studio Dell's dog, brought back that morning from his winter home, barked joyously, leaped against him. He strode to the middle of the room.

"Oh, Dell!" he called.

No answer. A sheet of note paper was lying on a packing case, held down by the nail puller. He picked it up.

I'm sorry, Bob. We haven't made a go of it, I guess. But there's no sense hanging round to cry over spilled milk, so I've gone—with my trunks. You know what that means. You're free. Take a good long trip, and when you come back we'll decide what's best—divorce, separation, anything you say. But that's for the future. Just now I want you to do three things—lock the door on all these damned possessions, get aboard the first ship you come to and forget me as completely as though I'd never happened. Good-by and good luck!

He read it over twice. Why, what—what—was the girl crazy? Just like her though. Precipitate! One word and she was off like a whirlwind.

What should he do? He sat down on the packing case and thought, while the dog whimpered at his feet. Go after her—that was one course. To Mayfield, probably. Humble himself, beg her to return. Well, hardly. She didn't appear to be broken-hearted, come to think of it. Pretty cold, calm letter in the circumstances. Maybe she was fed up herself. Maybe she hadn't possessions enough.

"You know what that means. You're free." Well, that was what he had been longing for; to get shut of all these things; to be out on the highroad again. He had sworn to go abroad, alone or with Dell. Alone, said Dell. O. K., my lady.

He rose and switched on the light. His things were not yet unpacked—a suitcase, two trunks. However, he'd need only the steamer trunk; the other held nothing of importance evening clothes, that silly cutaway. There was a train to New York in an hour; he telephoned the expressman. His most intimate acquaintance, that expressman.

The groceries were still lying on the chair where Dell had thrown them. He carried them to the kitchen—Dell's spotless kitchen, where he had helped with the dishes each evening. He went into the bedroom. There in the window they had stood every morning, scanning the harbor to see if their ship was in.

He wandered about, taking one last look at all these things that Dell had loved. The highboy—how she did fuss over that stiff old thing! The Georgian chair. The sewing table. He encountered the packing cases again—look here! Full of silver—valuable—how about it? An idea came, even without Dell there to suggest it. He piled them all in the one closet that had a lock, fastened the door securely. Dell'd be glad of that!

The expressman appeared.

"Third trip here today," he announced. "Best customers I got, you people." He took the trunk and suitcase.

Bob called the dog; it frisked about his feet.

"Come on, Pat," he said. "Big moment's here. Just lock the door and go. No cares; no responsibilities; nothing to hold us back."

The lock clicked. He stood for a moment. Where was the thrill, the elation? He'd been cheated. A heavy weight still rested on his heart.

"Get rid of that," he assured the dog. "Only natural. Wear off in time."

He stopped at the Goodrich house, was admitted to the parlor. The odor of steak frying for supper filled the world. He explained his errand. The old lady peered at him through her glasses.

"But good land, you just come home," she cried.

"I know; but Mrs. Dana has been called West. We'll try to make some arrangement soon."

"Well, I'd do anything fer Mis' Dana. But Pat's full of mischief. An' he wasn't so well last winter. I was real worried. Then there was that burglar scare; we fretted over that. They might have broke into your house."

"Don't you fret. Just keep an eye open and report."

He handed her the key. She followed him to the door, stood a gaunt shadow against the yellow lamplight.

"Come back soon," she said. "Folks that's got possessions should stay round an' look after 'em."

Bob walked slowly to the station, bought a ticket for New York, checked his trunk. Not a year ago Dell and he had stood together on this platform, Dell all excitement. "Bob, we're home!" He could picture her now in the spring dusk. The train backed in laboriously, he climbed aboard, dropped into a seat.

A ten-minute wait, then the bell rang, there was a scampering along the platform and the little train pulled out. Free—he was free! Off again on the big adventure. The key was turned on his possessions; he must forget them, that was the idea. Forget every last one of them. Nothing easier. Only—only ——

"She never happened!" he said fiercely under his breath.

The high gods, who hadn't noticed him for a long time, were smiling at him again.

"She never happened!" repeated the boy on the train.

The high gods looked at one another and laughed outright.

"We heard different," they said.

IV

HE WAS on a steamer outward bound for Naples; they were passing Sandy Hook. Again the old odor of rubber in the passageways, the old throb of engines beneath his feet. But where was the old joyous thrill of freedom, the sense of dazzling adventure waiting somewhere ahead? Well, perhaps in time ——

He went up and stood by the rail. The last dull vestige of land had melted away, dissolved in a sparkling sea.

"Off again, my lad," he said. Going to be gay or know the reason why. He took hold of the rail, set his teeth and determined to be carefree.

A moment later he was thinking about that key—the key to the closet where the silver was stored. He had a dim memory of hiding it somewhere, but had he? Perhaps in his excitement he had left it lying right beside the nail puller—left it where any sneak thief could find it. And Dell fairly worshiped that Italian stuff.

With a start, he came to. Fine way to be getting out, worrying about a key! Dell hadn't worried; just calmly took her trunks and went. Wasn't up to him, then. Lots of interesting-looking people aboard. Get talking with them—that was the idea—forget.

Naples again. He was back in the narrow streets he loved, under a sun already uncomfortably hot; back at his old *pension*. Chocolate and rolls and honey for breakfast—honey that was just the color of Dell's hair.

He was a grown man. Why did he feel like a schoolboy playing hooky? Was this what marriage did to one?

Yet that was how he felt, all the ten days in Naples; and then in Rome, in his old haunts in Florence, and even when he sat in the window of that little hotel on Lake Como, listening to snatches of grand opera drifting up from the cobbled street. Unhappy, somehow. Like a truant determined to enjoy the fishing but forever seeing the teacher's face in the calm surface of the pool.

Restless, unsatisfied, he moved steadily northward. By mid-June he had reached Paris. There, one radiant afternoon, he lolled on a window seat in the studio of his old friend Harry Osborne, lazily smoking a cigarette and observing Osborne at his labors. Fragrant and warm through the open window came the breath of the most beloved of all cities. Under the trees in the Luxembourg Gardens a military band was playing, and now and then above the steady beat of the music arose the joyous shrieks of children at play.

"I hope I don't annoy you, loafing round here like this," Bob said.

Osborne did not turn. He was middle-aged, bearded, a man who had picked up many bits of wisdom along the way.

"You annoy me very much," he answered.

"Why, I—I'm sorry."

"Oh, not because you're in my way, Bob. But because you are—loafing. What's the idea, my boy? Work—work's the great medicine."

"I know; I ought to get busy; I meant to." Bob's face clouded. "But it's like I told you. I don't feel right somehow. I can't explain, but I keep thinking about Dell all the time—more even than when I was with her; wondering what she's doing. Oh, it's silly! But I saw from the first how it would be. I knew it even before I left New York."

"Then why did you leave?" Osborne asked.

"Well, I—I don't know exactly. I couldn't creep back to Mayfield, you know. I had to show my independence."

Osborne smiled, still turned toward his canvas.

"Ah, yes, your independence," he repeated. "Yet you've been pretty busy, as I see it, carrying out orders. What was it she told you to do? Lock the door—get on a ship ——"

"And forget her just as though she'd never happened," Bob finished. "That was once I disobeyed anyhow."

The older man put aside his brush, rose, stretched wearily.

"Yes; but that was once she wanted you to disobey." He came over and stood looking down at the boy with a kindly glow in his brown eyes. "She was sure you could never manage it, Bob, because she understood you so well. She knew you're not all artist. If you were you could be utterly selfish, forget her in twenty-four hours. There's another strain in you—in all us temperamental people from the Middle West—the heritage left us by a long line of solid, respectable citizens to whom marriage was always marriage. She was depending on that to bring you back—and she's a clever girl."

"You bet she is," said Bob.

Osborne was hunting round on a paint-stained table for a cigarette. He found it, applied a match. Over in the Gardens the band launched into an English music-hall song of ancient vintage, Hold Your Hand Out, Naughty Boy!

The older man smiled.

"Poor old Bob," he said. "You had a devil of a year, didn't you. You wanted to be married, you wanted to be free—you didn't know which. You loved your wife, and you hated your surroundings. Youth slipping away, responsibilities creeping up—ah, you didn't like that. It was war—war inside you. But that sort of thing doesn't go on. There comes a moment—resignation. After that, life straightens out. You do your job. You're at peace."

Bob stared at him.

"You always were the wise old bird, Harry."

"Do you think so? Then take my advice. I'd go home now, if I were you."

Bob Dana stood up.

"Why not? I've been on the verge of it for weeks. Why not?"

"Good boy! I may see you in the fall," Osborne said. "I'm coming over."

"Oh, you are? And how about this apartment?"

"I intend to rent it for the winter."

"Say, that's an idea. We might take it—Dell and I."

Osborne smiled.

"Talk it over with your wife and let me know," he suggested. "Drop in again before you sail."

Down the narrow rickety stairs Bob Dana sped, and out into the sunlight of the Boul' Mich'. His plans were made, his course set. He was going back to Dell. He'd tell her how he'd missed her, longed

(Continued on Page 98)

PATTON'S
Velumina
The Oil Flat Wall Paint
PORE-PROOF

Clean Walls Are a Business Asset

THAT'S why Patton's Velumina is so frequently used in offices and public buildings. This oil flat wall paint is pore-proof. Dirt, dust and grime cannot penetrate its hardy film. Stains can be easily washed away without marring the good-looking surface.

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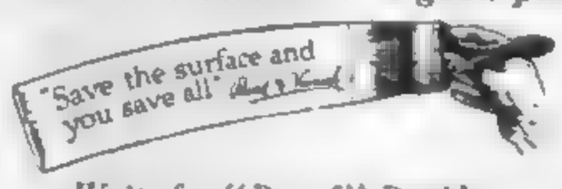

Write for "Proof" Booklet.

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Look at her closely. What is there about her mischievous eyes, her appealing mouth, her budding beauty, her brilliant mind to bring forth such condemnation . . . .

SHE bosses her mother. She scolds the minister. She challenges gray-haired family counselors. She captivates men.

If you're over 25 and think yourself one of her "betters", you will disapprove of her madcap masquerade dancing.

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DID Eva fool herself because he used "cave man" tactics? Was he, too, like all the other men who try to take advantage of "show girls"? Her heart told her differently, but she was afraid to believe.

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Trickery, big business, jealousies, hatred, and above all, Love—all the big emotions are depicted. You feel them keenly as each fine actor portrays them.

And in this, one of the first motion pictures ever filmed in beautiful Porto Rico, you will watch lovely May Allison, as Eva, with breathless interest amid settings that will make your heart beat faster.

For those who like a love story that turns out well, for those who like to see villainy punished and virtue succeed, "The Woman Who Fooled Herself" offers an evening's entertainment that will make you forget the baby's cold or Johnny's bad marks in arithmetic!

This is one play, a simple yet thrilling romance, in the great chain of better films. Your picture theatre man will appreciate a note or phone call from you, showing your support of pictures like these.

What white man could read the thoughts back of these savage eyes? You sense the full treachery as you watch the stirring scenes in . . . . . .

MAN-EATING men—devil-devil worship frenzied dancing—weird customs—claw footed monkey-men living in trees—savagery that, by comparison, makes Indians seem gentle

The eyes of a white man and woman saw thes things *for the first time*

This couple from a little town in Kansas on their first trip was ambushed and captured by these very cannibals—and escaped by a miracle To the heart of the Head-Hunters' jungle they went again—to see what no one else had seen, *who lived to tell of it!*

You wonder how they could return, boldly advance and coolly mingle with the cannibal tribe most feared of any in all the world!

This time they got them on the film—even the ferocious chief and all his wives! You will see them, real as reality, in your own cozy theatre This is the picture that we, who cannot go adventuring, like to see. In the towns in which "Head Hunters" has already been shown, everybody now wants more like it.

Ask your theatre to show "Head Hunters of the South Seas," the amazing adventure of Jack London's companion, Martin Johnson, and his attractive young wife.

Head Hunters of the South Seas

They even filmed the horrorous dance celebrating the feast [illegible] made on themselves. And [illegible] time they grabbed up [illegible] escaped. You wonder how they could do it!

OF the hundreds of motion pictures made and offered us we choose only those that give the best entertainment—that actually *do entertain* the private audiences that we show them in advance.

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Twenty-six productions of which you have not heard are now being booked. Among them is the picture of Booth Tarkington's "Alice Adams", the novel that won the Pulitzer prize in 1921. Florence Vidor is the star—a star and a play worth watching for

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YOU often ask yourself: "Why doesn't *our* town see more entertaining pictures?" And you wonder if there is any way to get them

Yes, there is a way.

The revolutionary plan to bring to your theatre the really good picture plays, fine comedies, remarkable educational films, real dramas, is very simple. Some live-spirited citizen—perhaps it is *you* reading this advertisement—starts the whole thing by sending us the names of several people who ought to favor the idea—ten if possible

For example: a Club Woman, Lawyer, Doctor, School Principal, Society Leader, Department Store Head, Minister, City Official, Banker and Picture Exhibitor. We will mail to each, free, "Getting Better Pictures," briefly explained on the opposite page. Your Picture Exhibitor wants to know what you want, so he can be assured that the better class of pictures will pay him

Write today for details of "Getting Better Pictures." Address me personally, Arthur S. Kane, 35 West 45th Street, New York.

Encore Pictures

PICTURES like the "Head Hunters" [illegible] people talking as no other pictures can do. They give you the thrill of *reality*—the thrill of seeing something startling and different

That's why "Nanook of the North", a picture of real Eskimo life, is making such a [illegible]ess. Irwin Wheeler, [illegible]r of the Rye Playhouse, Rye, N. Y. wrote enthusiastically [illegible]

A new record [illegible] was established by 'Nanook [illegible] as no other picture [illegible] School principal, a New York Publisher Red Crossexecutive [illegible] most fascinating [illegible] interesting picture they have ever seen. *More* [illegible]

If you saw "Nanook" you'll certainly want to see the "Head Hunters," for it is an absorbing South Sea adventure among the most savage man-eating tribe on earth.

Trail with the Johnsons through jungles where no white man has ever trod before and lived!

Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when the "Head Hunters" will be shown

The progressive new College of Secretarial Sciences for women, of the Boston University, has Blabon Floors of Art Linoleum.

Beauty—that's what you want in enduring floors!

The full value of the investment is possible only when a floor continues beautiful throughout the years of service.

Not only are Blabon floors of Plain or Inlaid Linoleum possessed of long life (being a permanent part of the building when cemented down over builders' felt paper to wood or concrete bases) but their plain colors and inlaid patterns go through to the burlap back, and remain distinct and bright as long as the linoleum endures. There are colorings and patterns to fit in with any decorative scheme. Every dollar put into Blabon floors is matched with lasting satisfaction.

Blabon floors are also sanitary, easy to keep clean, quiet and comfortable to stand or walk upon. They make a wonderful background for fabric rugs which may be removed in summer to save them wear.

For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Write for illustrated booklet.

Ask the dealer to show you Blabon Rugs

They are genuine linoleum—beautiful and durable, sanitary and mothproof. They lie flat without fastening. Folder showing 22 styles in colors sent free upon request.

Important Notice: Floor coverings (including rugs) made [illegible] felt paper base are not linoleum, and to describe, advertise [illegible] them as linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt paper floor [illegible] have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge

The George W. Blabon Co., Philadelphia
Established 71 years

BLABON ART Linoleums

Continued from Page 95

for her but it was not abject surrender he intended. Oh, no, indeed! "Dell, here's the scheme: Harry Osborne's apartment a winter in Paris. That's the schedule." Just like that. Kindly, loving, but firm.

He hurried on through the Luxembourg Gardens, threading his way among happy children, past the bent white-haired bird tamer, past the carrousel with its chipped, weather-beaten wooden horses, past corpulent old senators at rest on benches after a drowsy session in the Upper Chamber. Then through narrow streets down to the quays of the Seine, and across the Pont Royal to the right bank. Along his route lay a number of post offices, from any one of which he might have sent his message; but somehow he wanted to put it into American hands. In the office of the cable company itself on the Rue Scribe he wrote at last what was in his mind, three words "I'm coming home."

He returned to the street. Nearly six o'clock in Paris, but his message should reach Mayfield in the early afternoon. He pictured a blue-coated boy going up Maple Avenue on a bicycle, turning in at the Benedict drive; Dell on the steps, waiting, holding out her hand; then standing there reading his message, the sun on her honey-colored hair

For the first time since that May evening in Provincetown Bob Dana was really happy A great burden seemed lifted from his heart.

The next morning he arranged the earliest possible booking, then went shopping for Dell; bought her things—things she would love and look at again and again. On board the ship the only matter that interested him was the noontime posting in the smoking room of the day's run. Three hundred and forty miles, three hundred and forty-eight they couldn't go fast enough for him.

He paused for a few hours at his club in New York. There was no word from Dell; his heart sank. What was happening to her? He arranged to leave that evening for Mayfield.

There was a letter from Mrs. Goodrich, an incoherent, worried letter. The dog had not been well, the veterinary had seen him. A storm had blown the door from the garage, and before they could get it repaired the car had disappeared. There was a rumor of one found in Harwich, but it must be identified. Someone had broken a kitchen window. Mrs. Goodrich did wish they'd come home soon.

There was also a brisk, snappy note from the real-estate man. He had a purchaser for the cottage. The Minturn house was still on the market. Mrs. Dana had spoken of buying it; would suggest immediate action both cases. Please advise.

Bob put the letters away in his pocket; must talk these things over with Dell. If they were going to Paris still, his ideas on that point were not so clear. Maybe—but just now the important thing was to see Dell again, hear her voice, her laugh, look into her eyes. Strange she had sent no word of greeting—she knew his ship. Perhaps—no, hardly. But what had happened?

Night came, and he boarded a train for the West. An hour after he left New York a telegram from Mayfield arrived for him at his club.

On the following afternoon his train pulled up beside the ancient C. B. & D station in his old home town. Instantly he was out on the platform, looking eagerly for Dell. No sign of her. And then Eugene came toward him, a solemn, dignified Eugene at sight of whom he felt that old sinking of the heart.

"Hello, Bob," said Eugene. "The car's right here. Jump in."

He climbed meekly to Eugene's side. The train slipped by, Main Street stretched ahead.

"I figured you'd be on Number Four" Eugene remarked, starting his engine. "It was the first train you could get after my telegram."

"What—what telegram?" asked the prodigal.

"You mean to say you didn't get it?" Eugene demanded. The car started.

"Not a word! What—what's happened? Is Dell all right? You you don't mean ——"

Eugene, still solemn, nodded.

"Yesterday," he said

"But -but I thought—not for three weeks yet I intended to be home, of course" Bob was solemn too

"You never can tell about these things," said Eugene wisely

"But Dell—poor Dell is she "

Eugene, ever ready with the ancient, hackneyed phrase, answered promptly

"Mother and child," he said, "are doing well."

They were on Maple Avenue now, speeding along. A calm, sleepy old street, under its arch of elms, seemingly an uneventful street. Yet on Maple Avenue big things had happened to Bob Dana—were happening now; complete surrender, the end of a war. For he knew that the debate was over, and he wasn't sorry. "You do your job. You're at peace"

He thought of the Minturn house—eight rooms. He'd take it by wire. He could go on and move the stuff himself—the nail puller, the hammer again. Into his mind flashed a picture of himself opening the door of the grandfather's clock, tossing a key inside; the key to the closet that held the silver. He remembered at last.

Eugene was losing a bit of his solemnity

"I'm glad to see you, Bob," he said He brought the car to a stop by the side door "Dell's mother and I don't know what this was all about, but we hope it's fixed now"

"It's fixed," Bob said. He ran inside, on into the front hall, up the stairs two at a time.

"Dell!" he cried. He paused for a moment in the doorway, then went to the side of the bed, took her hands. She was looking surprisingly well, her eyes shone. "Dell, dear"—he kissed her gently "I'll never forgive myself not being here ——"

"Why, that's all right, Bob," she said. "I sent you away." There was something in the clasp of her hand that was different not so strong, not so confident as it had been. "Did you enjoy your freedom, Bob dear?"

"It didn't seem the same old freedom, Dell."

"Oh, Bob, I'm sorry."

"No, you needn't be. I'm not. And it was a pretty good thing for me to find it out. I wonder if that's why you sent me off. You're such a clever one."

"I wonder," she smiled.

"I won't leave you again, Dell. I couldn't. It wasn't just words in the drawing-room; it wasn't the license over at the city hall; it was getting married you and I. Together -from now on!"

"And you won't mind the things that come along with me, Bob?"

"I'll love 'em."

She waved a white hand toward the other bed. He had almost forgotten, but he turned now with sudden interest. A small, still bundle lay there, wrapped in a fluffy blanket. Bob stared at it in awe, and as he stared it moved.

"Another thing that's come along with me," Dell said.

The bundle moved again. And Bob Dana knew what he had known under the elms on the avenue—his days of revolt were over. Houses might be sold, furniture stored, automobiles stolen, a dog left with the neighbors; but this—this was different.

"It's his turn next," Dell said. "His turn to be young and free and see the world—before some girl gets hold of him."

"That's true," Bob answered. He rose, walked to the bed. "I guess we'd better start right in—gathering things—for him. So he'll have passage money when his time comes to sail."

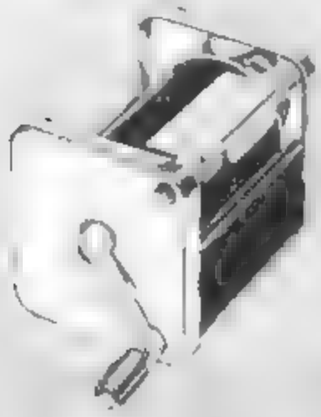
He tiptoed closer to the bed. Dell's vision of him blurred a little, for she saw in him the pathos of all the gay, casual lads caught and domesticated since the world began

But Bob was not unhappy. He was humble, awed; then amazed, for the bundle stirred again and a thin voice emerged. He leaned over, lifted a corner of the blanket. A roving gaze was suddenly fixed on his face. He was looking into the blue eyes of his latest possession.

Smooth

No new blade, unstropped, can ever shave as smoothly as the same blade Twinplexed.

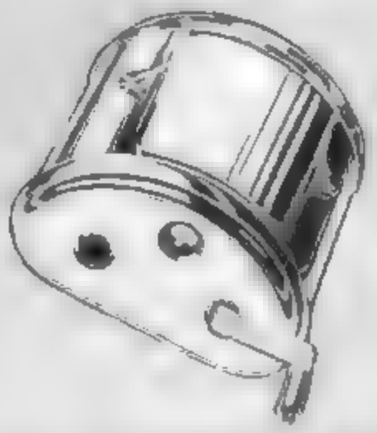
A few turns on Twinplex improves any new blade 100 per cent and keeps it keen indefinitely. Twinplex your blades and you'll never say "why bother to strop them." No fuss—no lost time changing blades. Twinplex strops both edges at once. Sold everywhere. Twinplex Sales Company St. Louis, New York, Montreal.



$3. A model for each make of single edge blade.

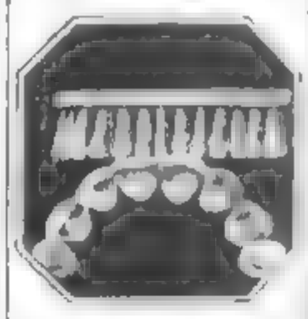
Twinplex Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES



$5. A model for each make of double edge blade.

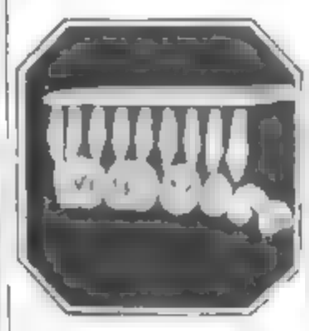
The wrong way



This brush reaches merely the surfaces of the teeth

Take every care to keep your own teeth with their biting pressure of 250 pounds. The best false teeth can give you is 30 pounds.

The right way



The wedge-shaped Albright thoroughly cleans the surfaces and the crevices of all the teeth

FREE

Send your name and address and we will forward to you a copy of "How to Save Your Teeth". It covers the care of the teeth from infancy to old age

"Keep your teeth young— *you'll be as old as they are"*

by E. G. Jegge
Head of Research Department, RUBBERSET CO., Newark, N. J., U. S. A.

THE most important teeth in your mouth, for *health* and *appearance*, are the big back molars. They do the real chewing and hold up the face. They are hardest to reach with a brush, yet they have the most difficult surfaces to keep clean; indented to mesh and masticate. In these indentures food residue lodges, forming decay.

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More important than dentifrice

Your dentist will tell you the toothbrush you use and the method of brushing you employ are far more important than any dentifrice. You must use a brush that will reach every crevice of each tooth.

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FREE

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Digestion?
General health?
Breath and beauty?
How should you care for baby's mouth?
Children's teeth?
Your own?
Which teeth are most important?
Why?
What are the results of neglect?
What are the essentials of mouth hygiene?

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The brushing surface of the bristles is wedge-shaped too. They penetrate the crevices between the teeth while the short side bristles are pressed against the surface. The scrupulous tooth cleanliness achieved this way aids mouth hygiene. It stops the spread of disease germs in the mouth and keeps the breath sweet.

Begin the day right

Now you can have the scientifically correct brush that will keep every one of your teeth absolutely clean, preventing decay and preserving health and youth.

Begin now and use it night and morning; start your day right.

Ask your dealer for an *Albright Rotary Wedge Toothbrush* today. If he hasn't it, send us 35c in stamps—specifying whether you want a hard, medium or soft brush. With it we will send you a copy of "How to Save Your Teeth".

35¢

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Ask your Dentist!

ALBRIGHT
ROTARY WEDGE
TOOTH BRUSH

LEAVE IT TO PSMITH

(Continued from Page 5)

attached to her—rather in the manner of a conjurer forcing a card upon his victim and running off and marrying a far from rich and quite unsuitable person of whom all that seemed to be known was that his name was Jackson. Mr. Keeble, whose simple creed was that Phyllis could do no wrong, had been prepared to accept the situation philosophically; but his wife's wrath had been deep and enduring; so much so that the mere mentioning of the girl's name must be accounted to him for a brave deed, Lady Constance having specifically stated that she never wished to hear it again.

Keenly alive to this prejudice of hers, Mr. Keeble stopped after making this announcement, and had to rattle his keys in his pocket in order to acquire the necessary courage to continue. He was not looking at his wife, but he knew just how forbidding her expression must be. This task of his was no easy, congenial task for a pleasant summer morning.

"She says in her letter," proceeded Mr. Keeble, his eyes on the carpet and his cheeks a deeper pink, "that young Jackson has got the chance of buying a big farm—in Lincolnshire, I think she said if he can raise three thousand pounds."

He paused and stole a glance at his wife. It was as he had feared. Like some spell, the name Jackson had apparently turned her to marble. It was like the Pygmalion and Galatea business working the wrong way round. She was presumably breathing, but there was no sign of it. She had congealed.

"So I was just thinking," said Mr. Keeble, producing another *obbligato* on the keys—"it just crossed my mind—it isn't as if the thing were a speculation—the place is apparently coining money—present owner only selling because he wants to go abroad it occurred to me—and they would pay good interest on the loan ——"

"What loan?" inquired the statue icily, coming to life.

"Well, what I was thinking just a suggestion, you know—what struck me was that if you were willing we might—good investment, you know, and nowadays it's deuced hard to find good investments. I was thinking that we might lend them the money."

He stopped. But he had got the thing out and felt happier. He rattled his keys again, and rubbed the back of his head against the mantelpiece. The friction seemed to give him confidence.

"We had better settle this thing once and for all, Joe," said Lady Constance. "As you know, when we were married I was ready to do everything for Phyllis. I was prepared to be a mother to her. I gave her every chance, took her everywhere. And what happened?"

"Yes, I know. But ——"

"She became engaged to a man with plenty of money ——"

"Shocking young ass," interjected Mr. Keeble, perking up for a moment at the recollection of the late lamented, whom he had never liked. "And a rip, what's more. I've heard stories."

"Nonsense! If you are going to believe all the gossip you hear about people, nobody would be safe. He was a delightful young man and he would have made Phyllis perfectly happy. Instead of marrying him, she chose to run off with this—Jackson." Lady Constance's voice quivered. Greater scorn could hardly have been packed into two syllables. "After what has happened, I certainly intend to have nothing more to do with her. I shall not lend them a penny, so please do not let us continue this discussion any longer. I hope I am not an unjust woman, but I must say that I consider, after the way Phyllis behaved ——"

The sudden opening of the door caused her to break off. Lord Emsworth, mold-stained and wearing a deplorable old jacket, pottered into the room. He peered benevolently at his sister and his brother-in-law, but seemed unaware that he was interrupting a conversation.

"Gardening as a Fine Art," he murmured. "Connie, have you seen a book called Gardening as a Fine Art? I was reading it in here last night. Gardening as a Fine Art—that is the title. Now where can it have got to?" His dreamy eye flitted to and fro. "I want to show it to McAllister. There is a passage in it that directly refutes his anarchistic views on ——"

"It is probably on one of the shelves," said Lady Constance shortly.

"On one of the shelves?" said Lord Emsworth, obviously impressed by this bright suggestion. "Why, of course! To be sure!"

Mr. Keeble was rattling his keys moodily. A mutinous expression was on his pink face. These moments of rebellion did not come to him very often, for he loved his wife with a doglike affection and had grown accustomed to being ruled by her; but now resentment filled him. She was unreasonable, he considered. She ought to have realized how strongly he felt about poor little Phyllis. It was too infernally cold-blooded to abandon the poor child like an old shoe simply because ——

"Are you going?" he asked, observing his wife moving to the door.

"Yes; I am going into the garden," said Lady Constance. "Why? Was there anything else you wanted to talk to me about?"

"No," said Mr. Keeble despondently. "Oh, no."

Lady Constance left the room and a deep masculine silence fell. Mr. Keeble rubbed the back of his head meditatively against the mantelpiece, and Lord Emsworth scratched among the bookshelves.

"Clarence!" said Mr. Keeble suddenly. An idea—one might almost say an inspiration—had come to him.

"Eh?" responded his lordship absently. He had found his book and was turning its pages, absorbed.

"Clarence, can you ——"

"Angus McAllister," observed Lord Emsworth bitterly, "is an obstinate, stiff-necked son of Belial. The writer of this book distinctly states in so many words——"

"Clarence, can you lend me three thousand pounds on good security and keep it dark from Connie?"

Lord Emsworth blinked.

"Keep something dark from Connie?" He raised his eyes from his book in order to peer at this visionary with a gentle pity. "My dear fellow, it can't be done."

"She would never know. I will tell you just why I want this money ——"

"Money?" Lord Emsworth's eye had become vacant again. He was reading once more. "Money? Money, my dear fellow? What money? If I have said once," declared Lord Emsworth, "that Angus McAllister is all wrong on the subject of hollyhocks, I've said it a hundred times."

"Let me explain. This three thousand pounds ——"

"My dear fellow, no! No, no! It was like you," said his lordship with a vague heartiness—"it was like you—good and generous—to make this offer, but I have ample, thank you, ample. I don't need three thousand pounds."

"You don't understand. I ——"

"No, no! No, no! But I am very much obliged, all the same. It was kind of you my dear fellow, to give me the opportunity. Very kind. Very, very, very kind," proceeded his lordship, trailing to the door and reading as he went. "Oh, very, very, very ——"

The door closed behind him.

"Oh, damn!" said Mr. Keeble.

He sank into a chair in a state of profound dejection. He thought of the letter he would have to write to Phyllis. Poor little Phyllis, he would have to tell her that what she asked could not be managed. And why, thought Mr. Keeble sourly as he rose from his seat and went to the writing table, could it not be managed? Simply because he was a weak-kneed, spineless creature who was afraid of a pair of gray eyes that had a tendency to freeze.

"My dear Phyllis," he wrote.

Here he stopped. How on earth was he to put it? What a letter to have to write! Mr. Keeble placed his head between his hands and groaned aloud.

"Hullo, Uncle Joe!"

The letter writer, turning sharply, was aware—without pleasure—of his nephew Frederick, standing beside his chair. He eyed him resentfully, for he was not only exasperated but startled. He had not heard the door open. It was as if the smooth-haired youth had popped up out of a trap.

"Came in through the window," explained the Honorable Freddie. "I say, Uncle Joe."

"Well, what is it?"

"I say, Uncle Joe," said Freddie, "can you lend me a thousand quid?"

THE new addition to the Notaseme family. A lustrous, fancy twist half hose, made in ideal color combinations. Ask your dealer for it by number—687.

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Withstands the constant seepage of water

ONLY one type of grave vault has ever proved capable of withstanding the *constant* pressure of water seeping through the soil. No man-made seal has been able to hold under this destructive force. The Clark Grave Vault—built on the principle of the diving bell, with no seals or mechanical devices—affords a permanent and absolute protection against water.

It is Nature's own method of keeping out water. And over a period of 20 years it has never failed. It is constructed of rust-resisting 12-gauge Keystone copper-bearing steel, doubly welded into a solid piece, forming a hood which automatically locks to a base of the same material.

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This vault works *with* Nature to resist natural elements. Vaults of ordinary concrete, stone or brick, do not resist water, but on the other hand draw it and hold it like a cistern.

Leading funeral directors have long recognized the Clark Grave Vault as the standard of protection. A written guaranty of 50 years' service accompanies each individual vault.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio

Mr. Keeble uttered a yelp like a pinched Pomeranian.

III

AS MR. KEEBLE, red-eyed and overwrought, rose slowly from his chair and began to swell in ominous silence his nephew raised his hand appealingly. It began to occur to the Honorable Freddie that he had perhaps not led up to his request with the maximum of smooth tact.

"Half a jiffy!" he entreated. "I say, don't go in off the deep end for just a second! I can explain"

Mr. Keeble's feelings expressed themselves in a loud snort.

"Explain!"

"Well, I can. Whole trouble was I started at the wrong end. Shouldn't have sprung it on you like that. The fact is, Uncle Joe, I've got a scheme. I give you my word that, if you'll only put off having apoplexy for about three minutes," said Freddie, scanning his fermenting relative with some anxiety, "I can shove you onto a good thing. Honestly I can. And all I say is, if this scheme I'm talking about is worth a thousand quid to you, will you slip it across? I'm game to spill it and leave it to your honesty to cash up if the thing looks good to you."

"A thousand pounds!"

"Nice round sum," urged Freddie ingratiatingly.

"Why," demanded Mr. Keeble, now somewhat recovered, "do you want a thousand pounds?"

"Well, who doesn't, if it comes to that?" said Freddie. "But I don't mind telling you my special reason for wanting it at just this moment, if you'll swear to keep it under your hat as far as the guv'nor is concerned."

"If you mean that you wish me not to repeat to your father anything you may tell me in confidence, naturally I should not dream of doing such a thing."

Freddie looked puzzled. His was no lightning brain.

"Can't quite work that out," he confessed. "Do you mean you will tell him or you won't?"

"I will not tell him."

"Good old Uncle Joe!" said Freddie, relieved. "A topper! I've always said so. Well, look here, you know all the trouble there's been about my dropping a bit on the races lately?"

"I do."

"Between ourselves, I dropped about five hundred of the best. And I just want to ask you one simple question: Why did I drop it?"

"Because you were an infernal young ass."

"Well, yes," agreed Freddie, having considered the point, "you might put it that way, of course. But why was I an ass?"

"Am I a psychoanalyst?" exclaimed the exasperated Mr. Keeble.

"I mean to say, if you come right down to it, I lost all that stuff simply because I was on the wrong side of the fence. It's a mug's game, betting on horses. The only way to make money is to be a bookie, and that's what I'm going to do if you'll part with that thousand. Pal of mine who was up at Oxford with me is in a bookie's office, and they're game to take me in, too, if I can put up a thousand quid. Only I must let them know quick, because the offer's not going to be open forever. You've no notion what a deuce of a lot of competition there is for that sort of job."

Mr. Keeble, who had been endeavoring with some energy to get a word in during this harangue, now contrived to speak.

"And you seriously suppose that I would—but what's the use of wasting time talking? I have no means of laying my hands on the sum you mention. If I had," said Mr. Keeble wistfully—"if I had ——"

And his eye strayed to the letter on the desk, the letter which had got as far as "My dear Phyllis" and stuck there.

Freddie gazed upon him with cordial sympathy.

"Oh, I know how you're situated, Uncle Joe, and I'm dashed sorry for you. I mean, Aunt Constance and all that."

"What?" Irksome as Mr. Keeble sometimes found the peculiar condition of his financial arrangements, he had always had the consolation of supposing that they were a secret between his wife and himself. "What do you mean?"

"Well, I know that Aunt Constance keeps an eye on the doubloons and checks the outgoings pretty narrowly. And I think it's a dashed shame that she won't unbuckle to help poor old Phyllis. A girl," said Freddie, "I always liked. Bally shame! Why the dickens shouldn't she marry that fellow Jackson? I mean, love's love," said Freddie, who felt strongly on this point.

Mr. Keeble was making curious gulping noises.

"Perhaps I ought to explain," said Freddie, "that I was having a quiet after-breakfast smoke outside the window there and heard the whole thing. I mean, you and Aunt Constance going to the mat about poor old Phyllis and you trying to bite the guv'nor's ear and so forth."

Mr. Keeble bubbled for a while.

"You—you listened!" he managed to ejaculate at length.

"And dashed lucky for you," said Freddie with a cordiality unimpaired by the frankly unfriendly stare under which a nicer-minded youth would have withered, "dashed lucky for you that I did. Because I've got a scheme."

Mr. Keeble's estimate of his young relative's sagacity was not a high one, and it is doubtful whether, had the latter caught him in a less despondent mood, he would have wasted time in inquiring into the details of this scheme, the mention of which had been playing in and out of Freddie's conversation like a will-o'-the-wisp. But such was his reduced state at the moment that a reluctant gleam of hope crept into his troubled eye.

"A scheme? Do you mean a scheme to help me out of—out of my difficulty?"

"Absolutely! You want the best seats, we have 'em. I mean," Freddie went on in interpretation of these peculiar words, "you want three thousand quid, and I can show you how to get it."

"Then kindly do so," said Mr. Keeble; and, having opened the door, peered cautiously out and closed it again, he crossed the room and shut the window.

"Makes it a bit fuggy, but perhaps you're right," said Freddie, eying these maneuvers. "Well, it's like this, Uncle Joe: You remember what you were saying to Aunt Constance about some bird being apt to sneak up and pinch her necklace?"

"I do."

"Well, why not?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, why don't you?"

Mr. Keeble regarded his nephew with unconcealed astonishment. He had been prepared for imbecility, but this exceeded his expectations.

"Steal my wife's necklace!"

"That's it! Frightfully quick, you are, getting onto an idea. Pinch Aunt Connie's necklace. For, mark you," continued Freddie, so far forgetting the respect due from a nephew as to prod his uncle with some sharpness in the lower ribs, "if a husband pinches anything from a wife it isn't stealing. That's law. I found that out from a movie I saw in town."

The Honorable Freddie was a great student of the movies. He could tell a super-film from a super-superfilm at a glance, and what he did not know about erring wives and licentious clubmen could have been written in a subtitle.

"Are you insane?" growled Mr. Keeble.

"It wouldn't be hard for you to get hold of it, and once you'd got it everybody would be happy. I mean, all you'd have to do would be to draw a check to pay for another one for Aunt Connie, which would make her perfectly chirpy as well as putting you one up, if you follow me. Then you would have the other necklace, the pinched one, to play about with. See what I mean? You could sell it privily and by stealth, ship Phyllis her three thousand, push across my thousand, and what was left over would be a nice little private account for you to tuck away somewhere where Aunt Connie wouldn't know anything about it. And a dashed useful thing," said Freddie, "to have up your sleeve in case of emergencies."

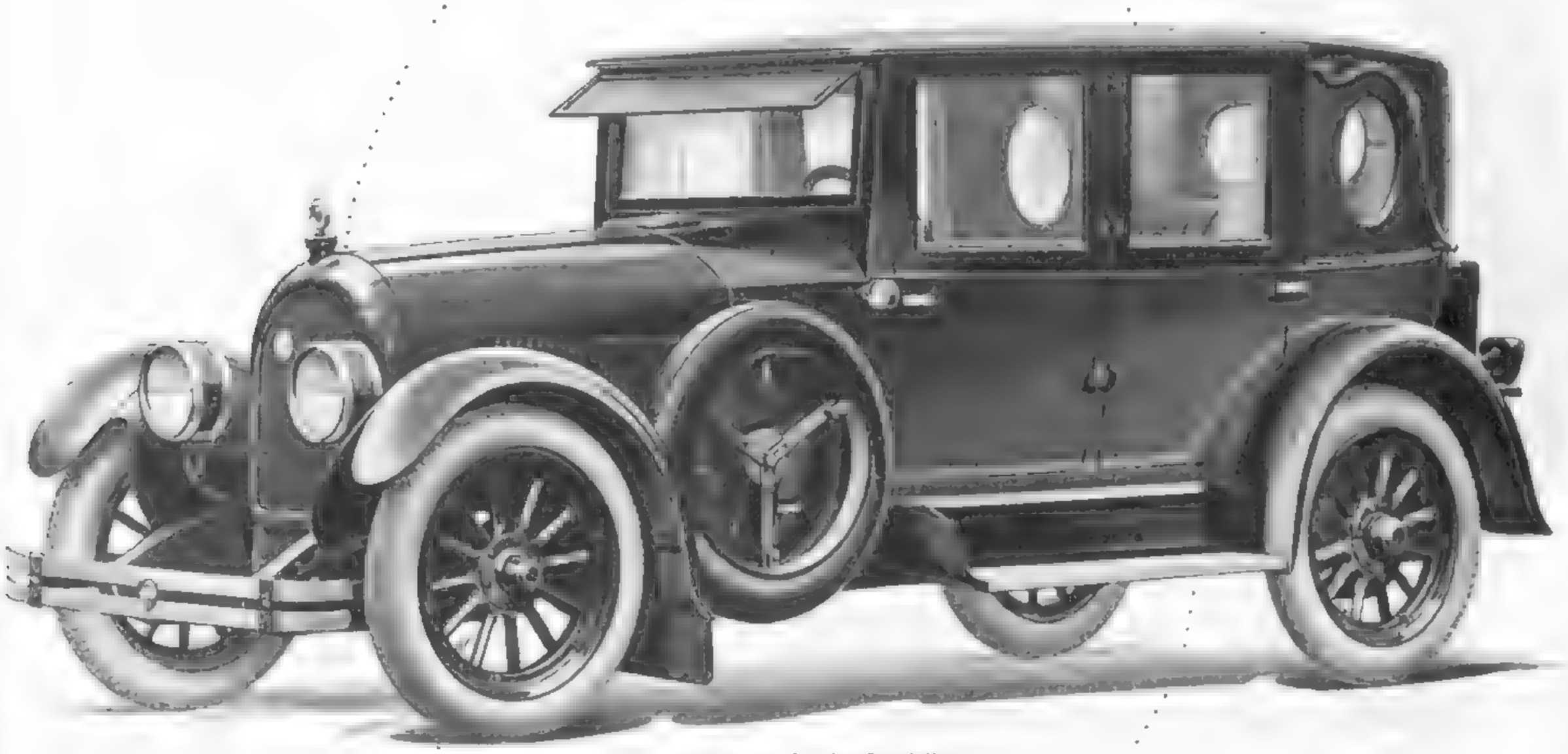
"Are you ——"

Mr. Keeble was on the point of repeating his previous remark when suddenly there came the realization that, despite all preconceived opinions, the young man was anything but insane. The scheme, at which he had been prepared to scoff, was so brilliant yet simple that it seemed almost incredible that its sponsor could have thought it out for himself.

"Not my own," said Freddie modestly, scorning to accept undue credit. "Saw much the same thing in a movie once. Only there the fellow, I remember, wanted to do down an insurance company, and it wasn't a necklace that he pinched, but bonds. Still, the principle's the same. Well, how

(Continued on Page 104)

The Brougham Sedan



Twenty-five hundred eighty-five dollars
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also a Phaeton at $1485

A more beautiful Kissel, because another year of fine car manufacture has developed a new refinement of lines that always have been distinctive. ¶ A Kissel of unusual power, flexibility and smoothness, because of the new Kissel motor—an engine that accelerates from 5 to 60 miles an hour in 30 seconds, without the usual vibration between these speeds. ¶ A Kissel whose perfect balance, accurate engineering and fine equipment are the handiwork of skilled craftsmen, because the experience of seventeen years has taught no other standard of automobile construction. ¶ Yet a Kissel at a lower price, because demand for the Custom-Built Six has made possible the economies of quantity manufacture.

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TYPEWRITERS

(Continued from Page 102

do we go, Uncle Joe? How about it? Is that worth a thousand quid or not

Even though he had seen in person to the closing of the door and the window, Mr Keeble could not refrain from a conspiratorlike glance about him. They had been speaking with lowered voices, but now words came from him in an almost inaudible whisper

'Could it really be done? Is it feasible?'

"Feasible? Why, dash it, what the dickens is there to stop you? You could do it in a second. And the beauty of the whole thing is that if you were copped nobody could say a word, because husband pinching from wife isn't stealing. Law."

The statement that in the circumstances indicated nobody could say a word seemed to Mr. Keeble so at variance with the facts that he was compelled to challenge it.

"Your aunt would have a good deal to say," he observed mildly

"Eh? Oh, yes, I see what you mean. Well, you would have to risk that. After all, the chances would be dead against her finding out

'But she might."

"Oh, well, if you put it like that, I suppose she might."

"Freddie, my boy," said Mr. Keeble weakly, 'I daren't do it'"

The vision of his thousand pounds slipping from his grasp so wrought upon Freddie that he expressed himself in a manner far from fitting in one of his years towards an older ma

"Oh, I say, don't be such a rabbit!"

Mr. Keeble shook his head

"No," he repeated, "I daren't."

It might have seemed that the negotiations had reached a deadlock; but Freddie, with a thousand pounds in sight, was in far too stimulated a condition to permit so tame an ending to such a promising plot. As he stood there, chafing at his uncle's pusillanimity, an idea was vouchsafed to him.

"By Jove, I'll tell you what!" he cried

'Not so loud!" moaned the apprehensive Mr. Keeble. "Not so loud!"

"I'll tell you what," repeated Freddie in a hoarse whisper. "How would it be if I did the pinching'"

"What'"

"How would it ——"

"Would you?" Hope, which had vanished from Mr. Keeble's face, came flooding back. "My boy, would you, really?"

"For a thousand quid, you bet I would"

Mr. Keeble clutched at his young relative's hand and gripped it feverishly

"Freddie," he said, "the moment you place that necklace in my hands I will give you not a thousand but two thousand pounds"

"Uncle Joe," said Freddie with equal intensity, it's a bet'

Mr Keeble mopped at his forehead

"You think you can manage it?"

"Manage it?" Freddie laughed a light laugh. "Just watch me!"

Mr. Keeble grasped his hand again with the utmost warmth.

"I must go out and get some air," he said. "I'm all upset. May I really leave this matter to you, Freddie'"

"Rather'"

"Good' Then tonight I will write to Phyllis and say that I may be able to do what she wishes"

"Don't say 'may,'" cried Freddie buoyantly. "The word is 'will.' Bally 'will'' What ho!"

IV

EXHILARATION is a heady drug; but, like other drugs, it has the disadvantage that its stimulating effects seldom last for very long. For perhaps ten minutes after his uncle had left him Freddie Threepwood lay back in his chair in a sort of ecstasy. He felt strong, vigorous, alert. Then by degrees, like a chilling wind, doubt began to creep upon him—faintly at first, then more and more insistently, till by the end of a quarter of an hour he was in a state of pronounced self-mistrust. Or, to put it with less elegance, he was suffering from an exceedingly severe attack of cold feet

The more he contemplated the venture which he had undertaken the less alluring did it appear to him. His was not a keen imagination, but even he could shape with a gruesome clearness a vision of the frightful bust-up that would ensue should he be detected stealing his Aunt Constance's diamond necklace Common decency would [illegible] seal his lips as regarded his Uncle Joseph's share in the matter. And even if as might conceivably happen common decency failed at the crisis, reason told him that his Uncle Joseph would infallibly disclaim any knowledge of or connection with the rash act. And then where would he be? In the soup, undoubtedly For Freddie could not conceal it from himself that there was nothing in his previous record to make it seem inconceivable to his nearest and dearest that he should steal the jewelry of a female relative for purely personal ends. The verdict in the event of detection would be one of uncompromising condemnation

And yet he hated the idea of meekly allowing that two thousand pounds to escape from his clutch

A young man's crossroads.

The agony of spirit into which these meditations cast him had brought him up with a bound from the comfortable depths of his armchair and had set him prowling restlessly about the room. His wanderings led him at this point to collide somewhat painfully with the long table on which Beach the butler, a tidy soul, was in the habit of arranging in a neat row the daily papers, weekly papers and magazines which found their way into the castle. The shock had the effect of rousing him from his stupor, and in an absent way he clutched the nearest daily paper, which happened to be the Morning Globe, and returned to his chair in the hope of quieting his nerves with a perusal of the racing intelligence. For, though far removed now from any practical share in the doings of the racing world, he still took a faint, melancholy interest in ascertaining what Captain Curb, the Head Lad, Little Brighteyes and the rest of the newspaper experts fancied for the day's big event. He lit a cigarette and unfolded the journal.

The next moment, instead of passing directly, as was his usual practice, to the last page, which was devoted to sport, he was gazing with a strange dry feeling in his throat at a certain advertisement on Page One.

It was a well-displayed advertisement, and one that had caught the eye of many other readers of the paper that morning. It was worded to attract attention and it had achieved its object But where others who read it had merely smiled and marveled idly how anybody could spend good money putting nonsense like that in the paper, to Freddie its import was wholly serious. It read to him like the real thing. His motion-picture-trained mind accepted this advertisement at its face value. It ran as follows:

LEAVE IT TO PSMITH'

Psmith Will Help You
Psmith is Ready for Anything

DO YOU WANT

Someone to Manage Your Affairs?
Someone to Handle Your Business?
Someone to Take the Dog for a Run?
Someone to Assassinate Your Aunt?

PSMITH WILL DO IT

CRIME NOT OBJECTED TO

Whatever Job You Have to Offer
(Provided it Has Nothing to do With Fish)

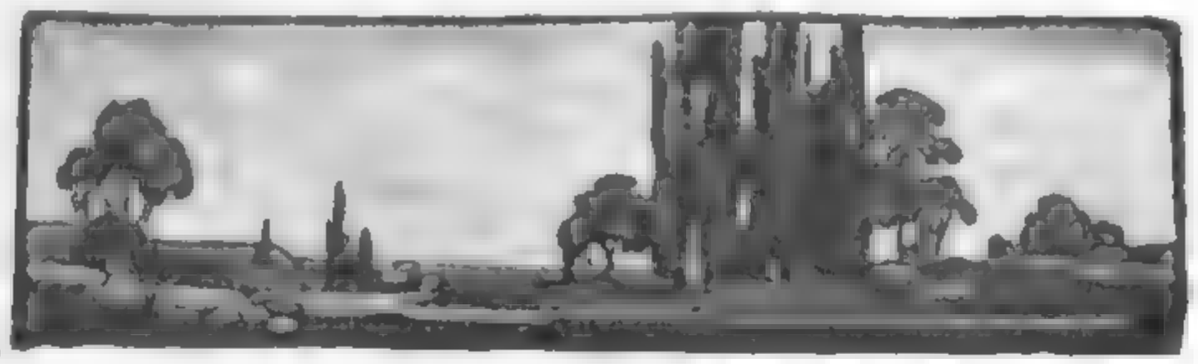
LEAVE IT TO PSMITH!

Address Applications to R. Psmith, Box 365

LEAVE IT TO PSMITH!

Freddie laid the paper down with a deep intake of breath. He picked it up again

(Continued on Page 107



Why Havoline is such a good oil

Back in the days when people still looked upon the "horseless carriage" as one of the Seven Wonders of the World, Havoline engineers and chemists were busy in their laboratories producing a proper oil for the new invention. But that was not all. They were looking into the future. They were even then wrestling with the lubrication problems of today.

From the very beginning of the automobile industry, they have been refining, distilling and perfecting to anticipate the needs of each new generation of motors with an oil which would lubricate the internal combustion engine in the highest degree of efficiency. For nearly twenty years they have been a step ahead of the times and they still are.

That is why you will always find Havoline Oil a most efficient lubricant for your motor. These chemists have saved Havoline users a mint of money in overhaul charges. They have increased the power and mileage of their motors and have helped to make the automobile the practical success it is today.

Furthermore, they have produced an oil of unvarying quality. Buy a given grade of Havoline in Maine or California, in January or June. It is always the same. If your motor could talk, it would tell you that this is a characteristic greatly to be desired.

Look at the Havoline Lubrication Chart. Havoline dealers display it. You will find it unerring in its advice as to the grade of oil your car needs. Get Havoline in a can or from a quart measure, as you prefer.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, NEW YORK
Incorporated
Branches in 158 cities
Producers and refiners of petroleum products

HAVOLINE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Oils and Greases

The man who deals in the UNEXPECTED

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Founded 1792

To everyone the unexpected does at times happen.

An unexpected storm may, at this moment, be imperiling your property—an unlooked for accident may have damaged that last shipment—a sudden breakdown shut your plant.

The man who *deals* in the unexpected, who measures the possibility of the unexpected striking you and who protects you against the unexpected, is the reliable insurance agent.

He will protect you from powers beyond your control. As your banker assists you to build your future the insurance agent will help you protect it. Consult him as a man experienced in the unexpected—a man who can insure your future.

The Insurance Company of North America has protected the interests and the property of American business and of American industry against the unexpected for 131 years.

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

and the

Indemnity Insurance Company of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

Continued from Page 104

and read the advertisement a second time. Yes, it sounded good.

More, it had something of the quality of a direct answer to prayer. Very vividly now Freddie realized that what he had been wishing for was a partner to share the perils of this enterprise which he had so rashly undertaken; in fact, not so much to share them as to take them off his shoulders altogether.

And such a partner he was now in a position to command. Uncle Joe was going to give him two thousand if he brought the thing off. This advertisement fellow would probably be charmed to come in for a few hundred

Two minutes later Freddie was at the writing desk, scribbling a letter. From time to time he glanced furtively over his shoulder at the door. But the house was still. No footsteps came to interrupt him at his task.

v

FREDDIE went out into the garden. He had not wandered far when from somewhere close at hand there was borne to him on the breeze a remark in a high voice about Scottish obstinacy, which could only have proceeded from one source. He quickened his steps.

"Hullo, guv'nor."

"Well, Frederick?"

Freddie shuffled.

"I say, guv'nor, do you think I might go up to town with you this afternoon?"

"What?"

"Fact is I ought to see my dentist. Haven't been to him for a deuce of a time."

"I cannot see the necessity for you to visit a London dentist. There is an excellent man in Shrewsbury, and you know I have the strongest objection to your going to London."

"Well, you see, this fellow understands my snappers. Always been to him, I mean tosay. Anybody who knows anything about these things will tell you the greatest mistake go buzzing about to different dentists."

Already Lord Emsworth's attention was wandering back to the waiting McAllister.

"Oh, very well, very well."

"Thanks, awfully, guv'nor."

"But on one thing I insist, Frederick. I cannot have you loafing about London the whole day. You must catch the 12:50 train back."

"Right ho! That'll be all right, guv'nor."

"Now, listen to reason, McAllister," said his lordship "That is all I ask you to do listen to reason."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SILENT PARTNER

(Continued from Page 30)

The room was vacant at the moment; and going to a counter at the side, she stripped off her glove and taking a deposit slip from the rack she wrote on it her name. Then with the bills from the bag in her hand she went over to the teller's cage. This time it was the receiving teller's cage.

"Good morning," she said pleasantly.

Inside, the young man with the slicked hair and collegiate clothes looked up with a quickening smile.

"Good morning, Mrs. Coburn," he greeted her effusively.

They all did that—men. To the other sex there was always something effectively alluring in Lisa's fragrant, youthful presence, though of her own accord she made scant effort either to attract or to hold their attention. Her air now intent on anything but the youth, she pushed the packet of bills toward him.

"I've forgotten my bank book—left it at home," she murmured.

He gave her another ready smile.

"That's all right," he assured Lisa. "I'll give you a duplicate deposit slip."

Then, as he picked up the bills, the teller's eyes flickered momentarily, and one might have seen him start.

Lisa watched him closely. After the start, then a furtive glance at her, he assumed again instantly his air of professional suavity and deference; and breaking the paper band that held the bills together, he scuffled them deftly, swiftly through his fingers. Afterwards he took a slip from the counter beside him, wrote on it rapidly, stamped it with a rubber stamp and handed it to Lisa.

"Dreadful day, isn't it?" he remarked, bestowing on Lisa another effulgent smile.

The day was, as he said, obviously and patently dreadful; but to the remark Lisa vouchsafed no reply. Another woman had entered the room, and out of the corner of her eye Lisa had just caught sight of her. She turned swiftly, her lips parted.

"Cora!" she exclaimed.

It was Cora Dredge. Without a storm coat to protect her, she had evidently come through the storm afoot; and after another look at her one-time friend's dripping skirts, Lisa gave another exclamation. Mrs. Dredge wiped the moisture from her face.

"I—I didn't expect to see you, Lisa," she returned, her tone uneasy, a little sullen. Her lips were blue and she shook with a shudder of cold as she spoke. Liza looked at her in unaffected dismay.

"You're wet through, Cora—soaking! You've never in the world been walking in a storm like this, have you?" she ejaculated, and Mrs. Dredge smiled wryly.

"That's all right for you—riding," she drawled. "I hadn't money for car fare—much less a cab."

For an instant Lisa was silent. She was gazing intently and critically at the drab, moist figure sulkily returning her glance.

"What has happened to you, Cora?" she asked, her voice sharp.

Mrs. Dredge shrugged her shoulders indifferently.

"Nothing's happened. I just came here to cash that check—the one you gave me last night," she answered leadenly.

"Yes, but you walked; you say you hadn't the car fare. Why didn't you send your husband? Where is Harvey?" she demanded.

"Oh, him?" responded Mrs. Dredge with another shrug. "Harvey's there, outside. He's—he's waiting"

Lisa shot a glance toward the door. There beside it stood a male counterpart of the sorry, bedraggled figure of the wife; a man with sulky, hanging eyes; unshorn, unkempt in person, the water draining from his clothes and broken, squelching shoes. Lisa looked back at the woman.

"Waiting? What for, Cora?"

Mrs. Dredge's eyes grew more sullen and evasive.

"He just came with me—that's all," she said; but Lisa read the truth.

"You mean he came for that money, the check I gave you," she said slowly; and after a look at her, Mrs. Dredge's mouth set itself and she nodded.

"Yes; I won't lie to you," she said; "he came here for that money."

"And you're going to give it to him?" Lisa asked, her eyes hard.

A murky, combative gleam lit up Mrs. Dredge's somber eyes; and lifting her head back, she answered Lisa with a sudden surprising vehemence.

"What's the good of talking, Lisa? I know what you said to me last night; and I haven't forgotten, either, all you said to me those years ago. If I'd done what you have and what you told me then to do I wouldn't be where I am, I know. You seem to have pulled out on top, anyway; and you've had your life; and the trouble with me is, I guess, I'm different. I hadn't the nerve, maybe; or I wasn't smart as you are; or maybe I lacked the character. Just the same, I'm not going to talk about it. Harvey's my husband, and that's all I'm going to say. I'm married to him, Lisa, and you can stop that check if you like—see that I don't get the money to give to him!"

Lisa's eyes had narrowed.

"After all that's happened—all you've gone through—you still will let him have it to squander uselessly?"

Mrs. Dredge's mouth set itself.

"If I don't give it to him he'll leave me," she said; and after another look at her Lisa let fall a laugh.

The laugh was harsh, so hard and mirthless that the young bank clerk behind her in the cage raised his head momentarily to stare her way. But Lisa had no thought of that.

"Let him leave you!" she said. "You owe him nothing. A man like that, a shiftless drifter, gambling away the last dollar his wife has, deserves nothing from any woman. It would be bad enough if he gave you a home, enough to eat; but him—pshaw!"

"Yes, I know you hate him," affirmed Mrs. Dredge; "it was Harvey who got your husband started in that."

"Never mind my husband!" Lisa flashed at her. "What are you going to do?"

Mrs. Dredge drew her jacket about her with a sidelong look as she did it at Lisa.

"If you were I," she drawled shrewdly, "what would you do, Lisa? If it was your husband would you leave him?" Lisa either had no answer for that or she did not deign to reply to it, and the woman smiled contemptuously. "Perhaps you would—who knows? From what you've told me and from the things I've seen you do one might think you'd have little hesitation if ever the time came!"

Lisa was peering at her queerly.

"What do you mean by that?" she demanded quietly; and Mrs. Dredge this time gave a laugh.

"Oh, I don't care what happens to me, Lisa! You can take back that money or not as you like. I'm at the end of my string, anyway; and a few dollars or so won't make much difference in how it's going to end. You've gone on, every year feathering your nest a little more; so there's nothing to worry you. Thank God, though, I haven't. I ——"

"Stop!" said Lisa. The color for a moment had left her face. "I feathered my nest?" she inquired, her voice lifting at each word.

Mrs. Dredge smiled ashily.

"You've forgotten the advice you used to give me. It's slipped your mind, perhaps, Lisa, that once you gave me the details of what I ought to do—what any woman ought to do to protect herself if there was need of that. I remember clearly all about the shops, the bills, the money a woman ——"

Lisa's hand caught her swiftly by the arm.

"Hush!" she said. "Hush!"

"No one can hear us," returned Mrs. Dredge with another ashy smile. "They wouldn't understand us if they did."

"Hush!" repeated Lisa.

The other subsided into a sullen mumble.

"Well, do you want your check back or not?" she muttered. But Lisa made no reply. She was still pale and white, quieted; and after waiting a moment, Mrs. Dredge spoke again.

"Well, I'm wrong, Lisa, maybe," she said aimlessly; "maybe you wouldn't leave him after all. No woman knows till the time."

"Oh, be still!" Lisa bade her harshly. With the same harshness she gestured toward the teller's window. "Get your money; give it to your husband if you like! I'm through with you, Cora Dredge!" she said.

A moment later, her face stony, she was out in the street giving the taxi driver her direction.

"The Ritz," said Lisa, and she added, "I'm in a hurry too!"

IX

THE restaurant was far uptown, a discreet, detached resort well on beyond the thickly settled section of the city, and perched on a steep hilltop that overlooked the river. At this season of the year, and especially so early in the day, patrons were as a rule few and far between; and when the taxi drew up at the door, and the fare, a short, rather portly person, alighted and hurried into the place, the welcome he received was as earnest as it was solicitous.

"A table for two," he directed, adding, "a lady will be here shortly."

"Very good, sir. This way, sir," the head waiter invited briskly.

Esquired by a trio of active aids in aprons, he ushered the guest to a table placed prominently to view the surroundings. The guest at once shook his head, frowning.

"Haven't you something else—something a little less—er—conspicuous?"

The head waiter seemed instantly to understand.

"Ah, certainly, sir! This way, please."

Around the corner of the hallway was a windowed niche, the windows draped; and in this was a single table.

As the visitor saw it he nodded approval. Slipping a hand into his pocket, he handed the man a bill.

"You'll see that we're not—er—bothered," he said.

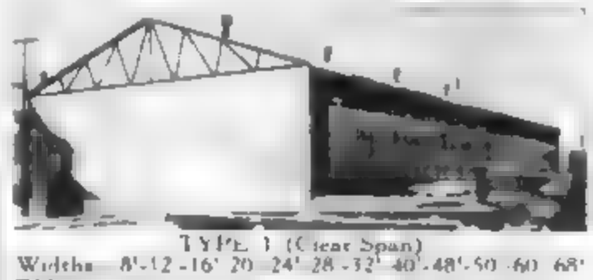
TRUSCON STANDARD BUILDINGS

Order your building while costs are low

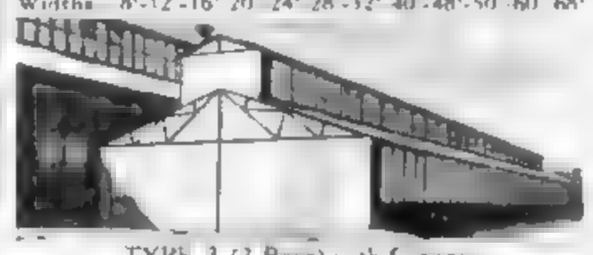
Anticipate your building needs. Take advantage of low costs and good service by ordering your Truscon Standard Buildings now. Regardless of winter cold, they can be erected without extra expense. Adaptable for every one-story, and many two-story commercial and industrial needs. Walls of brick, concrete, or steel. Doors and windows of steel.

A Few Standard Types of Truscon Buildings

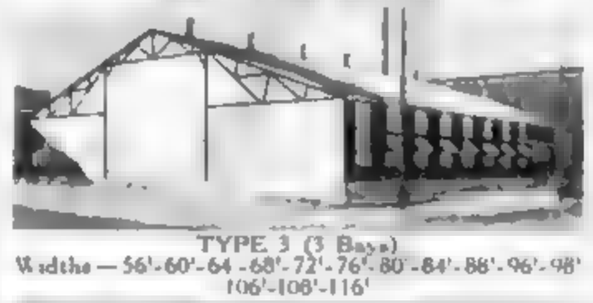
Lengths: Any Multiple of 2'0". Heights: 8'1" to 21'5". Any combination of types. Any door or window arrangement Lanterns, canopies and lean-tos as desired.



TYPE 1 (Clear Span)
Widths 8'-12'-16' 20' 24' 28'-32' 40'-48'-50' 60' 68'



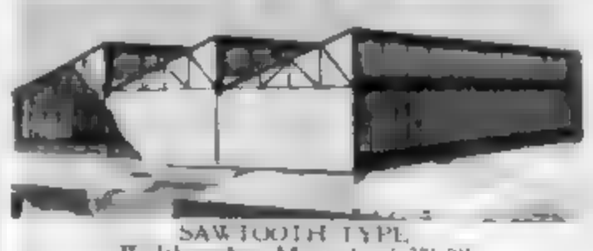
TYPE 2 (2 Bays) with Canopy
Widths 40' 48' 50' 56' 60'



TYPE 3 (3 Bays)
Widths — 56'-60'-64'-68'-72'-76'-80'-84'-88'-96'-98' 106'-108'-116'

TYPE 4 (4 Bays) with Lantern
Widths—80'-100'-112' (4 Bays @ 20' 25' or 28')

TYPE 3M (Monitor)
Widths 60'-64'-68'-72'-76' 80' 84' 88'-90'-96' 98' 100'-106'-108'-116'



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Widths—Any Multiple of 28'-0"

The standardized units composing these buildings make possible an infinite variety of sizes and arrangements. They also permit of dismantling the buildings and re-erecting them with 100% salvage value. Over 10,000,000 square feet of floor area of Truscon Standard Buildings are now in successful use for factories, warehouses, foundries, shops, railroad buildings, oil buildings, garages, service stations, and many other purposes

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Send useful building book and suggestions on building to be used for _____

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Name _____

Address _____ (SP2)

The Nickel Lunch

© P N & C CO

When school is out and dinner three hours away

MR PEANUT
REG U.S. PAT OFF

Let the youngsters discover Planters Salted Peanuts—The Nickel Lunch.

The big, salty nuts will not only satisfy their hunger but will help to build strong bodies. A 5c bag of Planters Salted Peanuts has more nutrition than a slice of beef.

Grown up folks get hungry too—and long ago, they learned to eat Planters Salted Peanuts because they are "Good to eat—rich as meat".

Made by the Planters Nut and Chocolate Company, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Suffolk, Va., Chicago, New York, Boston, San Francisco.

Planters
PENNANT SALTED
PEANUTS

It was assured. The servant's eye lit as he saw the denomination of the bill A pad and pencil in his hand, he asked, "Will you give the order now, sir?"

A wave of the hand.

"I'll leave that to you. The best something dainty, you understand?"

Again the man's eyes lit.

"Very good, sir," he said, and he was turning away when the guest stopped him.

"The table—can't you get some flowers for it?" asked the guest.

The man reflected a moment.

"I could phone, sir. It might need a cab, though, to get them here."

"Never mind—get them," directed the guest.

As the man went he seated himself where he had a glimpse of the hall; and drawing a cigarette case from his waistcoat, he helped himself to a cigarette with fingers that shook a little. His nervousness was visible. Ten minutes or so later, when a clock outside struck the hour, one, his restlessness grew uncomfortable. He drew out his watch and consulted it. Again, not more than two or three minutes afterwards, he took another look at it; and he had consumed the first cigarette and was halfway through another when a horn honked on the driveway outside.

It was nearly fifteen minutes after the hour now; and hastily laying down his cigarette, he thrust back his chair and scrambled to his feet.

With the head waiter and his aids hovering solicitously about her, Lisa was hastening along the hall.

"I'm sorry, Phil," she murmured. "Have I kept you long?" Brightly she gave him her hand. "My dress was wringing; I had to go home and change."

She had slipped out of her coat; and as she stood slenderly in a black cloth dress, a tricky little hat on her small, graceful head, Coombes' eyes were eloquently warm.

One waiter had her coat, another drew out a chair for her; and under his breath Coombes spoke:

"I didn't mind—this time—waiting. Think how long I've waited for this!"

Drawing her hand from his, Lisa went to the table. Behind her the head waiter appeared with a tall, thin tulip glass filled with a spray of flowers, and as he set them on the table she gave a little exclamation of delight.

"Orchids? How wonderful!"

Coombes' eyes still lingered on her youthfully girlish face and eyes.

"I hoped you'd like them," he responded, gravely pleased; "that's why I sent for them."

"Have you ordered, Phil?" Lisa asked hurriedly. "I'm famished."

Coombes blinked momentarily, then he beckoned to the waiter.

"Serve the luncheon," he directed.

The head waiter proved that day to have paid a tribute to his art. There was an *hors d'œuvre* first, a variety of small, appetizing surprises arranged in an artful mosaic on the dish. Following it the tinted pinkness of a *bisque d'écrevisse* was offered temptingly in shell-like cups; and as the head waiter, officiating in person, served it with an artist's pride in his art, Coombes whispered something to him, an inquiry.

"Certainly, sir," was the reply.

Departing, the man returned presently with a small, gracefully formed glass pitcher; and as he decanted the amber liquor it held into Lisa's glass she gave another little exclamation.

"Château Yquem! How do you do it, Phil?"

Coombes laughed easily.

"That? Money will do most things, won't it?"

Through the luncheon Lisa chattered lightly and animatedly. Both her talk and the tinkling sparkle of laughter that went with it lacked any suggestion of restraint or a shy embarrassment at being there alone with him. Once or twice, in his rapt study of her, Coombes awoke to venture a phrase or so of the deeper feeling struggling in him for expression; but each time Lisa either smiled vaguely, her eyes averted, or evading him openly, she diverted the talk into more open, safer channels. Halfway through the luncheon, it became clear she was steadfastly holding him off.

Coombes saw it too. The declaration she had as much as brought him there to speak she somehow would not let him utter—or so he thought, at any rate; and the color mounted into his face, his eyes brightened and grew more than ever eager. The fact that she had not made it any easier to him was only an added allurement. It would have jarred him, in fact, had she been too ready; and intrigued as he was by Lisa's charm and the fragrance of her youthfulness, the shy, girlish reticence she seemed to show piled fresh fuel to the fire of his longing.

The waiters had momentarily withdrawn when all at once he bent toward her.

"Lisa, I can't stand this," he said thickly. Leaning forward, he laid a hand on hers, and when she would have withdrawn it his grip tightened. "You've got to listen! No, don't try to stop me. You know how I feel—I told you again, last night; and now you've got to hear me out!"

"Phil, please!" she begged.

Coombes ignored the plea.

"No, I've waited too long, Lisa. You know you can't go on the way you're going, and I'm not going to let you—not any more. What you're trying to do, you know, is too much for any woman to shoulder—a woman like you especially; and things are not going to get any better; they will be worse. Think of that, won't you? You were never cut out to stand poverty—to want things and never get them; and just ask yourself what it would mean to you to go back to the life—the existence, rather—where I saw you first! You remember it, don't you?—that flat, that hutch you used to live in? It was down in Forty-eighth Street, wasn't it? Do you wish deliberately to go back to that—to doing your own housework—cooking, scrubbing, sweeping?"

Lisa tried vainly to stop him.

"Please, please, Phil!"

Coombes was not to be stopped.

"Why be obstinate, Lisa? You can't help yourself, and you know it! Some women are born and made to have all they want, all that makes life bright and real to them, and you're that sort. You don't wish, do you, to be like the other kind, the ones in the plight you're heading for? You've seen them, the women that by hordes wander about the Avenue and the shops, hankering and hungering for the things they'll never have the money to buy. Don't be foolish, little girl! If ever there was a woman born to have money lavished on her you're the woman."

Lisa sat looking at him. Her lips were parted and a faint, creeping color had tinted momentarily the pale olive clearness of her skin. It was all old, though, what he said to her; and at the familiar ring in it her nostrils had quivered delicately, dilating with the remembrance of when and where she had heard it last. Nelly Nesbit had said it only the night before. She had heard other women say it before, too; women who made that their philosophy, their justification. Lisa wet her lips.

"Wait," she said quietly.

Coombes didn't wait. His grip tightened on her hand.

"You know what you're offered, Lisa. You need only to accept, and you can have for your own all you'll need—ever want. You can have it settled on you, if you wish—all yours to do with as you like. Come, doesn't that tempt you?"

"Yes," said Lisa doggedly, "it tempts me. It would tempt almost any woman."

"Then why don't you take it?" he smiled.

She leaned back and with a determined movement released her hand from his.

"I didn't come here for this, Phil," she said; "you may be surprised—perhaps I've given you reason to be." She raised her eyes to his. "You once said that if ever I needed help I was to send for you. That was why I telephoned you last night." She paused an instant, and again wet her lips. "Phil, I need help," said Lisa quietly.

He was studying her intently. He nodded.

"All I possess I've just offered you, Lisa."

She shook her head.

"That's not it," said Lisa, and looked down at her hands. "I have twenty-five thousand dollars, Phil; the check is here in my bag," she said slowly, "and I want you to take it for me and put it where it will be safe."

Coombes leaned back in his chair, his expression changing as he gazed at her. His look was queer. It was bewildered, yet at the same time watchfully keen.

"Say that again," he said. "You want me to take it, you say?"

"Something's happened, Phil. I want that money put where it can't get lost—be spent, to put it frankly. I want it where no one can get it away from me."

For a moment Coombes' fingers played with the tableware beside his plate.

"I see, Lisa." He paused an instant. "Then, after all," he said deliberately, "you knew last night when you telephoned what had happened?"

It was Lisa's turn to look bewildered.

"I don't think I understand. What has happened, you say? I was frightened, if that's what you mean. I'd had a visit from someone—a woman; and this morning I saw her again. It terrified me to think that what has happened to her might happen to me. That's why I want you to take that twenty-five thousand."

There was another pause. During it Coombes still played with the fork beside his plate. Then, when the pause grew prolonged, disquieting, he spoke, his voice slow, not to say laborious.

"Yes, you'd better keep that money safe, Lisa. You'll need it, I'm afraid," said Coombes, and something like the shadow of a sudden fright darted across Lisa's face.

"I? What do you mean?" she demanded sharply.

Coombes' mouth twisted itself into a wry uneasy smile.

"Then you don't know—you haven't heard?"

"Heard? Heard what? What is it, Phil?" she asked, her voice so queer she herself hardly recognized it.

Coombes told her.

"Your husband, Lisa. He's cleaned out—ruined. He was short on Three Cities Steel, and this morning they ran up the price another fourteen points. Just before I came uptown I heard his brokers had closed out his account."

The silence that followed was broken by a sudden disconcerting sound. It was the noisy grating of Lisa's chair as she pushed it away from her and arose.

"Ruined? George?"

Coombes rose too.

"You mustn't worry, Lisa; it's all right with you." He again laid a hand on hers. "As long as I ——"

"No, no!" she cried.

The waiters, hearing the sudden stir, hurried in.

"Get me my coat," she directed them, and Coombes made another effort to quiet her.

"You can't go like this, Lisa. You haven't finished your luncheon."

She did not even look at him.

"Get my car to the door," she ordered another of the men. Then, as the man hurried off, with an effort she mastered herself.

"Good-by," she said briefly.

"I'm sorry," Coombes said gravely—"sorry."

Then she was gone.

It was nearly three when the cabriolet drove up to the door of the apartment house. The instant she stepped out she sensed with the acute prescience of those in urgent difficulty that the news of Coburn's downfall had preceded her. The door man gave her a sidelong glance, a veiled smirk, as he held open the door for her. Lisa, however, felt it no time to dwell on that. Her figure rigid, she hurried toward the elevator. Another man, not the usual attendant, was in charge. Hardly waiting for him to close the door, she directed a hurried question at him.

"Where is Owens? Isn't he here?" she interrogated, her voice queer in spite of her effort to make it natural.

"Owens is off, madam," the man replied. "He went downtown, I understand."

Lisa's heart clanged in her breast. She realized she was not alone involved in the disaster.

"As soon as Owens comes in," she said sharply, "tell him I wish to see him."

The maid opened the door for her. She, too, seemed to have gleaned the news, and her air was wandering and uneasy as Lisa stalked inside.

"Mrs. Harker was just here, madam," she announced.

Lisa started instinctively. She guessed now—ah!—how the evil tidings had been sped on more swiftly than it is even their wont to speed. It would be like Gertie to be swift with the torch.

"Mrs. Nesbit telephoned, too, madam," added the maid.

Lisa made no response. She already had effaced from her cosmos the women who she knew would be quick to efface her—that is, efface her after they had once satisfied their vulgar curiosity, their long-nursed envious enmity also, by satisfying themselves how she stood the day's disaster. Lisa, though, wasted little thought on that.

In the car, hurrying home, she had steeled herself to think. What must she do? The sword had fallen—the blade so long suspended over her; but though she often had figured on the happening, now that it had come it found her curiously inert and numbed. She must think, still think. Her bedroom, a woman's refuge, was where she headed swiftly. The maid, closing the door behind her, watched Lisa curiously as she stalked along the hall. . . . Time to think! Time to reason what to do! Time, if only to catch her breath once more!

Lisa had opened the door to her bedroom when she stopped, a low cry of wondering amazement escaping her. Her hand on the knob, she stared about her, and then into her face leaped a look of sudden fright.

"Oh!" she gasped aloud.

The room was turned upside down in reckless, helter-skelter confusion. Strewing the floor was a piled-up mass of her belongings, her finery, and mixed in with it was the scattered mass of papers from her desk. A glance, too, showed her that the lock had been wrenched from the desk; the drawer, too, of her dressing table had been broken into; and stunned and inarticulate, she faltered into the room and stood there, clinging to the footboard of the bed.

As she stood there, wide-eyed, the door she had closed behind her opened. She looked around, and there stood Coburn. Lisa instinctively gave a cry.

"George!" she ejaculated.

Coburn closed the door again and stood looking at her. She drew in her breath swiftly as she looked at him. In one hand her string of pearls dangled from his fingers, and in his other hand was something else of hers she recognized as swiftly. It was the bank book she had left at home that morning, and for an instant she turned quite white.

"Now what have you got to say for yourself?" asked Coburn.

He manifestly was making an effort to control himself; but she could see him quiver, his stalwart figure shaking with the stress of the emotion that visibly had him in its grip. As she shrank back against the bed he did not wait for her to answer the question—the accusation, rather—he had uttered.

"So this was your game, was it? While I've been sweating blood for you you've been tricking and cheating and gouging me every foot of the way! You're pretty slick, I'll give you credit for that—you and your fake bills, your padded household accounts, your bogus jewels." He gave a laugh as rasping as a file. "You were a little too slick. If it hadn't been for these pearls"—he sneered savagely—"these imitations, I mean, you might have got away with it.

"I'm ruined, I suppose you know; though that's nothing—nothing to you, anyway; and today when I came up here and got these pearls, hoping to raise enough on them to stave off the crash, I took them and the rest of your junk, your jewels, down to Harrier's. Yes, and they laughed at me. They were fake, they told me—fake like you. You went in there yesterday and bought some gimcrack so you could get the bill and the leather case to fool me!"

"George!" she gasped limply, "George!"

Coburn strode toward her.

"I don't care what you say—I don't give a damn!" He tossed the pearls, the imitations, contemptuously on her dressing table. The deposit book he slapped forcibly with his hand. "I know what you've squeezed out of me! With what you got yesterday, it's eighty-two thousand dollars, and I want it!" He gestured roughly to her writing desk. "I can save myself yet. You sit down there now and write me out a check for it!"

Lisa braced herself against the bed.

"You can't have it!" she said.

He swung round to her savagely.

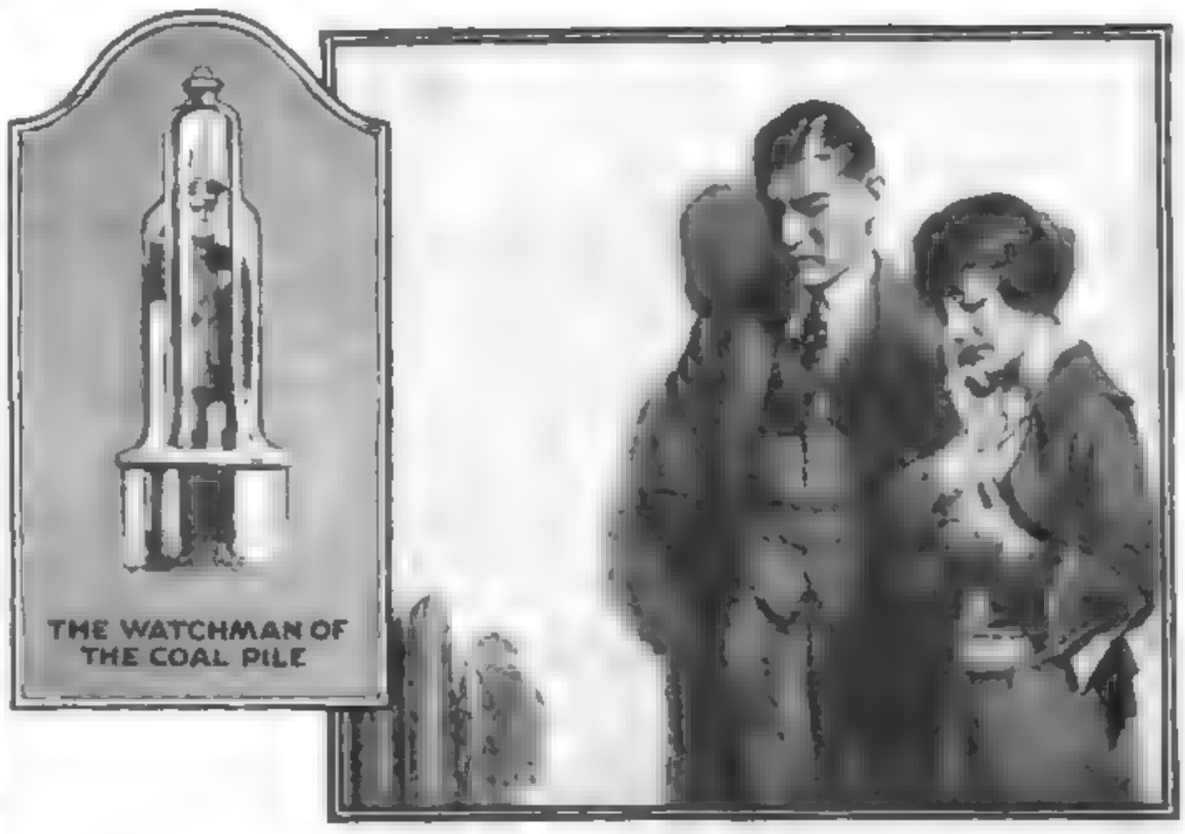
"Can't I? You'll see if I can't!"

"No, George," she said determinedly, "that money's mine. I worked and slaved for it, denying myself and working my hands off so I could keep it, not see it flung away. You can't have it, George."

Coburn faced her.

"I'll give you five minutes to write that check," he said. "If you don't I'll walk out of this house tonight."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



A ruined floor reduced their coal bills

For three winters, the air valves on their steam radiators had hissed and sputtered and the pipes had thumped and banged. But they didn't connect those slight annoyances with the fact that their coal bills were unusually high.

Finally, one of those radiator valves did more than hiss, it leaked hot water, and ruined the floor. And *then* they decided to try Hoffman Valves.

Not only did their radiators become whole-hot and silent; but they found that they were actually getting *more* heat from *less* coal.

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Then you'll get maximum heat with minimum fuel consumption, and in *addition* silent, never-leaking radiators.

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Knapp-Felt

EUROPE'S LARGER FOOD NEEDS AND SMALLER MEANS OF PAYMENT

Continued from Page 11)

of bread grains sown in the fall of 1922 shows excellent promise for 1923.

The crop failures of 1921 and 1922 acquire an additional meaning when viewed in connection with the present trend of agriculture. The trend of agriculture in Europe is away from cash crops. The principal cash crops are wheat, rye and sugar beets. The sugar-beet acreage of this year represents no increase over last year. The wheat and rye acreages represent reduction. The prices of cash crops are regarded as unsatisfactory, and the peasants are turning land back to grass. This movement is pronounced in the United Kingdom, where agriculture is in a deplorable state, and is to be observed in Scandinavia, Germany, Central and Eastern Europe, though it is not apparent in France and Italy. Governmental regulations bear most heavily on the grower of wheat and rye, since the chief momentary concern of the cities is for cheap bread and agriculture is sacrificed to this end.

Additional reasons for turning from cash crops to animal husbandry lie in difficulties with labor and the high price of fertilizers. More or less everywhere in Europe, farm labor is expensive and socialized, so that the accustomed working conditions have been greatly altered. Wheat, rye and sugar beets require heavy fertilization. The price of fertilizers seems excessive compared with the increase in the returns. The costs of operation are relatively higher for grains and sugar beets than for animal products. This intensifies the natural tendency of the peasant toward animal husbandry. Wherever land reform, so called, has found expression in parcellation, this has resulted in diminution of cultivation, with lowering of yield. Herein lies the explanation of better agriculture in Poland, where the large estates were not divided, and poorer agriculture in Rumania, where division was effected.

Hard Alternatives

High labor costs are having the effect in animal husbandry of increasing meat production at the expense of milk production. The socialized workday of the agricultural laborer is incompatible with the milking hours of the dairy. Under these circumstances dairy farms are passing into feeding yards for the production of meat, a transition seen over widely scattered parts of Europe and particularly prominent in the Tyrol.

Europe imported last year about 16,000,000 tons of wheat and rye, practically the same as the previous crop year. If the same amount of wheat and rye, in tons of flour, is to be available to the population during the present crop year as last year, Europe will need to import 7,000,000 tons more bread grains than last year. This amount of bread grain would cost at present prices more than $350,000,000, added suddenly to the sum of imports. In order to lower import burden Europe may undertake one of several alternative courses of action. The grains may be milled to higher extraction; for example, 85 per cent of flour to the unit of wheat and rye, instead of 74 per cent. The use of substitute grains may be increased, such as barley, rice, maize and oats, varying in different countries according to availability. Substitution by vegetables, particularly by potatoes, is open to the population of most countries. Lastly, the intake of cereals may be lowered from the satisfactory level of 1922 to the unsatisfactory level that was more or less common in Europe during 1917-20. In part these alternatives are open to governmental initiation and control, in part they represent the natural reactions of consumption to price. It is, however, certain that the alternative courses of action cannot suffice to reduce the imports of wheat and rye to the level of the last crop year. Europe had good crops of fruit and vegetables, and some increase in sugar and meat products may eventuate. But these do not compensate for crop failure in bread grain.

Increased imports being inevitable, Europe inquires first, Where are the grains available? and second, What are the means of payment? Excluding Russia, the present world wheat crop is larger than last year, the shortage in Europe being more than made up by increased yields in exporting countries. Disregarding Russia as a source of supply, it seems clear that the exportable surplus of wheat and rye in North America, South America and Australia is sufficient to cover the increased import requirements of Europe, leaving India out of consideration. According to present crop reports it seems probable that North America, South America and Australia could export more than 700,000,000 bushels of wheat and rye out of the present crops. Europe on January first was behind in her import program. Imports lagged during the autumn, awaiting the outcome of crops in Argentina and Australia. Stocks fell to a low point, and during November and December imports were resumed on a large scale. Our exports have recently been heavy. Later, Argentina and Australia will be drawn on and after April the huge Canadian crop will be free to flow to Europe.

Conditions in Russia

If we assume that Europe succeeds in covering her statistical requirements by importation from the countries mentioned, this might leave them without more than a nominal carry-over. If the new wheat acreage in each country were to be reduced below that of the past season, as is the case with the new winter-wheat acreage in the United States, a small carry-over might have an ominous meaning for the bread supply next year. But disregarding future contingencies, it seems clear that there is wheat enough in the overseas world to cover all foreseeable import requirements of Europe if means of payment are available.

Transportation constitutes now no problem, once the grains are at the seaboard. Difficulties exist, however, in rail transport to seaboard in every exporting country, and from seaboard in most importing countries.

The crops of Russia and the Balkans hold little promise for Western Europe. According to the least untrustworthy information available, the Russian crop of bread grains might permit of a small export if trade were free and transportation efficient. Russian agents are pretending to offer grain from Northern Ukraine to Germany if the Germans will send trains to the Ukraine border and supply the coal. Three provinces in the Ukraine—Kieff, Pultowa and Kharkoff—appear to have a surplus of a few million poods, though other provinces have serious deficiencies. At the same time, the Soviet Government is appealing to the world to ship grain in to the Volga through another winter, in order to check starvation. It is possible that there is surplus grain in Northern Ukraine that cannot be shipped to the Volga. There is a statistical exportable surplus of wheat in Rumania of possibly 500,000 tons. There is a deficit of maize. If the winter is an open one and other feeding stuffs can be employed to the maximum, less wheat will be used in substitution for maize as a feeding stuff and some may be available for export. Even if an exportable surplus were available, the railways in Rumania are so badly out of order that it is doubtful if the grain could be moved out. Farming operations throughout Rumania were visibly curtailed during 1922, for the curious reason that peasants have found it more profitable to use their work animals for teaming than for farm work, on account of the breakdown of local freight transportation by rail.

With regard to the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, better statistics are available. The crop of wheat and rye is a little below that of last year. The yield of oats and barley shows a decline of more than 10 per cent. The crop of maize is a partial failure, being not over a two-thirds crop. These deficiencies will not be made good by the record prune crop that has been reported. As a result of failure of maize, it is probable that wheat and rye will be diverted to animals and, in addition, the number of pigs may need to be reduced. Grain options held by French and Swiss buyers have been canceled and export embargo may be set up. Conditions in Bulgaria apparently offer promise of a small exportable surplus. All in all, therefore, Western Europe can expect from the east and south no more than 1,000,000 tons of bread grains under the most favorable circumstances, and the figure may be much lower, or even practically nil.

In considering the means of payment of Continental Europe for the increased quantities of foodstuffs that will be required during the present season, one may attempt to treat the Continent as a whole or analyze the situation in each country. The former procedure is made difficult by the fact that we possess no proper table of balance of international payments during the prewar period upon which to base a comparison. We know the imports and exports of goods, but we do not know the extent of invisible resources derived from foreign investments, shipping, insurance, remittances of emigrants and expenditures of tourists. We know that the balance of merchandise trade was negative, Europe importing more goods than she exported. This negative balance of trade in goods was covered by invisible resources, estimated at over $2,000,000,000. These invisible resources more than sufficed to balance the merchandise trade, were an insurance against crop failure, and enabled Europe each year to increase her foreign investments. During and since the war a large part of these foreign investments has been liquidated, particularly those of the Continent.

How the present invisible resources of Europe compare with the invisible resources of Europe before the war, one is in no position to calculate. They are estimated at less than half. The remaining foreign investments are largely in British hands. It is certain that the present invisible resources of Europe do not equal the sum that would have been required before the war to balance her merchandise trade. Under these circumstances export of goods must be increased or import of goods diminished, if a balance of the international account is to be attained. As a matter of fact no balance of international payments has been attained since the Armistice; nothing approaching it. The difference between income and outgo has been covered by credits. Europe must increase production or reduce consumption—or continue to borrow from the world to cover daily costs of subsistence. A sudden crop failure therefore constitutes a threat at the standard of living and a menace to social order. The import-food needs of the Continent are increased, the means of payment are reduced. The world output of raw materials in 1922, as in 1921, exceeded relatively the world output of manufactured goods. In a sense, importers of industrial raw materials compete with importers of foodstuffs; and foodstuffs have no magnates.

Pivotal Nations

Coming now to individual countries, certain states may be excluded from consideration. Finland, the East Baltic States, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal and the United Kingdom will have no difficulties of more than ordinary nature in obtaining the raw materials, foods and feeding stuffs required, and in effecting balance of international payments. These countries are in better condition than last year. Rumania, Bulgaria and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes are food-exporting states. Poland and Hungary are self-sufficient states in foodstuffs. The particular difficulties arise with Italy, France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Greece. How did these countries last year cover their imports in excess of exports? How are additional imports, compensating for crop failure, to be covered during the present season? France and Germany are representative of all, and our discussion will be devoted largely to these countries. Italy and Belgium will have a difficult winter; Greece must be fed partly by relief; Austria will be fed by the operations of the League of Nations; and Czecho-Slovakia will struggle through, despite the industrial slump through which she is passing.

Around France and Germany revolve the problems of Europe.

When we scrutinize the means of payment of the several European countries we

(Continued on Page 113

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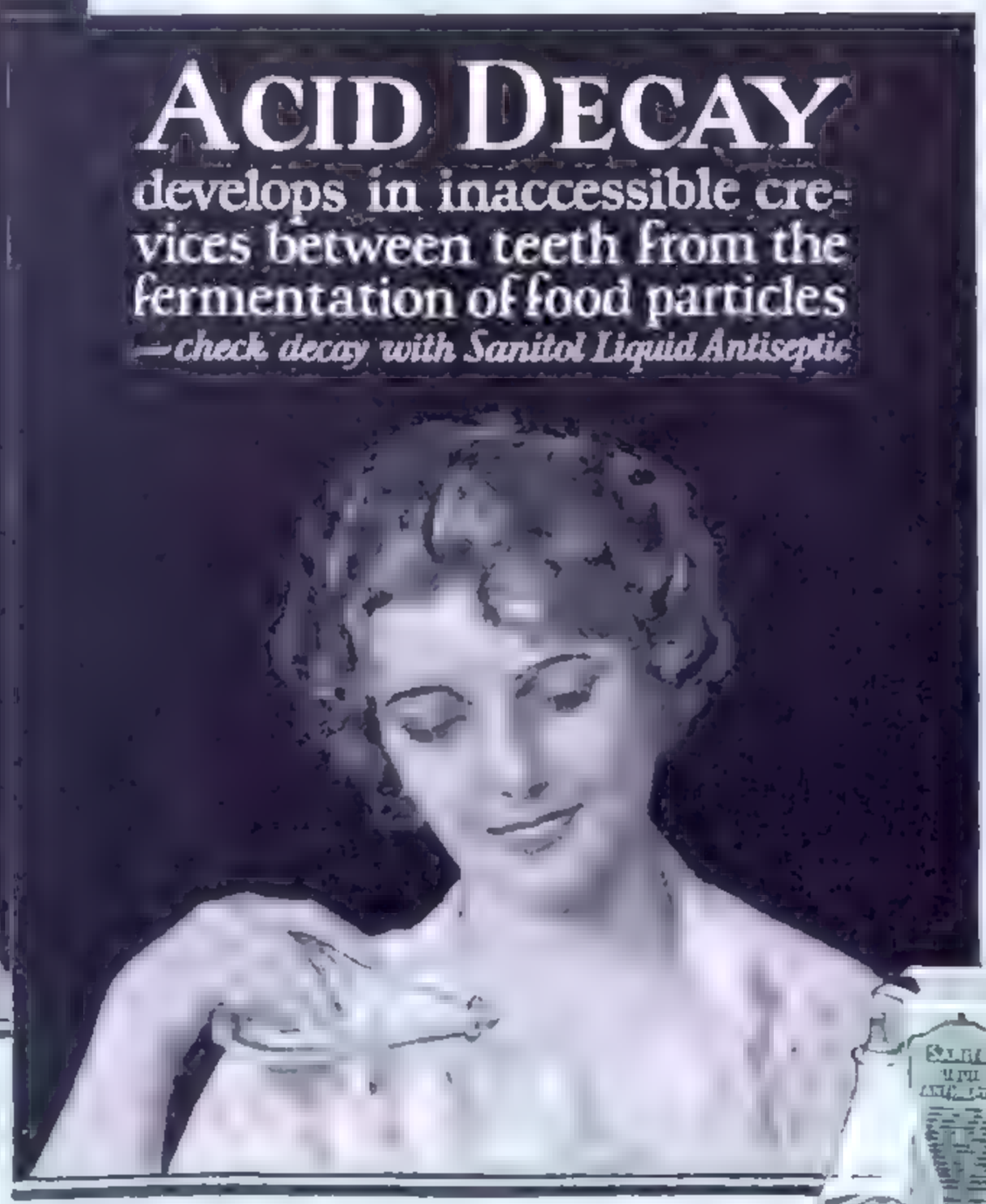
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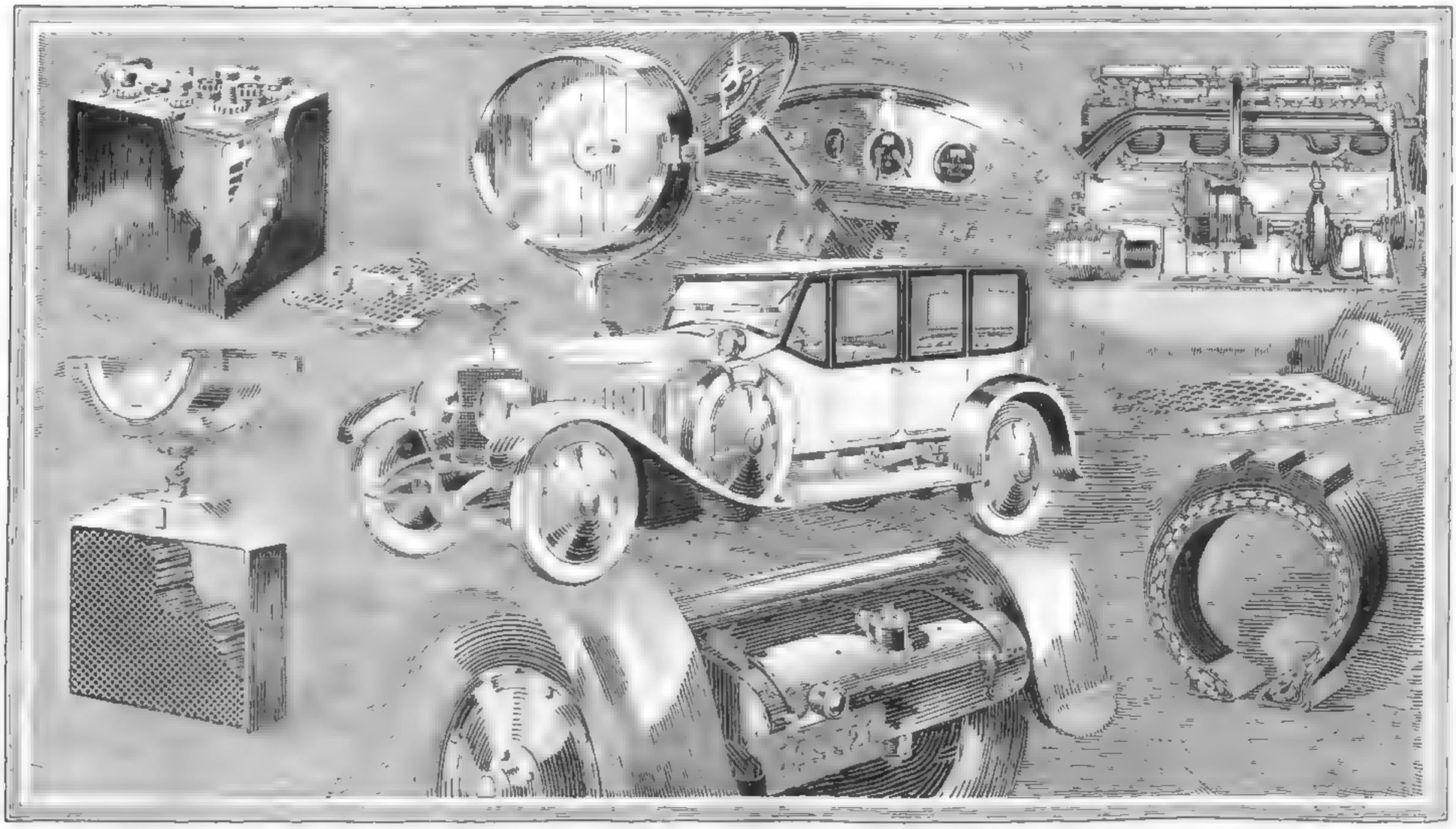

What lead does in a motor car

SUPPOSE you took the lead out of your motor car. It might run a few blocks—but with difficulty and inconvenience. In the first place, without the lead storage battery you would have to start it with a crank, and for lights you would have to return to gas or oil. You would have to carry your gasoline in a bottle; for, with the lead-tin solder out of the gas tank, the seams would leak, and for ignition you would have to return to dry cells.

Lead in the radiator

After you had run a short distance, the motor would be so hot without your lead-tin soldered radiator that you would come to a stop. A good thing, too, for without the lead storage battery you could not blow the horn.

As a matter of fact, without lead you wouldn't have any gasoline to carry in a bottle; for litharge, an oxide of lead, is used in refining the gasoline that makes the automobile go.

Lead in the storage battery

The storage battery which starts the motor, blows the horn, and provides current for the car lights is practically all lead. It contains lead in three forms. Red-lead and litharge, both oxides of lead, are spread as a paste on perforated hard lead plates. The hard rubber container in which the plates are immersed in sulphuric acid has lead in it.

Lead toughens the tires

You can not see the lead that is in the tires. But it is there. Lead oxides, added to the rubber at the time it is made, insure a uniform cure and give toughness to the rubber.

Lead is also in the soft rubber insulation around electrical wiring and in the hard rubber electrical devices and switch buttons. It is in the rubber top covering that gives protection from rain. The rubber mat on the car step contains lead. The electric light bulbs are made of superior lead glass because of its great heat resistance and brilliancy. Windings of wire in the generator which charges the lead storage battery are held in place with lead-tin solder.

The protection paint gives

But none of these uses of lead are as widespread as that of white-lead in the manufacture of good paint. Not only the paint that protects the motor car but all good paint wherever used contains white-lead.

Buildings unpainted crumble from decay. Buildings protected with good paint withstand time and weather. "Save the Surface and You Save All" is a maxim wise men are heeding. And the more white-lead any paint contains, the greater is its protecting power and durability.

Look for the Dutch Boy

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY makes white-lead and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trademark of *Dutch Boy White-Lead*. The figure of the Dutch Boy you see here is reproduced on every keg of white lead and is a guarantee of exceptional purity.

Dutch Boy products also include red-lead, linseed oil, flatting oil, babbitt metals, and solder.

Among other products manufactured by the National Lead Company are lead tubing, sheet lead, soldering flux, lead pipe, bar lead, litharge, and lead plumbing materials.

More about lead

If you use lead, or think you might use it in any form write to us for specific information. Or if you have a general academic interest in this fascinating subject and desire to pursue it further, we will send on request a list of books which describe this metal's service to the civilized world.

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(Continued from Page 110)

encounter the curious fact that the payment of imports may be made almost as difficult by high exchange as by low exchange. Consider Germany and Czecho-Slovakia. It will be very difficult for Germany to buy foreign wheat with marks. There is scarcity of exportable goods. It would be less difficult for Czecho-Slovakia to buy foreign wheat with crowns, but she declines to export crowns for this purpose. Czecho-Slovakia is in an industrial slump, on the downgrade of a business cycle, accentuated by an artificial deflation. The crown is too high for the conditions of trade; manufacturing plants and mines are operating at low capacity and there is widespread unemployment. The neighbors from whom she might purchase wheat cannot accept payment in goods—for example, sugar at the present prices in Czecho-Slovakia. Germany has not the goods to offer; Czecho-Slovakia has them only at prices too high for the exchanging markets. Thus Czecho-Slovakia with high currency lacks means of payment just as Germany with low currency lacks means of payment.

The present trend of agriculture in Europe is not in the direction of independence of foreign supplies. If Europe, outside of Russia, were to adopt a lacto-vegetarian diet the Continent would be able to supply the needs of the population. The larger the area devoted to primary foodstuffs cereals and sugar—the larger the yield in calories. The larger the area devoted to secondary foodstuffs—animal products—the lower the caloric output. It was on the basis of this fundamental fact that the governments in Europe during the war restricted the operations of animal husbandry and also extended the production of primary foodstuffs. The present tendency of agriculture in the direction of animal husbandry, therefore, represents increased dependence on imported food supplies. If in a particular year there is a failure in bread grain this dependence on imported foodstuffs becomes accentuated.

Germany's Wheat Imports

There are several distinct problems in the revictualment of a European people by imported foodstuffs. The first problem is that of payment, the balance of the international account. Once this is accomplished and the imported foodstuffs are in the country another problem arises in the distribution to different classes of the population. In a country with free trade in bread grain the price of domestic grain tends to approximate that of imported grain. This is the case in France, where the peasant endeavors to keep his price to the level of that of foreign wheat. In a country with restrictions on trade, however, complications enter. There are two fractions of domestic wheat in Germany. One fraction is requisitioned by the government at a fixed price; the remainder is disposed of under free trade at a higher price. The imported grain has a still different price. If foreign wheat is purchased with marks the German price will be very excessive; if purchased on credit the price is much lower.

Some foreign wheat is now sold to European flour mills on the following basis: The grain is delivered at a fixed c. i. f. price at the ocean port and the mill given a credit until the day when the flour ground from this wheat is sold. When the flour is placed on the market the wheat is paid for on the basis of the dollar exchange of that day. This procedure amounts to an insurance on exchange, and the risk of the miller lies in his ability to sell the flour in competition with domestic flour. For the foreign grain merchant the risk lies in the integrity of the European consignee. Flour ground from wheat purchased in this manner will have a lower cost than flour ground from wheat purchased with paper money under conditions of continued fluctuation of exchange.

A third problem lies in the purchasing power of the mass of consumers. Once the imported wheat is paid for and the discrepancies in prices of different flours are eliminated or equalized, the flour must be offered at a price within the income of the mass of working people. If the price of flour be high this will result in direct claims for increase in wage, since bread furnishes one-half or more of the Continental diet. Since wages are with each month more and more coming to be determined by the index number of the cost of living, the price of imported wheat finds its ultimate expression in the speed of the printing press turning out paper money. The higher the price of imported wheat the more the state budget is unbalanced.

These price considerations hold for all European states with depreciated currencies, but are particularly applicable to Germany and Austria and to some extent to France and Italy. If unemployment appears the high bread price becomes a menace to social order. This price menace cannot be eliminated by further inflation with paper money, because the wage cannot be kept up with the import price.

The continued depreciation of currency makes distribution of foodstuffs from producers and importers to consumers progressively more difficult. With the German mark at 8000 to the dollar Germany feeds her people only with hazards. Should the mark fall to 20,000 to the dollar Germany may find it impossible to feed her people, just as in the case of Austria.

How Will France Feed Herself?

The return of Alsace-Lorraine has made France the most self-sufficient state in Europe. In considering the ability of France to increase her import of wheat over last year by 2,000,000 tons, one must scrutinize her balance of merchandise trade and her international account. As the result of restriction of imports and stimulation of exports France a little while ago enjoyed a practical balance of merchandise trade for a considerable time. More recently imports have increased more than exports, and the balance of merchandise trade for 1922 threatens to be negative. Last year she imported 700,000 tons of wheat. This winter she will secure little grain from Algeria and must import 3,000,000 tons of wheat, if the same amount of flour of the same extraction as last year is to be available. This will result in a heavy negative balance of merchandise trade. To compensate for this, no further restriction of imports is to be seriously considered. Whether further stimulation of exports can be attained during the next six months is equally doubtful. The French heavy industries are operating inefficiently and at low capacity, and at current prices new markets are not to be secured. Additional French luxury exports to the countries of Europe are scarcely to be expected. Luxury exports to the Western Hemisphere may be extended somewhat as unemployment ceases and better times return to North and South America. But no scrutiny of the data of French trade gives hope that increases of exports can be quickly attained to compensate for the huge increase of imports of wheat.

With respect to the balance of international payments of France, less is to be said. It is clear—without any consideration of payment of interest on war debts—that the international account is negative. But how much negative only an official French bookkeeper would be able to say, and perhaps not he! France has received a great deal of tourist money during the last year. A considerable volume of French loans has been floated in foreign markets. Despite unsatisfactory conditions in ocean trade, there has been some return from the merchant marine. Little capital has been exported to the colonies, and still less to foreign countries. How many francs have been sold abroad is not a matter of record. France would be grateful if she had more francs in New York and fewer in London. Undoubtedly France could sell francs to the extent required to import 3,000,000 tons of wheat, but at a heavy cost in depreciation of currency. France has reason to fear depreciation of the franc from causes lying outside of wheat imports. Unquestionably she will attempt to finance the purchase of foreign wheat by credits or loans. The subject of her unbalanced state budget would not now enter directly into the problem. The ordinary budget has a deficit variously estimated from 4,000,000,000 to 5,000,000,000 francs. The extraordinary budget has a deficit estimated from 17,000,000,000 to 24,000,000,000 francs.

The French budget statements are either unskilfully prepared or too skilfully prepared. A perusal of the budget debates in the Chamber of Deputies is illuminating in this regard. Internal loans must continue to be floated and domestic taxes augmented. But the proceeds of internal loans and taxes come to the government in the form of francs that can be exchanged for wheat only by being sold on the international market. No serious concern need be felt for the ability of France to secure the

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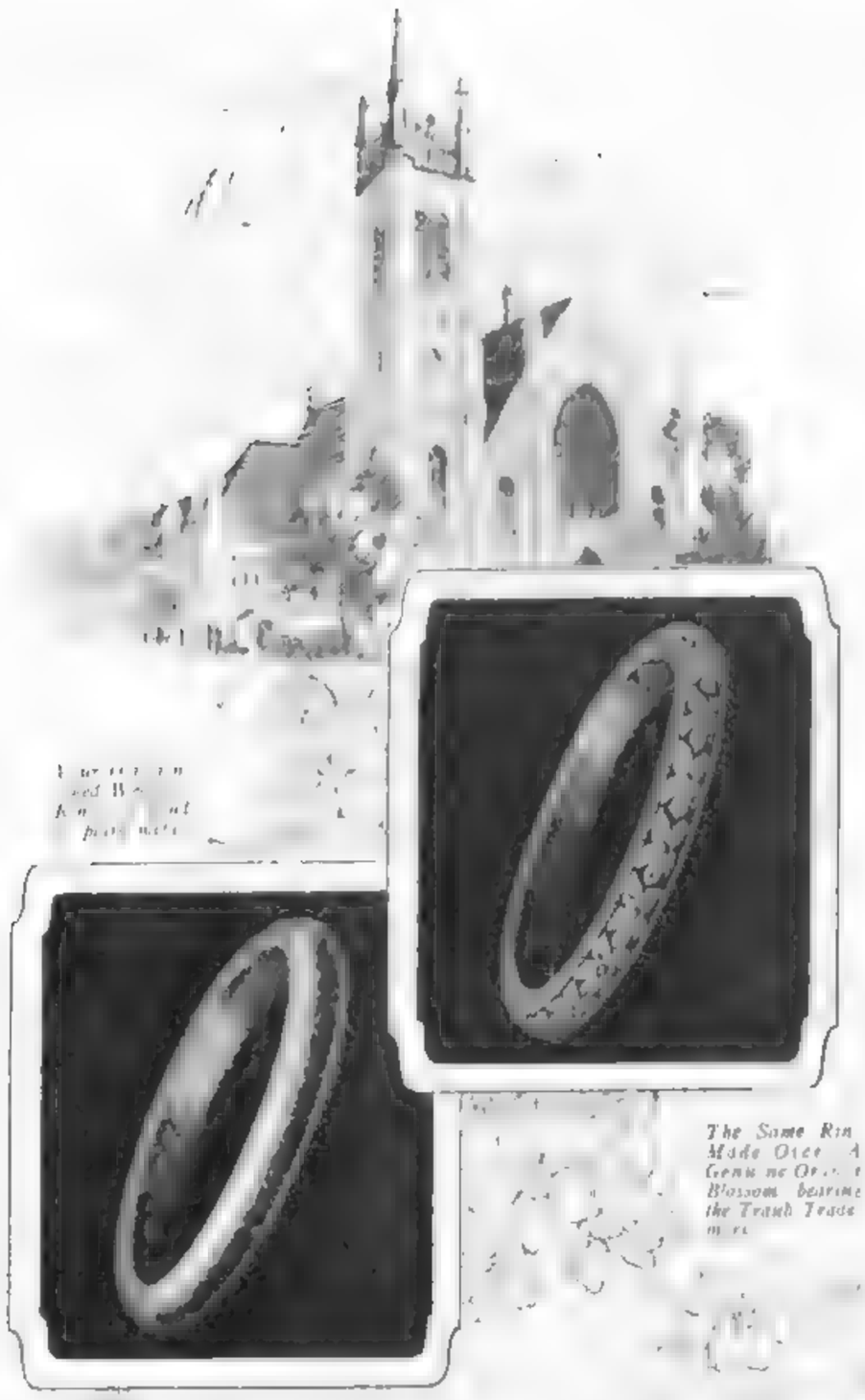

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wheat she now requires. It is a question of the price she has to pay in terms of resources and position of currency. It is not, as yet, necessary to print new notes—inflate in order to sell francs for wheat.

To judge the financial position of France, one must not take official statements too literally. The Prime Minister recently stated, almost in one breath, that France could not pay her foreign debts and that her credit was perfect. The traditional French thrift is everywhere in evidence and there is little trace of the socialistic sloth so prevalent elsewhere in Europe. The peasants still buy internal bonds, and France faces no immediate financial crisis so long as the national thrift finds outlet in investment channels. A budgetary crisis is, however, due in 1923. In any event, the current food supply of France is one of the least of her troubles.

In France, trade in and milling of bread grains were last season entirely free. Under these circumstances the French wheat price followed the world price rather closely. On account of differences in quality, the hard wheat of North America now commands a premium in the French market. This is partly due to the high water content of the French wheat. French milling has always been conducted on a narrow margin, and before the war Australian wheat carried a premium for the mere reason that it contained 2 per cent less water than the wheat of North America. A considerable proportion of the present French wheat crop will be fed to animals. This moist, soft wheat grades low in the mills, and under these circumstances the price on the farm may be lower than on imported fodder grains delivered to the farm. Wheat is not esteemed so good an animal food as maize, but experience teaches that the European peasant feeds the grain that is cheapest in terms of local currency. Apparently something between one-tenth and one-fifth of the French crop may prove unacceptable to the mills for reasons of quality. For the balance of the average wheat of France, representative mills find that 30 to 40 per cent of hard wheat must be used in order efficiently to produce representative flour.

Government Regulation

The French Government has recently attempted to reduce the import requirements of wheat by an arbitrary milling regulation. Only straight flour is permitted, and the wheat, whencesoever derived, must be ground to correspond to a sample flour prepared by the government. The sample was prepared from Australian wheat and may be duplicated by grinding sixty to seventy parts of soft French wheat with thirty to forty parts of hard imported wheat, to an extraction of about 74 per cent. If the French miller were left to his own devices he would separate a part of this straight flour into one or two patents and one clear flour. These flours he would sell at appropriate prices to different trades, giving better satisfaction to the hotel trade and a cheaper flour for the working classes.

The present French regulation merely provides for a straight flour; it does not increase the amount of flour. This could be done if the sample represented an extraction of 85 per cent. But even if this were done, better satisfaction would be secured if the miller were permitted to take the straight flour, no matter of what extraction, and separate it into patent and clear in order to meet the tastes and incomes of different consumers. The present French regulation will result in disorganization of milling, confusion in trading, and dissatisfaction to consumers, with no increase in yield of flour or reduction in import requirements.

There is some doubt as to the actual French wheat situation. The reported crop of last year, 8,800,000 tons, imports 700,000 tons, and old stocks of the food administration 500,000 tons, total practically 10,000,000 tons. If 1,000,000 tons were subtracted for seed, and the carry-over into and out of the year regarded as balanced, this would mean consumption of nearly a pound of flour per day per person. The French are heavy bread eaters, but that figure looks rather high, though the current milling requirements are about 700,000 tons per month. One infers that the stocks in the country are high. If this be true, imports will be materially lower than 3,000,000 tons, possibly little more than 2,000,000.

With France, as with Italy, one must weigh three possibilities: That the crop of 1921 was overestimated; that the bread consumption has been abnormally large; that the stocks carried into the crop year of 1922 were heavy. The first suggestion may be disregarded. Probably there is truth in both the other suggestions. And one must bear in mind that the crop of 1921, with imports, fed the peoples for thirteen months; the crop of 1922, with imports, carries the burden for only eleven months. A comparison of the crop year of 1921 as a thirteen-month year with 1922 as an eleven-month year lends some reassurance. If last season the wheat supply of France was 9,000,000 tons for thirteen months, that was 690,000 tons per month. If to the present forecast crop, 6,400,000 tons, 2,000,000 tons of imports be added and 1,000,000 tons subtracted for seed, that would leave 7,400,000 tons to cover eleven months, or 670,000 tons per month. On paper that looks feasible, and with good management such a program might work.

The Situation in Italy

Trade experience is important in checking up governmental statistics. The estimate of the trade in France runs about as follows: The crop of 1922 was 7,000,000 tons. On January first, 3,000,000 tons of native milling wheat remained. Imports were about 500,000 tons. The normal milling requirements are about 700,000 tons per month. To provide this amount until August first will entail imports of 1,900,000 tons. This would make the wheat imports of the season 2,400,000 tons. It is to be observed that the trade estimate of the crop—7,000,000 tons—is 600,000 tons higher than the official estimate.

During recent months difficulties have arisen over the price of bread. Wheat rose 20 per cent in price during the autumn. When the bakers attempt to increase the price of bread to cover the additional cost, this was resisted by the petty politicians of the French cities. The price of bread in Germany is based on the index numbers of the ingredients. The price of bread in France is based on compromise between bakers and politicians.

A heavy wheat importer of the Continent is Italy. Before the war the average wheat crop of Italy was roughly 180,000,000 bushels, and the average import 50,000,000 bushels, the average supply between 230,000,000 and 240,000,000 bushels. There was also a large consumption of rice and maize. The wheat crop of the enlarged Italy in 1920 was only 160,000,000 bushels, the imports being almost 100,000,000 bushels. The present population of Italy is about 10 per cent more than before the war. In 1921 Italy had a large crop of wheat of excellent quality, over 190,000,000 bushels. Nevertheless, she again imported some 100,000,000 bushels.

Despite the gain in population, a heavy reserve might have been in hand at the close of this year had the diet of the country remained the same as before the war. This, however, is not the case. During the war the use of wheat increased and the use of maize receded. Whenever a people has opportunity to use wheat instead of a coarse grain it has always been found difficult later to induce them to give up the wheat and return to the coarse grain. Illustrations of this are to be observed in Japan, China and India. This is the case in Italy; the people cling to the higher wheat ration. The wheat crop of 1922 was small—only 160,000,000 bushels, but of excellent quality. The maize crop was low, the potato crop poor. Italy expects during this crop year to import over 100,000,000 bushels; to use the official estimate, 3,200,000 tons. This will give her a ration somewhat lower than that of last year, in terms of per capita consumption roughly the ration of the prewar period.

The means of payment available to cover the importation of this volume of wheat lie largely in immigrant remittances. These are much larger this year than last year—practically double the volume. Under these circumstances Italy expects to encounter no particular difficulty in importing the specified amount of wheat, as well as the cotton and other raw materials required. The wheat imports of Italy have been held well up to the program. The international account of Italy furnishes a unique illustration of the importance of invisible resources in the balance of a European country.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Taylor. The second will appear in an early issue.

What an Insurance Adjuster Found Out about Repair Bills

ACCIDENTS are bound to happen—even in the best regulated business.

The other day, a brand new Martin-Parry Body on a light commercial car became tangled up with a Third Avenue Surface Car in New York.

The side panel and door were badly dented in.

Next morning when the insurance adjuster looked the damage over he said, "All right, go ahead—get three bids and send me the estimate." And this is precisely how it read—one reputable concern wanted $176 and two weeks to complete the job—another quoted $192 and ten days. Martin-Parry estimated $51 and *two hours' time.* Think of it! Two *weeks* or two *hours*—$192 or $51—how could it be done?

The Value of Standardized Construction

All Martin-Parry bodies are built in exactly the same manner as the commercial car chassis—production has been thoroughly standardized—parts are made interchangeable. Repairing a damaged body is merely a matter of taking the old part out and fitting a new one in.

The fact that Martin-Parry Bodies are built in separate units at our factories, and assembled in any of thirty-two Assembly Plants located in all parts of the country, demonstrates conclusively the unvarying accuracy with which they are made.

At Martin-Parry Branches a complete stock is maintained at all times. You can order your new Martin-Parry Body today—and have it delivered tomorrow—for Martin-Parry Branches are in all principal cities.

Specify a Martin-Parry Body on your next Commercial Chassis.

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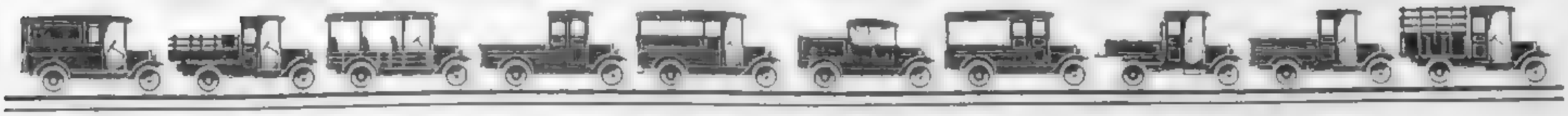

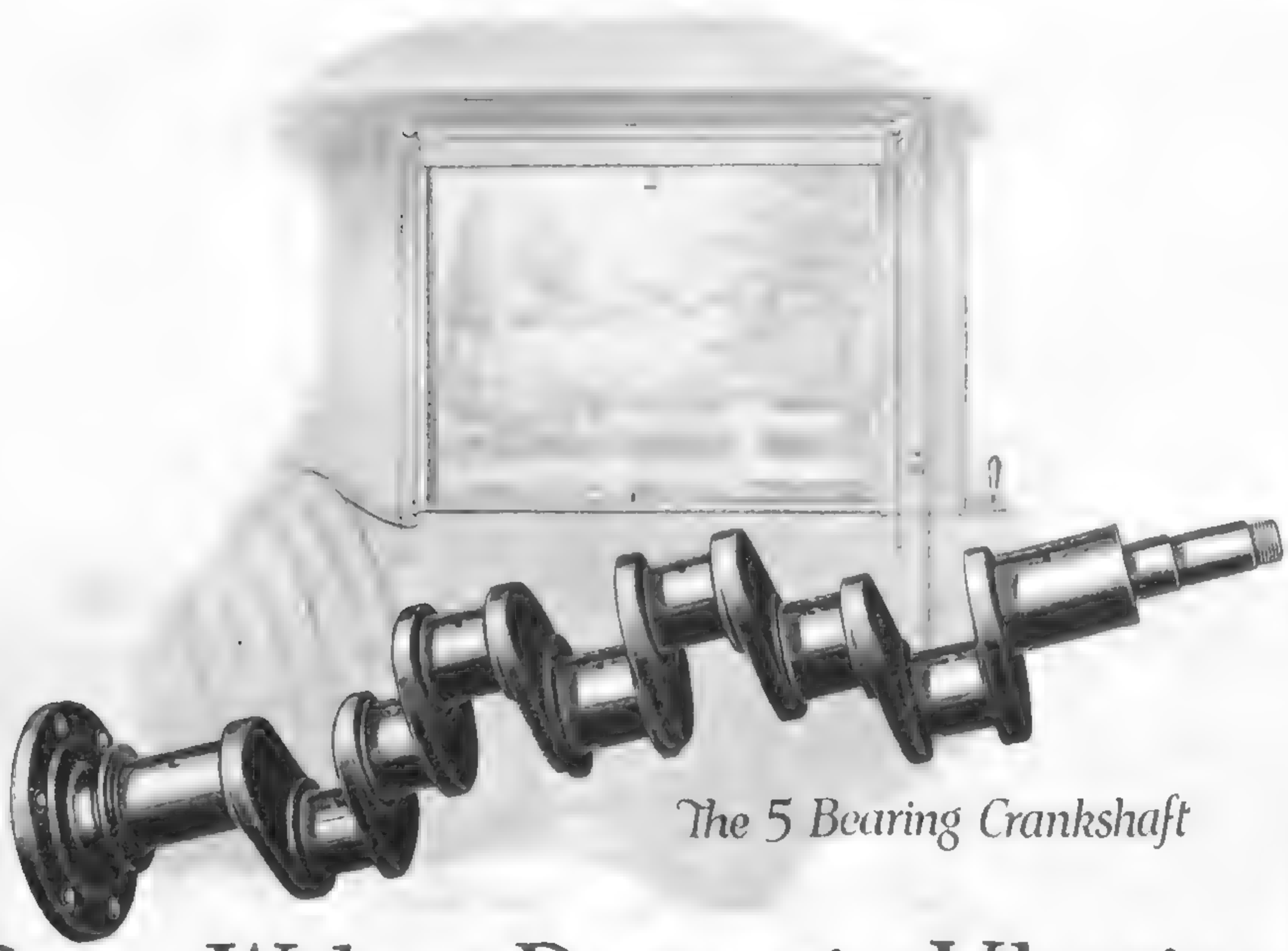

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5 points to hold down the destructive vibration of swiftly driving pistons;

5 points that harness power to a smoothly turning shaft;

5 bearing surfaces to reduce wear and give this engine longer life.

Heretofore this feature has been offered in no other four-cylinder motor; most Fours having but three main bearings—many only two. Yet the soundness of the principle is proved by its use in many of the costliest six and eight cylinder cars.

Largely because of the five-bearing crankshaft it has been possible to give the Gardner its exceptional power, speed and acceleration, *with no vibration point;* yet to retain all the lightness and simplicity of four-cylinder construction, which means low cost of operation.

The performance and economy of the Gardner motor are matched by the *balanced value* of each separate unit. This has made easy of fulfillment the one-year written guarantee that accompanies every Gardner sold.

Ask the nearest dealer of the nation-wide Gardner organization to demonstrate this finer car. Its story is best told on the road.

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GARDNER

The Guaranteed Car

IN THE TRAIL OF AN ELECTION

(Continued from Page 23)

a less stalwart personality flop over into superannuation. The presidency offered! The presidency taken away! The grim moment when finally he closed his jaw and said, "Some day ——"

I often think of what went through the mind of Cox when the returns were in. No man ever deceived himself more completely about the temper of a people or about the absurd attempt by mere vehemence and activity to offer and force the acceptance of a definite program—of the past.

I sometimes reflect on the sensations of a President of the United States seeking reelection, who learns that after four years of pain and effort and heartache only Vermont and Utah approve his efforts at that moment. That was Taft's experience.

The speculation on men's emotions as to the presidency is fascinating. You cannot feel the sensations of those few hours when a young governor of Missouri might have been nominated in 1912 by the Republican convention which nominated Taft. That convention faced a fatal split of the Republican Party, and there were not wanting enough deserters from Taft to nominate a satisfactory compromise Progressive. Hadley, of Missouri? His play was to stick to an uncompromising position. His play was to refuse to discuss with the disloyal element in the Taft camp. His play was to have said to them: "Don't try to fix this with me. I refuse to deal with you. Try to fix it with T. R." It was a chance. He lost it. I happen to know how good a chance it was.

Have you ever thought of the last moments of Governor Johnson, of Minnesota? If he had lived, he and not Wilson would have been nominated at Baltimore in 1912—and elected. Did this escape of the presidency cross his mind as he went up to the Mayos' for the operation?

In 1912 the Baltimore convention began to swing toward Champ Clark. Bryan, strongly favoring the nomination of Wilson, and feeling the danger that Clark would gather in, from the exhausted, sweltering delegates, enough ballots to give him the necessary two-thirds vote, opposed Clark's progress by attempting to show that the forces behind Clark were not wholesome. Bryan attacked particularly on the ground that the New York delegation, said to be controlled by Tammany, had swung from Harmon to Clark. The Commoner said clearly that Clark should not accept this great block of New York votes, or take a nomination if these votes were necessary to nominate him. In all this there was more or less of an insinuation that upon Clark fell some sort of guilt.

Over the Transom

Perhaps half a dozen persons knew that famous evening that Clark saw in this situation his great opportunity. He had a clear plan. In order to carry it out it must be kept an absolute secret. He was in Washington. He procured a fast car and came over the road toward the Baltimore convention. While he came he rehearsed in his mind what he believed was to be the speech of his lifetime. He thought the presidency, or at least the nomination, was at stake, and I am now inclined to agree with him. He had a plan, and there must have been many a thrill for him as he sped forward toward its consummation.

Once in Baltimore, he went to the hotel where an ex-senator—his manager—had a suite of rooms with his wife and his daughters. By chance the room of a certain young man was just across the hall. The young man had not gone to the armory, and suddenly he heard a familiar voice.

Champ Clark was rehearsing his effort to his manager and the ladies!

The transom was open.

Clark had planned a most dramatic moment. It would in fact have been dramatic. I believe it would have swung the convention. He was going to appear alone in the back of the convention hall, and coming down the aisle he was going to demand the right to speak on a matter of personal privilege and to clear himself of the "infamous charges made by his traducers." He would have appeared not only as a welcome sensation in a succession of weary ballots by the worn-out hundreds of delegates but also as a brave man, a figure, a hero; not only as a hero but as a martyr. This would have been tremendous!

The young man in the room across the hall heard the oratorical rehearsal, went out and knocked on the closed door. The voice was suddenly stilled. One of the ladies opened the door a crack.

"If the senator rehearses his speech," said the friendly intruder, "he will risk his whole effort. It would be fatal to have it known by the convention that he will appear. If he appears unexpectedly it will cause tears of emotion, but if everyone knows he is coming it will cause the laugh of a century. These hotel halls are full of newspaper men. Look out! Your transom is open!"

The giver of advice tells me that he was not thanked. The door was closed and there was a vain attempt to close the transom. Then came a lady's voice saying, "That was magnificent. Go on!"

And Champ Clark went on. A passing correspondent heard him and in half an hour a Clark convention strategist came up from the Armory to say that if Clark came there it would result in nothing but a ridiculous fiasco—his presence in Baltimore, his intentions, his dramatics were already being passed from mouth to ear. Clark never went. A little harmless vanity or a bit of rust on a transom-closing device may have changed the history of the war, the peace and the world.

These are the matters which a defeated and thwarted man in politics may contemplate as he stares at nothingness on election night, and some men take reflections of this kind to the grave. The presidency, particularly, is a big stake. There is immortality, or, at least—if the phrase is possible—immortality of a certain dimension and a certain permanence. It is astounding how soon failure to reach this crest of fame relegates some men to utter obscurity. I could name, were it not a way to plant new seeds of bitterness in men's hearts, a dozen who have come within striking distance of this great stake and in another ten years will be forgotten.

Mr. Root's Misfortune

Root is one name which will have tenacity. But I do not suppose he will forget his tour of South America in the interest of a Pan-Americanism and in the labor of building up a faith throughout South America that the United States is not an imperialistic nation. If he ever made a play for the presidency that was it. And then some mulatto bandit raided a little plantation in Cuba. It was enough to start a group of revolutionists toward Havana. The storm gathered. Havana was surrounded. Palma abdicated. We were forced to send troops. Taft followed, and how he dealt with the rebels who were outside the city and on what principle need not be told here. It is sufficient to point out that all the confidence in the Root protestations was momentarily obliterated throughout South America. Root's Pan-Americanism and the grooming for the presidency which it would have given him were knocked into a cocked hat. Taft got a feather in his cap, but Root's seasonal headdress was thoroughly plucked. One too many drinks in a mulatto in the interior of Cuba at a roadside inn may have marked the destiny of a man, and, for all we know, the destiny of a nation which needed his distinguished ability.

Among the defeated it is the beginning of a long path of memory of such facts as these which comes in the trail of an election.

I have seen defeated men who could turn their backs within a few hours on all postmortem examinations of their defeats, but with others they will go on submitting the corpses of their hopes to eternal autopsies.

I never saw anyone in American politics, candidates or managers, spend much time in analyzing victory. Victory is victory. Activity, new plans, hectic days follow a victory. I went through one campaign close to a presidential candidate. We talked ourselves weary about where the vote would come from and how; we picked to pieces the elements, geographical, racial, industrial and social, which might cause our success or roll us into the ditch. But after victory arrived I cannot remember a single word of retrospective analysis of the results. He never mentioned the subject to me or I to him, not because there was anything delicate or unpleasant about it, but

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should be brushed on both good and bad roofs. It protects a good roof—it stops leaks in any roof—it makes an old, leaky roof serviceable for years and thus saves the great cost of a new roof. Apply Plastic Stormtight on bad spots—Liquid Stormtight over all.

For the composition, tin, gravel and canvas roofs of houses, factories, barns, garages, etc. *The colors, black, maroon, light red and green.*

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probably because it is well to assume that victory is deserved and needs no study or apologies. Study and apologies and explanations are the portion of the defeated, who often have the leisure to indulge in retrospective meditation.

If defeat comes to a man as a surprise in American politics the greatest and commonest reason for the surprise is that the candidate has depended on the power of herd voting. I know of no other factor of deception equal to a false faith that American voters can often be herded like sheep or catalogued under supposed reasons for partisanship. Many a candidate, even those for the highest offices, has made the mistake of believing that he has rounded up the woman vote, or the labor vote, or the vote of some group of foreign born, or the vote of some group supposed to be held together by a religious prejudice, or the farmer vote.

Nothing can be more deceptive; and this is because the American voter—thank God—resents being a sheep. Woe betide any candidate who exhorts a group to stick together and asks the individuals therein to merge their own judgments in a mass prejudice! In exceptional cases there may be voting reasons which bind groups or kinds of men together. But the voters must never be made conscious that the candidate and his party are trying to whip them into line so that their individual judgments are discounted.

I remember in a state where there was a strong undercurrent of foolish and wasteful religious prejudice a candidate went down to a district considered solid for his party on a Saturday night before election. He made an excellent speech; but feeling, as he told me sorrowfully afterward, that a word to the boys was needed, he ended his performance by arising again from his seat on the stage as if he had had an afterthought and saying in a kind of oratorical undertone, "Stick together, you ——" He named a religious belief. Ten minutes after the meeting was out, in the street one could hear men saying: "So he thinks I've got to vote one way because of my faith. I've heard those who weren't of that faith accuse us of that, but never a man who was one of us!"

This word was spread around, and on the following Tuesday a district always counted as solid gave the candidate less than 50 per cent of its voting strength.

It is all very well to put forth a case so that the case itself will appeal to certain elements in a population; the danger comes when the attempt to herd men and women is carried to the point of labeling them with some label outside of the legitimate political brands.

The Woman Vote Analyzed

Almost the shrewdest political manager I ever knew is the boss of a New England state. In the campaign of 1918 those who opposed him had figured that the most powerful detached vote in the state was the large industrial-worker vote. They began to appeal to labor. I asked my acquaintance, who was now harder pressed than he had ever been before, why he did not make some counter appeal.

He said: "Leave it lay. If I let these fellows alone, who are trying to beat me, they will overplay the labor business. They will make the workers sick of being branded as labor voters, and there'll be a big swing back toward being free-living, free-thinking and free-voting human beings."

He was quite right. The election returns indicated about the same division of the vote in the country districts as in the thickest industrial centers. The returns said clearly and emphatically that human beings in America refuse to be labeled and herded.

It is so with women. Attempts to make a surface appeal to the woman vote have never been decisively successful, and this will be especially true if the women begin to feel that someone is trying to sheep-drive them into the sex corral. The woman vote in 1916 and 1920, when analyzed, gave no clear indication that women were susceptible to any appeal to women or exhortation to women to rally to principles of which wives and mothers are supposed to be the particular guardians. If I ever wanted the support of women to back me up in a declaration of war, I would try to lead my opponent to go about setting up a tearful note about mothers who had always stood against the waste of precious blood. That tearful note would challenge three women while it was wheedling one; and when challenged for good sense, fortitude and ruthlessness in making self-sacrifice under conscientious necessity the war showed that women, compared with men, are equally Spartan and perhaps more so. The way to bring them quickest to a virile state of mind is to tell them flabby things about how soft they are and how they should merge their selves into a kind of mass jelly of sentimentality.

In brief, one of the finest and most hopeful truths about American politics is that the voters will not let themselves be nose-ringed, range-branded, carloaded and stockyard delivered. But this fact still remains the cause for much useful meditation on the part of defeated candidates who have made the mistake of believing that the reverse is true.

I believe that next to this mistake the defeated candidate, all other things being equal, may look for the cause of defeat to his own personal conduct when on exhibition before his fellows. It takes a genius to maintain naturalness, particularly when a false step of artificiality may be fatal. It takes a genius to keep the appearance of his personality sincere and not too vehement, vigorous and sweaty on the one hand or too colorless and feeble and timid and gentle and modest on the other.

The average judgment of the American voter as to the sincerity of a man is keen. He will be much more easily deceived about a man's doctrine than about the man himself. Defeated candidates will always do well to ask themselves whether they have made the slip known as the phony play.

The Fatal Phony Play

T. R. could ask a prize fighter to breakfast, and when the newspaper reporters told the story it endeared T. R. to most men and women. Why? Because first of all there was a belief that T. R. enjoyed the breakfast, and that the reason he enjoyed the breakfast was because he had the imagination to enter into other men's lives when he could find there forms of courage or clash different in species but not in genus from his own. But let Nicholas Murray Butler try the same action and everybody would suspect that it would be a bad breakfast. It would appear to be a gesture of democracy and an attempt to create a one-of-the-people atmosphere.

Many a defeated candidate may come to the wise conclusion that what we like in America, after all, is not equality but superiority. I have heard many a man talk about Roosevelt's democracy. If it is meant that T. R. had a vast understanding, I would agree; but otherwise I would say that Roosevelt's following was gained not by his democracy but by his aristocracy. I remember a retired Irish butcher who had gone into politics and seen something of Roosevelt there.

"He speaks of his Bullock blood and his Dutch ancestry, and so on," said he. "He's no democrat, if you mean by that he is on a level with us. He knows different. He's an aristocrat. He's a better man than most of us, and that's why most of us are for him."

Many a defeated candidate can ascribe a large part of his failure to neglect of the following principle: Once in a dog's age a man in politics can pretend to be more of a fellow than he is and pass for a while, but beware of trying to make pretenses to be less of a man than you are.

I remember a candidate who went into a district of workingmen to make a final speech in a state campaign. He believed it would endear him to his audience if he appeared to be a democratic type of man. He carefully avoided wearing tall hat, frock coat or cutaway. He dressed himself in a slouchy suit and took a corncob pipe with him. He talked about "people like us." It was fatal!

In the first place, men and women have no wish that their leaders shall be like them. They want leaders to be different and better. There was no respect shown them by appearing in an old tweed suit. It was the undemocratic tall hat which would have shown the proper respect. As for the corncob pipe, it was believed, though unjustly, to be a 100 per cent affectation, and that was the final straw! In politics, as in all other lanes of life, pretense is the name of the stone on which the toes of any ambition for popular success are most painfully stubbed.

(Continued on Page 120)

ROLLINS
Armor Plate
HOSIERY

For Men Women and Children

ROLLINS HOSIERY, [illegible] and again, yet in the deep and lustrous black of a new year.

YOU will not know the [illegible] stockings [illegible] by the black and [illegible] gloss if you wear Rollins Hosiery.

Black that won't turn gray

A Strength Test Used by Merchants

Extra quality in Rollins Hosiery is easily proved—by a pull with both hands. By the Rollins Pure-Dye process, all the original strength of choicest yarns is retained. Hosiery dyed by a less perfect process is "tendered" and, after being in stock for a short time, is easily torn.

You will buy Rollins Hosiery when you come to appreciate the superior quality the name stands for—such as is shown in stockings and socks that hold their good looks throughout long wear.

You know by experience how often black stockings turn gray. Dresser drawers are full of hosiery of this sort—causing embarrassment if worn or extravagance if discarded. What a needless problem when it is so easy to get Rollins Hosiery—stockings and socks that won't lose their rich, lustrous black even after long wear and many washings.

This feature—a result of the Rollins Pure-Dye process, perfected by our own chemists—is typical of the materials and workmanship in Rollins Hosiery. Remember, too, that you are assured of clinging fit and the best of fabrics.

Ask your local merchant for Rollins Hosiery. Sold direct from our mills through many thousand retail stores—in silk, mercerized, cotton and wool, with Rollins Pure-Dye in all colors. Be one of the millions of men, women and children who know the great advantages of wearing this brand.

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Salesmen (experienced grocers only) wanted in Atlantic Coast States

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The flavor you have missed

THE tang of the real old plantation-made molasses—Brer Rabbit brings it back in all its well-remembered deliciousness. Enjoy it again now in baked beans, and in the cookies and gingerbreads that everybody loves. Send for free recipe book. Penick & Ford, Ltd., New Orleans, La.

In two grades: Gold Label—light molasses
Green Label—dark molasses

Brer Rabbit Molasses

(Continued from Page 118)

I have pointed out in other places that political campaigns fail because of various reasons. Now I am interested only in those reasons for failure which do not appear in the course of a campaign, but keep the candidate in a fool's paradise from which the exit leads to disillusionment. To the folly of depending upon the voters to submit to sheep herding, and to the folly of pretending to be the kind of man he is not, the candidate can deceive himself by listening to his friends.

Not only in officeholding but in a candidacy the honest and wise friend who not only can see the truth but will come and tell it is the greatest of treasures.

I remember a pilgrimage I once took with another man across several states to see an illustrious American and dissuade him, if possible, from accepting a certain nomination. At the railway station of our destination we met a third person who for years had been a devoted follower of the great man and is now well known all over the country.

When he heard our errand he said, "You are absolutely right. This misapplication of energies must be prevented."

Two days later all three met again in the study of the illustrious man. The latter was not well satisfied with me and my friend who had expressed an opinion contrary to his own desires and inclinations. He turned to the other man.

"Look here," he said. "Here are A and B trying to tell me that I would be putting my head into a noose. What do you think?"

It was evident that he hoped to get from the third man support and comfort. And he got it! I often think when I meet that man now that he knows that I know that he is something of a moral coward, just as many others who fear to displease the great.

He hesitated, gulped, but finally replied, "Why, I can't imagine such a lack of faith!"

Roosevelt, as a matter of fact, did not on that occasion run for the governorship of New York; but at that moment he was surrounded by a group whose good faith he might well have mistrusted, since the same mouths which cautioned him against declaring himself a candidate for the presidency on the ground that the people would resent any officeholding ambition were urging him to enter the gubernatorial contest, which every treacherous friend and every wise enemy knew was a blind alley.

Even strong men have a weakness which forces across their lips agreement with the hopes and opinions of a candidate. It is easy to report good news. Few men who work in politics are wise enough to know that they come in contact with a hundred men and women who are on their side to every one who is against their side. Therefore the candidate is always surrounded by those who, first of all, are collectors of colored information as to the prospects, and who, secondly—being human—like to forget bad news and fail to report it.

Landslide Joe

I remember a Wednesday morning scene in a state headquarters. The national committee, like all national committees, had been one which an associate of mine once described as "an organization apparently dedicated to the printing of campaign literature and to devising ways and means for preventing its distribution." And now, in the cold gray dawn of the day after election, the main room was choked with piles and bales and bundles of belated shipments of the pamphlet entitled Are We Still Free? and the poster familiarly known as the Ten Reasons Why, and the booklet called by the jocular, The Wallop.

On top of one of those piles was the famous Jo-Jo. I never knew Jo-Jo's real name, but I still love him. He was forty and freckled, and missed a tooth or two when the green-corn season was on; and he had been the general glad hand, doorkeeper, errand boy and conversationalist of the headquarters. Toward the end of the campaign he had earned the additional title of Landslide Joe, because he whispered to everyone, including the candidates, "I'll give you the inside—it's going to be a landslide!"

In defeat, he was crestfallen. His feet hung over the campaign literature and he was draped in gloom.

Someone said, "Well, Jo-Jo, where was that landslide?"

His wrath arose.

"What's the matter with you?" he flashed back. "Haven't you got any experience? I never got caught in a landslide like this in all my life!"

Even when the candidate is not surrounded by hopeful enthusiasts like this, or can discount the human nature which makes men reluctant to voice true fears among the expressions of their loving and ardent hopes, he would have difficulty in drawing correct estimates from the voters themselves. Where voters can drop a secret ballot into a box in a corner drug store conducting a straw vote, it is possible to get near the truth; but any expression made to a party candidate or manager by the rank-and-file voter as to his own intentions may be honest, but it is my experience that it is at least subject to change

I have heard them talk; I have seen them march in torchlight parades; I have been rejoiced by their cheers; but I have often seen them vote the other way. Curiously enough, the two best ways to fix the voter in his adherence to a party or a cause are to get his signature or his money. I do not know all the mystery of the psychology in the human mind which crystallizes loyalty by a signature; but I do know that if a Democrat can be induced to sign on a dotted line on a post card and send it to a Republican headquarters or a Republican candidate or a Republican manager, even if that post card only bears such a statement as "To the Republican candidate for governor. Sir: I believe honesty is the best policy. Very truly yours, John Doe," then said John Doe, somehow, from the moment of signing feels that he has joined a cause. He will come wandering along after the signature with a vague, undefined sense of having signed on. And if ten cents is ever subscribed to a party or a cause, depend upon it that the man or woman from whom it has been extracted will almost invariably stick to the cause like a bur to a woolen stocking.

Wanting his signature or his subscription, it is hard to tell what a voter will do.

A Population of Liars

We had an enthusiastic amateur once who agreed to run for the state legislature. He was an engineer by profession, and believed in efficiency. He bought a motorcycle and set for his task the ringing of every doorbell and a personal request for the vote of every registered voter in the three or four towns in his district. His home town had a population of two thousand and eighty. He tried to obtain two thousand and eighty promises.

Toward election day he began to wear a smile of confidence like that of a man who carries, locked in his bosom, a precious and reassuring secret. The day after election I met him. He had been through a terrible humiliation. He was crestfallen.

I said to him, "Never mind. Better luck next time! What do you think the vote indicated?"

His reply was prompt enough.

He said, "So far as this virtuous little village which I call home is concerned, the vote indicated that I am living among some two thousand and twenty-three liars."

Such are the disillusionments and the lessons which come with unexpected defeat, and veterans in politics know full well that usually no greater fortune can attend a man who has only just put out his political pinfeathers, and no greater tragedy come to a man who has heretofore been sailing up on full pinions. The humors and lessons of victory are no less varied, and sometimes the disillusionments and bitterness of victory are no less poignant.

To me, politics, aside from being a means through which those who have patience and good will for mankind can make this a better world in which to live, is a good sport; in the main it is a clean and wholesome sport, having fairly certain rewards of satisfaction for those who can combine resource and wit with fairness and common sense. I am bound to say that victory brings more cause for cynicism to the surface of the pool than is pleasing to a sportsman's taste. I have been in a position, for instance, where I could observe at near range and with other advantages the effect of victories upon men in presidential elections. I know full well that five minutes after the country knows of the victory, forces and personalities less sincere than selfish begin an intricate, zealous attempt to surround the successful man, shut him off from contact with trusted friends, whisper semi-falsehoods in his ear and install themselves

as an agency of patronage. They flatter, cajole and intrigue; and when no other method is open they lay down a barrage of appointments and engagements which so monopolize the elected man's time that he often cannot see over the hedge which has been planted around him.

It takes a man of the vigor or the common sense of a Roosevelt or a Harding to go forward weighing all things which a thousand hands now thrust under his nose. An man who aspires to the presidency ought to pray that Providence in its mercy will spare him from this onslaught of wheedling. If it did not he would probably be tempted to distrust almost everyone, or become susceptible only to those who agreed with him. I know how easy it would be to come under the spell of those who were described in the Wilson régime as the Yes-Yes Boys. I know how one would have to steel oneself against the temptation to admit to intimacy and confidence only those whose fear of one's displeasure and whose sycophant eagerness would fill one with untruth and deprive one of the knowledge of brutal realities.

Roosevelt, perhaps more than any President, had the faculty of keeping himself free to hear the truth. Wilson not only failed to put his hand out of the White House to feel around for facts; he even arrived at the stage where he distrusted the motives of those who had loved him longest and most faithfully. I have often thought with utmost sympathy that the pain arising from this distrust and this irritation at differences, great as it may have fallen upon certain men who remained faithful to the end, must have gnawed still more at the isolated heart of one possessed at certain moments with unparalleled power and unparalleled responsibility.

The victor in a presidential contest is immediately too busy with problems to realize the weakness of the situation in which he finds himself. I have often thought that campaign managers or friends or good wives are charged with a duty, seldom if ever performed, of spending at least part of the energies of a presidential campaign in preparing the man and his mind, his cautions and his sense, for that terrible emergency of an electoral triumph.

No end of patience is necessary. If patience were not necessary in any other respect, it would be necessary to accept the continuation and crescendo of public inspection which has begun and clung so tightly during the campaign.

"I'll tell you what I am going to do," said a tired candidate to me a few days before election. "I'm going to take an automobile and slip out at night. I'm going to hit the trail for the mountains. I've a friend who will never tell a soul, and he has a camp on top of a beautiful peak, and I'm going to stretch out in the sun and spend a few days alone with a hound dog."

In the Spotlight

"I beg you not to believe it," answered the publicity man. "The automobile you take will be advertised furiously by the manufacturers before you start, the first town in which you arrive after daybreak will have a barbecue for you. Your friend who will never tell a soul will be slated for a place in the Cabinet. When you arrive at the log cabin you will find a village has sprung up around it, with tents for a score or more of correspondents who will observe whether the stripes on your flannel shirt run from north to south or east to west. There will be several sculptors and portrait painters, eighty-nine future Secretaries of State and Secretaries of the Treasury, and the Man who First Shook Lincoln's Hand After the Returns Were In. You will find a telephone installed, and the chairman of the national committee will be calling you to obtain your views on how the deficit may be made up from those who desire to be ambassadors. There will be waiting for you various presents, including the Lord's Prayer engraved by a blind man on the back of a postage stamp, a mustache cup hand-painted by a child of two, a lock of hair of a new-born babe who was named for you on election night, and a walking stick carried at the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac."

He was right. There is no escape; four years and more in which between the bedroom and a seventeenth tee in an equinoctial storm there will be no privacy!

The candidate, presidential or other executive, will find that the victory which perches on his banner is a bird that never ceases its importuning. If he listens intently he will hear that its most important demand is for him to pick his crew.

Those who are born wise or have had wisdom thrust upon them will have picked the crew, or at least the candidates for the important posts, before election night. This is difficult to do, because in many cases one cannot be sure that the man chosen, say for a cabinet place, will accept. There are many reasons why the candidate cannot put himself in the place of making pledges to offer posts. One of them is that for some reason the fact of the pledge, as it is always called by an unsympathetic world, always leaks out. Remember that it is not necessary that the future Secretary of the Navy should tell it, even to his wife, to have it made public. The press watches those who talk with the candidate, and the fitness for special positions of all who have contact with him is carefully weighed. Suppose then that the candidate has pledged the Secretaryship of the Navy to Senator X. The correspondents know that Senator X was the defender of the Battleship Appropriation Bill; he might make a good Secretary of the Navy. They ask him if he is prepared to deny that the candidate has pledged this post to him. If he is a truthful man he at least loosens his collar before he gives a categorical denial.

The next day he is mentioned all over the country as the man who will in all probability be appointed, whereupon the other eight thousand aspirants for the post begin to hint that there is something dark and sinister about the arrangement.

Looking Out Cabinet Timber

Therefore the most that can be done and the spirit of the inquiry are represented in the following conversation: The candidate lights a cigar and says, "If perchance I am elected, I may wish to speak of a certain matter to you."

The prospective Secretary of the Navy moves forward in his chair. He is eager. That is human. He says, however, "Always count on me. But remember that I do not want anything."

They all say that. Some mean it, others think they mean it, others know they mean nothing of the kind.

"Well, senator," the candidate says, "I was thinking of the Navy."

The other chokes, but manages to say, "You mean the Cabinet job?"

"Yes. I don't know exactly what I will do about it."

The face of the senator falls; the luminous quality of hope grows gray and cold.

"But if I am elected I want to know, in case I desired you to serve ——"

"I'd rather not talk about that now." Often the decent, unselfish element in human nature comes bubbling up stronger than any ambition.

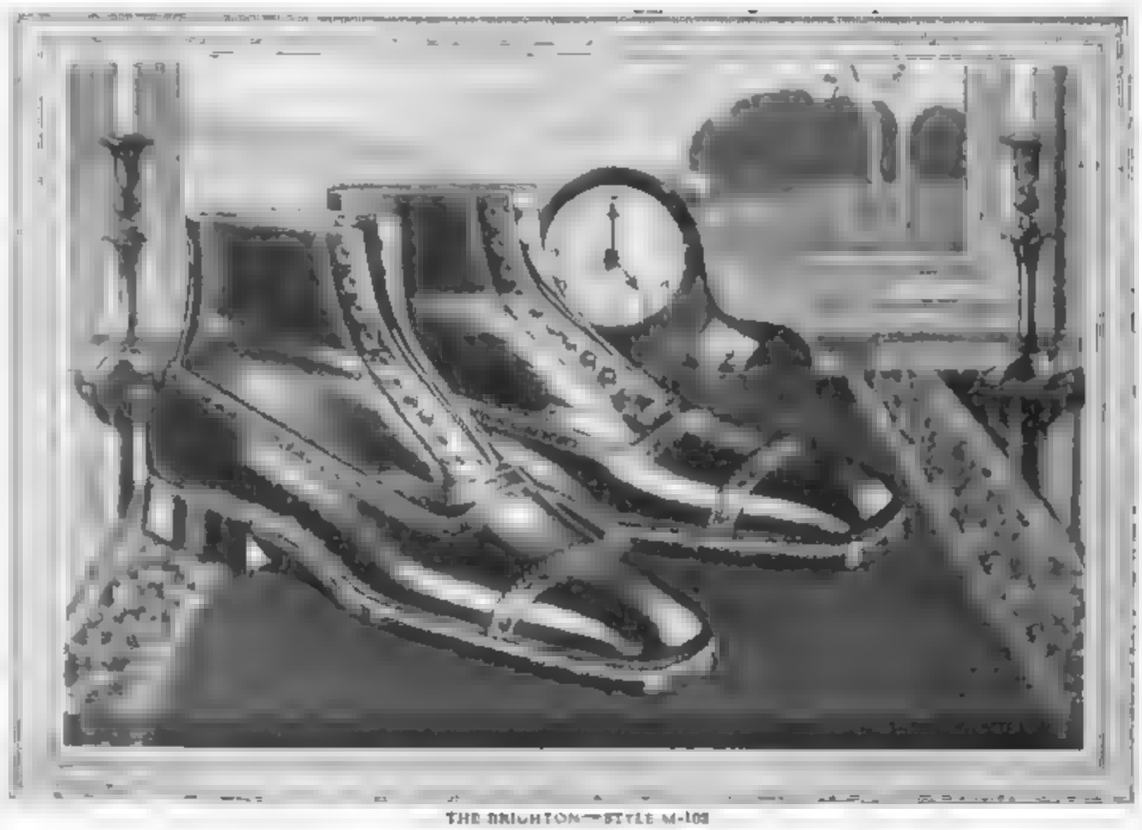
"Nor I," says the candidate. "But if I found I needed you? I may not, but supposing I did? Would you help me? Could I count on you to accept? I can't tell what I will do, but it would be a comfort to know how you'd stand."

"I'd accept."

That is the typical conversation, and there is nothing in it except delicacy of feeling and practical foresight. A wise candidate will have many of these conversations. Some men will interpret such a conversation as being an implied pledge. I have known several who have tried to cash such conversations at the bank of realization, but I have no particular respect for these men. They place their own personal fortunes and ambitions above friendship for the candidate, and above the public welfare. They are in the minority. The fact that this minority exists does not even throw a shadow on the fine willingness of other men to give up their hopes and to submit to the judgment of the man elected.

"My stars!" said a successful candidate to me once. "I am astounded! It is like a picture puzzle—like a jig-saw picture. A man cannot merely pick out the fit men. There is geography. There is party obligation, and what astounds me is the number of supposedly valid promises which have been made in the emergency of the campaign or by a misunderstanding. Not promises I made. No! Promises made for me."

Some years ago I knew that three men serving as ambassadors or in the Cabinet were men who had battered their way into place by proving that a man not the candidate, but high in the councils of the party, had promised that certain places would be



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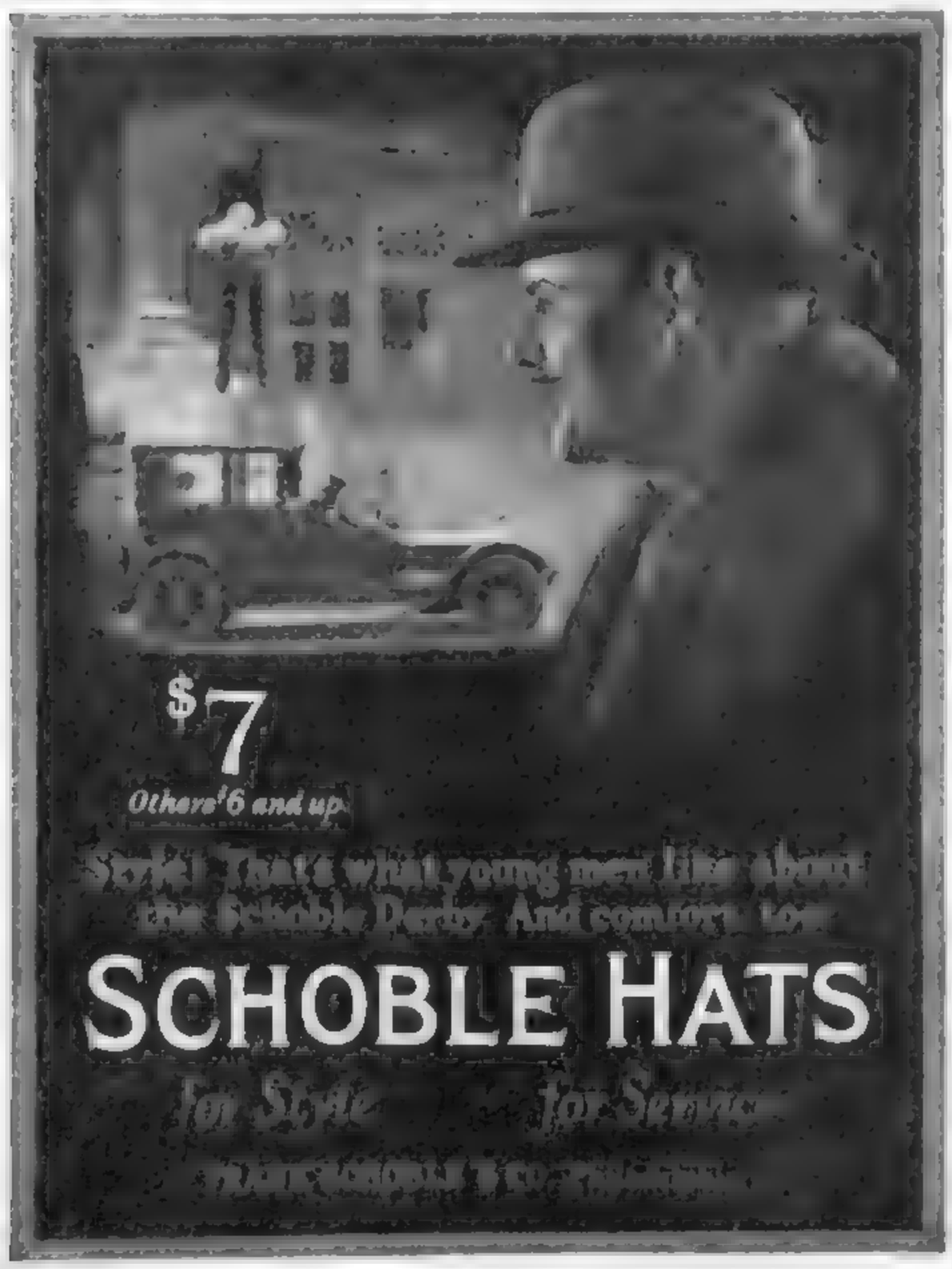

delivered. One of them—an old man seeking a crown for the end of his career—had suffered a nervous breakdown when he had heard that there was doubt about his appointment, and the President was actually begged to save his life—and perhaps did it!

The trouble never ends with the selection of a man; there is where it begins. It is possible for a man or woman to live so well and in such a kindliness of spirit that he or she goes to the grave without an enemy. But if the Executive appoints such a person to office, or proposes to do so in such a way as to let it become known, the enemies spring up like toadstools in an autumn night in a barnyard.

The candidate, now elected and in office, finds that every appointment he makes is a kind of target for shots, and if he is game he has to stand behind these targets and without full assurance or knowledge rely upon their stalwart qualities to prevent the missiles penetrating and landing in his own flesh. It takes nerves and courage to do this. Both Wilson and Harding have had to do it.

There are humors of office seeking which are hackneyed. Everyone knows the pathos and tragedy, the comedy and absurdity, which attend the presence of hordes that descend like May flies after an election and pull every string and every congressman's leg. This horde perches on doorsteps and begs a good word finally from the White House or Executive Mansion dog. If one stops to realize that the very fact that this horde is a horde out of good jobs, that this fact indicates in advance its members' unfitness, that the horde is frank in admitting that its reasons for asking for places are based on factors among which merit or worth are seldom mentioned, one can see that it is no fun for the successful candidate to deal with it. Wilson was driven to the announcement that he would appoint no man to office who asked for it. I remember that Roosevelt once in desperation was about to appoint a lawyer to a certain vacancy in a Federal judgeship because he had read a virile article of this lawyer's authorship in a magazine. The President was tired out by the claimants of the position and turned to a man he had never seen. Only protests of the greatest vigor from unprejudiced lawyers who strenuously questioned the fitness of the man prevented the appointment.

A President's Friends

Not only the President but all those who are supposed to be close to his ear, his mind or his heart fall under the fire of a barrage of ambition. A round on the golf links with a Taft, a Wilson or a Harding is enough to create for an innocent man a whole new circle of lifelong friends.

I have known of a man who walked with the President during an afternoon two days before election who suddenly received from his acquaintances six boxes of cigars and several quarts of various old labels and a brace of canvasback ducks.

Fortunately the circle of any President's friends will probably be respectable and honorable. I have heard an Attorney General of the United States say that a lawyer without a conscience and with some skill in machination could, if he were close to a President, take a million dollars a year from clients. He might not have the slightest influence, but the clients would believe for a long time that he had. There is also always the chance that any friend of a President who was not beyond suspicion might gain a piece of information from a passing word which would be good tender in the stock exchanges for a fortune. Instances of this truth have not been lacking in the confidences exchanged by those who watch such matters. An indiscreet word to a group of newspaper men might bring on a panic. It is not only the President who has responsibility for his friends, but also the friends themselves. Theirs is a relationship requiring highest honor and discretion.

It is no marvel, then, that any great executive feels himself somewhat locked in. Victory in politics may bring a capacity to serve; it may create more or less permanent immortality, although I have known a governor of a state who took the pomp of his position most seriously, but was chastened and grieved a few days after election when his wife, who has an excellent sense of humor, asked him to name seven of his predecessors. Like many a man who is appointed to a place in the Cabinet, he couldn't! Victory may bring joys, but it brings its pain.

It would be a piece of hypocrisy to deny that a man in such an office as the presidency must often shake warmly the hands of some whose purposes he suspects but cannot at the moment prove are evil and sinister. He must weigh the motives and assay the characters of all who approach him. It takes a brave spirit and an undying faith that an overwhelming percentage of mankind is good stock not to become a cynic. It takes a thick armor to stand the arrow points of criticism.

To criticism, Taft and Wilson were susceptible. They were sensitive. Roosevelt was sensitive to treachery, but kept still. He might whip back, but he never complained or whined. With Harding a whole inner chamber of comforting philosophy, which I have never known him to unlock for a visitor's day, even to admit the friends who know him best, keeps him supplied with poise. For an example, when criticism is most virulent he might ask the critics to come and make suggestions. Once, when a half dozen had been brought together, Harding watched them fly into conflicts of opinion among themselves as to the course of action to be taken. Only one who has known the President, as Mrs. Harding, for instance, knows him, could have understood the smile which never touched his mouth but remained always in his eyes. Perhaps he was reflecting that it is easy to plan and difficult to perform. Perhaps he was reflecting that responsibility is the greatest curb bit in the world, and that without any relaxation of courage or principle a man charged with responsibility must cease to roar and writhe into a fine foam of enthusiasm, and must come down to those realities which never bother the irresponsible apostles of change and improvement, or those evangelists of progress who write the weekly critical reviews.

White House Pets

From this criticism, from his labors, from the cares of the day, a President wishes to turn. He enters a theater. The audience rises. He is still under observation and strain. Though at the moment of applause for him a man on the stage is dying from overwork or some problem of marriage, the President must bow and smile. He may play golf. He may put to sea. But the real refreshment for which a man wisely hungers is in human contacts. When he turns toward them he is faced with the problem of the President's pets.

The President's pet may be merely a man the President likes. The President may think the man is a perfect ninny when it comes to opinions on foreign affairs or the tariff. He may never mention from Christmas to Christmas a single policy of statesmanship to his friend. That gains him nothing. The friend, though he be more like a court fool than a counselor, will be credited with being the cause for every move made in the destinies of the nation. The only wise solution for a President is to multiply the number of friends. It is less a bane to have pets than to have a pet. The more the merrier. Roosevelt had a number, many of whom were in his so-called tennis cabinet. I remember in later years Roosevelt saying of one of the former members of the tennis cabinet: "He was a bully fellow until he began to talk about the railroad problem. His peculiar virtue was that he knew absolutely nothing about the railroad problem."

When it comes to the treatment of the real crew—not the men whose companionship one enjoys, but the vast staff of Cabinet officers and other appointed assistants and officeholders—Executives always fall into one of two classes. The first are those who develop men, selecting them by the fitness they show, promoting them and crediting them with the work they have done so that they become known by their own reputations. The second are those like certain Presidents who cannot bear to share credit with anyone and are always suspicious when one of their helpers begins to be noticed by the world for his own ability. It is not necessary to name a certain President who exhibited an extraordinary loyalty to all his appointees, no matter how much they were attacked. He asked only one thing—that they should remain supine. At the end of his Administration the man to whom he had given the most countenance was the one who had most often said, "Thine is the credit, O master!"

This policy of suppression of subordinates would work usually with passable

(Continued on Page 125)

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The MILANESE—*Unusual in line and distinguished in detail, are the high back chair, armchair and sofa with their tasselled arms, runner feet and Italian Renaissance carved stretchers. Coverings combine a splendid grade of tapestry with plain taupe velours. Three pieces nationally priced at* *$290.00.

The RALEIGH—*Dignity and individuality mark this dining room suite. Doors, drawer fronts and chair backs embellished with panels of figured walnut veneer, beautiful two-tone finish. China cabinet, serving hutch, extension table, buffet, five side chairs and arm chair, nationally priced at* *$425.00.

The MIAMI—*Southern sunshine has been built into this charming sun room group of fine woven fibre. An unusual finish of gold sprayed black enamel, suggests a shimmering bronze. Arm chair, rocker, settee, chaise longue and oval table nationally priced at* *$345.00.

This educational announcement is issued by

HOME FURNISHING STYLES ASSOCIATION of AMERICA, Inc.

Dept. A-2 6 East 39th Street New York, N. Y.

Selectors of
TRIPLE GUARANTEE
National Award-Winning
Home Furnishings
displayed at furniture stores exhibiting this shield.

1923 Authorized Exhibitor TRIPLE GUARANTEE Home Furnishing Styles Assn of America Inc TRADE MARK

IN your town, there's a store ranking far above the usual standards of furniture retailing. That's why it has been selected (by the Home Furnishing Styles Association of America) as an Authorized Exhibitor of National Award Winning TRIPLE GUARANTEE furniture, some of which is here illustrated. You'll know this furniture by the Association's mark of approval:

H·F·S·A·of·A·Inc.
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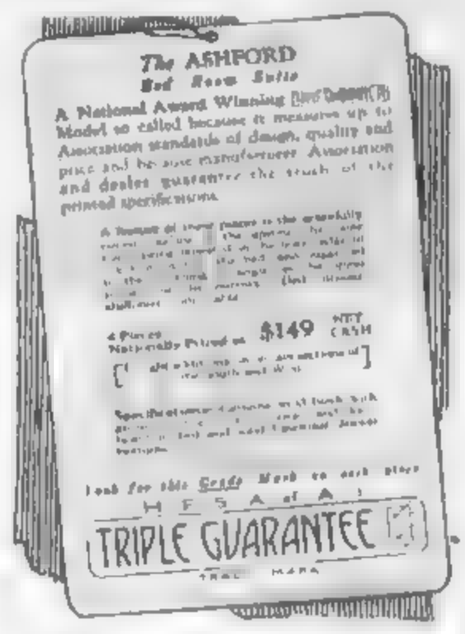
TRADE MARK

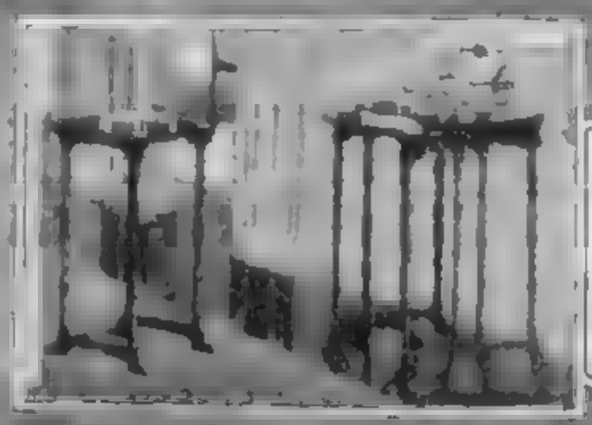
This *grade-mark*, branded on every article selected by the Association (and on no other home furnishings), is the combined guarantee of dealer, manufacturer and Association; each article so marked is sold at a nationally known price* and carries a tag similar to the following:



What's in the Furniture is on the Tag

The TRIPLE GUARANTEE covers the truth of the printed statements regarding materials, construction and guarantee, enabling you to know exactly what you are buying, when you select a National Award Winning TRIPLE GUARANTEE Made.

You take pride in your home; you've always wanted the best for you and yours; you can be sure of getting the best of home furnishings at KNOWN prices, within your means, by selecting TRIPLE GUARANTEE Award Winning home furnishings at the store of the Authorized Exhibitor in your city



The WILLARD

Useful and decorative this ***nest of three*** *tables finished in* [illegible]. *They may be separated and placed conveniently by* [illegible]. *Nationally priced at* *$5.50

Future Awards

If you are interested in seeing artistic reproductions of the Style Awards to be announced by the Association from time to time, ask the Authorized Exhibitor in your city to show you a copy of "Home Furnishing Styles," the de luxe monthly magazine of home beautifying, or write for this name, addressing Home Furnishing Styles Assn. of America, Inc., Dept. A 2, 6 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

*Freight additional in certain sections of South and West

NOTE: *The TRIPLE GUARANTEE seal is not the trade mark of any manufacturer or group of manufacturers. It is the Association's official O. K. appearing on only award winning models selected from time to time from America's best makers. It is your definite protection that the article so marked lives up in every respect to printed specifications*

"The Business of Buying a Car"

FOR the average man, buying a car represents possibly one of the biggest single investments he makes. At the same time, there is no investment that is more far reaching in its influence on his success and in its contribution to the health and happiness of the whole family group.

Just buying a car is a simple proposition. But making sure that the investment is going to return the utmost permanent value and satisfaction is a "business."

Is there a car buyer who hasn't wished that someone would just crystallize the most important things he ought to know in judging *all* cars, so he might have some basis of selection a little safer than his own possibly limited knowledge plus the freely offered but conflicting advice of his friends?

Because we have felt that same wish and heard it expressed by so many about-to-become car owners, we have sought and collected in one compact book the best thoughts that have been expressed by students of the subject. That book, "The Business of Buying a Car," is now available.

It doesn't cover just the mechanical things, for everyone knows from experience that the problem goes a lot further back than that.

"Can I afford a car?" has to be answered, and "How *much* can I afford to pay?"

So in this book we give you, for instance, a look at the actual relationship between the incomes of the people who have bought cars and what they decided to pay for them in proportion to their incomes.

A copy of this book will be sent to any responsible person upon request

Then you've probably asked yourself another question, "If I can afford just so much for a car, how am I going to know just what general type can be built best within that limited amount of money?" That's puzzling, too, except to the experienced minds in the industry who know that a $1000 car can offer just as much value *for the money* as a $5000 car.

So in this book, which we'll be glad to send you, we also put some of *this* experience in your hands so that you, too, can judge more expertly.

We do not make or sell cars, so the book does not describe any *one* make. But it does describe the kind of car the average man can best afford and which the big majority must buy. It suggests a whole field from which you can safely select to suit your taste and income.

It is an earnest, painstaking effort to make "The Business of Buying a Car" a more successful "Business" for the average prospective car buyer.

It is an important book and too costly to be distributed promiscuously, but a copy will be sent to anyone who is really interested in or even thinking of buying a car for business or pleasure.

Complete name and address should be given.

LYCOMING MOTORS CORPORATION, WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

The New LYCOMING Motors

(Continued from Page 122)

success for a four-year term; at the end of eight years the cat is usually out of the bag; there is a trail of friends and supporters who are friends and supporters no more, and the people have sensed the stingy, jealous, suspicious side of the big chief. Incidentally, in the example I have just given, the man who most often cracked his forehead on the praying rug before his idol was a Cabinet officer, and it is a historical fact that when he was offered secretly his post several years before he took it he broke down and cried, and finally from fear and doubt refused to accept. This is the kind of manhood that an Executive unwilling to surround himself with men claiming legitimate pride and personal ownership in their own attainments attracts. Little by little the others desert him, just as all of us who claim self-respect would do. They go silently, saying nothing usually, because in the case of the President there is a certain obligation which seals an angry or a satirical mouth; but wise observers of a President always say, "Do his friends still love him?" It is a better measure of worth than the temporary plaudits of the multitude.

Victory brings all these difficulties of picking a crew able to stand by in weather both good and foul; but there is always a period of grace in the judgment of the passenger masses, always a period of what might be called watchful good will. In the case of a four-year term in a national or state or even a municipal administration the veterans call the first year or eighteen months the honeymoon.

The performance is viewed with about the same psychology as that of an audience looking at the first act of a play. It applauds; it is in the attitude of saying to the performance, "Here is your chance. You're trying to please me. Do your darnedest!"

The house is packed. Everyone wants a front-row seat—politically, socially and personally. The atmosphere of popularity is created. It is even so, for instance, in the city of Washington. I know that in the cases of at least two of the last four Presidents otherwise respectable people in Washington society or on the borderland of whatever exclusiveness it has, have thrown shame to the winds and demanded, begged, besought and clamored for invitations to the White House. The files of the social secretaries, both in letters and memorandums of conversations, would yield, if unlocked, a ridiculous lack of manners and of pride in families which pretend to both. Social ambition, no less than political ambition, drapes the neck of a new Administration with its garland offerings. At the end of the year they have wilted, at the end of two or three many of these flowers are dry-rustled by the wind. The critics have gathered their material. The opposition party has swept out the débris of defeat and is beginning to run the factory of trouble again.

Presidential Problems

Mid-term elections may be depended upon to give some kind of reproach. And above all, the bloom is worn off the Executive's energies.

If the case is that of a President of the United States, there need be no wonder that some of the bloom has gone from a man. The job is too big and, as it has developed in the last twenty years, too lacking in any dependable assistance and too devoid of any buffers to take the shocks of criticism and to turn aside intrigue and to balance for the President the relation of what he may put out with that which he ought to take in..

A President who shuts himself up too much in order to formulate conclusions usually will create a leadership with a brand of inspirational disregard of cold, bare facts; a President who is always in a position of having the hose of other people's opinions played in his face may have the facts, but not the time to arrive at any fixed conclusions, inspirational or otherwise. There was Wilson; but there was Taft also.

Certain members of a Cabinet will prove dependable advisers, but there is always a certain amount of human jealousy even in a Cabinet. Each officer, moreover, has his own world of administration and a day's work, to which, unfortunately, most American Cabinet officers, egged on by their wives, add nights spent at dinner parties where the air is not bracing, the food makes fat and the conversation seldom reduces the national budget or the citizens' taxes.

After watching the trail of several national elections, I think I would say to a successful executive who had been blessed by victory, "Your first job is to make your job easier."

In the case of the presidency, the elected candidate would face certain inevitable limitations in this endeavor. For instance, I can conceive of no way of erecting a buffer between the President and senators and congressmen. If the secretary ever served to any extent this function, the function has gone. Secretaries of the President are always occupied chiefly in arranging for people to see the President and not in arranging for people not to see him. No matter how competent a secretary may be, the present arrangement finds him more of a clerk than a secretary, and less of a clerk than a kind of glad-hander of people who really never expect to get beyond the antechamber. He may take care of the people who say, as they have prepared to say beforehand, "Well, you tell the big chief I just came in to present my respects." In these days it would take a miracle secretary who could stop a senator or find any time to solve a problem or negotiate a confidential matter for his principal, or adjust a quarrel between administrative departments, or be capable of writing special letters which could be accepted as carrying all the qualities of kindliness, wisdom and foresight which would flow from the presidential hand itself.

A New Office Needed

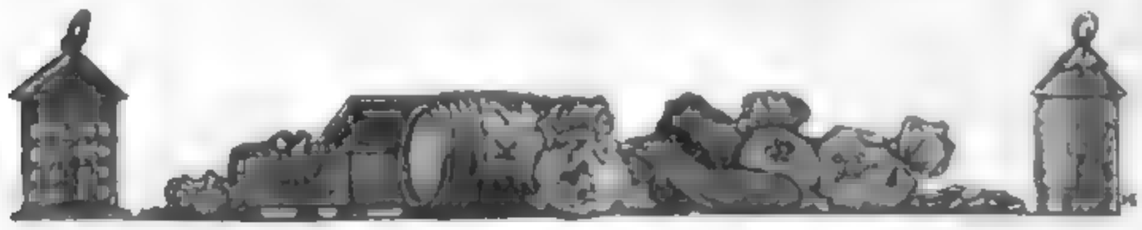
What is needed is a new, big job. It will come into being some day. It will aid in marked ways the efficiency of a President. It will pull some of the strings of victory. It will make the trail of an election an easier, rosier path. What is needed is an office called Secretary of the Cabinet.

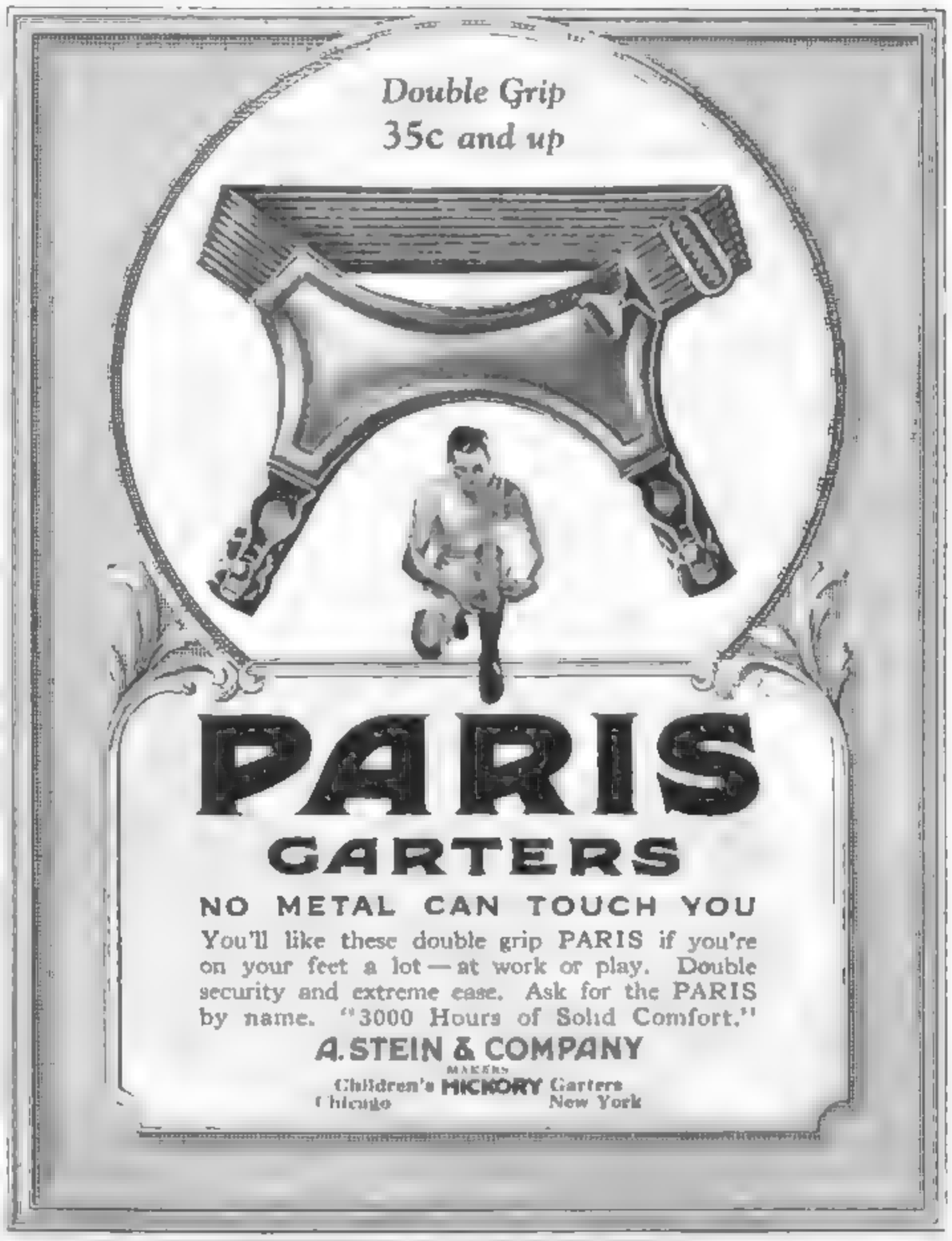
The Secretary of the Cabinet, were he able and active, could take off the shoulders of the President a third of the labors resting there now. The Secretary of the Cabinet would prepare all discussions for Cabinet meetings, would adjust frictions in the administrative department of the Government. He would be no clerk, no glad-hander, no telephone-call man. Therefore he would have time, if he had the ability, to think. In crises it would be this Secretary of the Cabinet who would gather information about a strike or a foreign policy or a financial program, and be the first to see the men who offered information. If he were any good he would save Presidents. If he were any good he would cut the time of Cabinet meetings in half and double their efficiency. If he were any good he would give a President a chance to balance his incoming facts and his outgoing ideas.

Well, there is no such man now.

In his absence a President must enjoy his job. This is said advisedly. The people intensely desire that a President should enjoy his job. If he is in pain he ought to conceal it. As human experience goes, the presidency is quite an experience. Most men and women, knowing that they would take the job, are eager to have the man who is in it enjoying it. When Taft complained, he lost. So did Wilson.

Why shouldn't the President enjoy his job? In spite of all the cynics, and all the petty nettles of it; in spite of some apparent ingratitude; in spite of some contacts with mean and selfish spirits; in spite of reasons for suspicions of men's motives, there is the spirit of the nation. It is fickle enough if one reads the surface. But if one reads its depths, it is a spirit of high purpose and of ultimate unselfish judgments upon which a man may depend until that oft-mentioned reign of hot punishment is covered with a skim of ice.

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35c and up
PARIS
GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU
You'll like these double grip PARIS if you're on your feet a lot — at work or play. Double security and extreme ease. Ask for the PARIS by name. "3000 Hours of Solid Comfort."
A. STEIN & COMPANY
MAKERS
Children's HICKORY Garters
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The Wedge Insole
Originated by Edmonds Shoe Co.
Cross Section of Foot Fitter
Keeps Shoes From "RUNNING OVER"
The Wedge Insole is the most important development in the shoe industry in years. The Wedge Insole holds the foot in correct position; prevents "running over"; distributes the wear evenly on the outsole, doubling its life. Foot-Fitters retain their style through hard usage.
Wedge Insole construction eliminates cork filler which packs together, forms ridges, causing corns, callouses, and fallen metatarsal arch. All Foot-Fitter shoes have the Wedge Insole. Go to your Foot-Fitter dealer, see the Buzz Saw Test. Write for booklet, "Foot-Fitter Creations".
Look for this
Edmonds
EDMONDS SHOE COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wis.
FOOT-FITTERS

VICTOR

The $100

STANDARD

ADDING MACHINE

Sold by Dealers Everywhere

VICTOR ADDING MACHINE COMPANY

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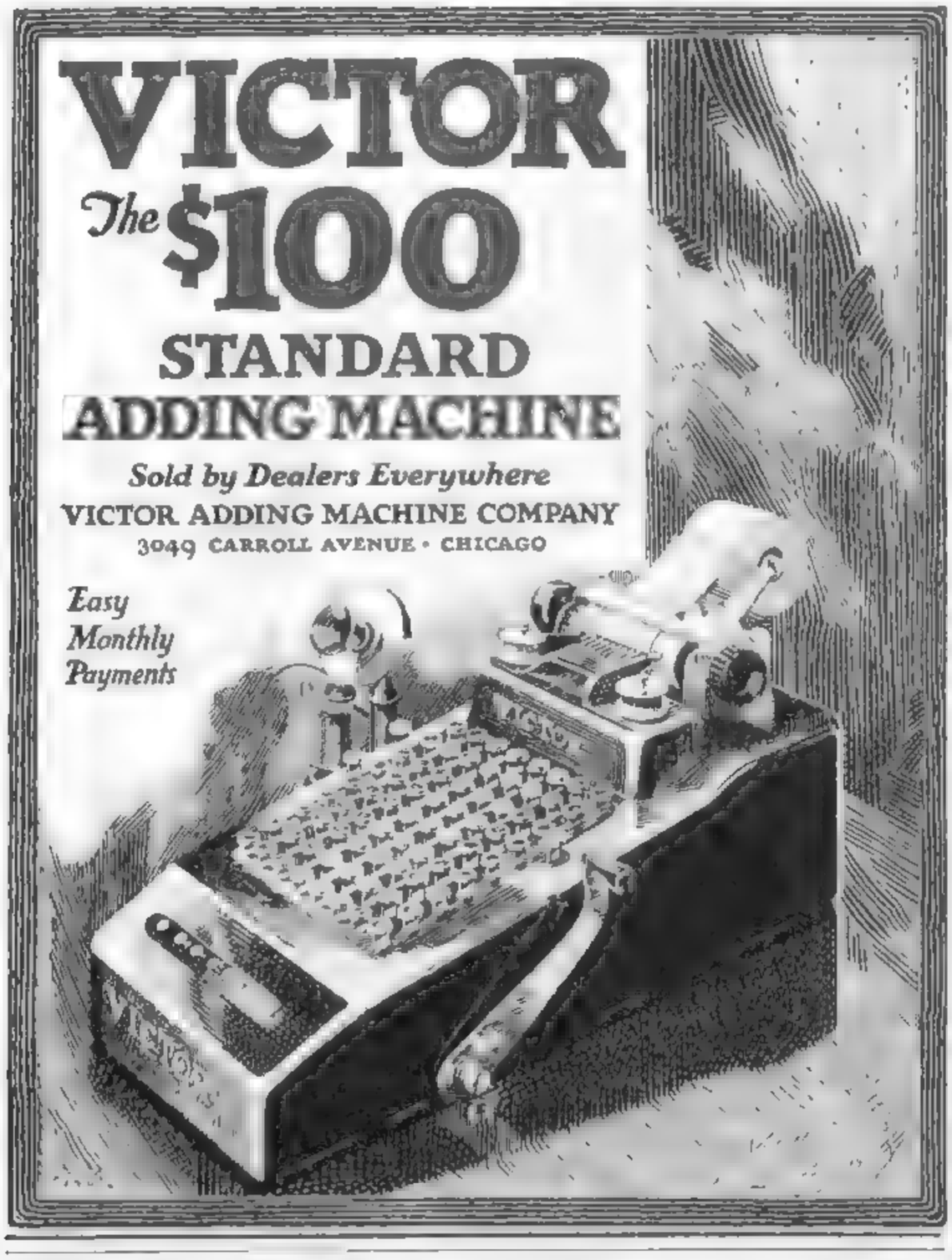
Easy Monthly Payments



Mica—the insulation material that cannot break

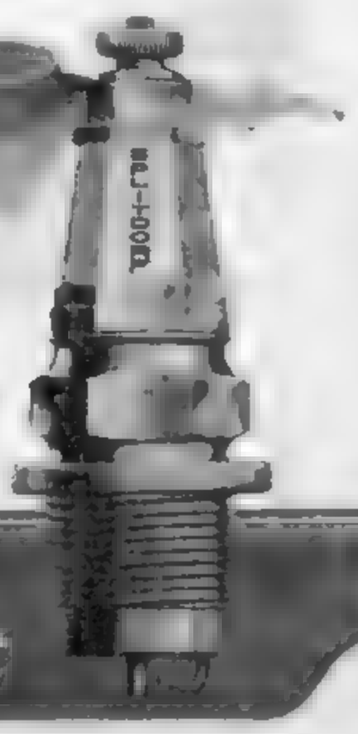
NO OTHER substance that is mined or made possesses the insulation qualities of Ruby Mica from far-off India. Layer upon layer of Mica sheets are wrapped around the heavy electrode of Splitdorf Spark Plugs, resulting in an insulation that cannot leak, cannot break, yet can be easily cleaned.

See that your dealer gives you the RIGHT type of Splitdorf Plug for your engine. It is important.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL COMPANY

98 Warren Street, Newark, N. J.

Natives are trained to split the mica "books" into thin, flexible sheets.



TRADE SPLITDORF MARK

The Plug with the Green Jacket

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

A large and husky copper punched the doctor in the jaw.
"It serves him right," the crowd exclaimed,
"for the breaking of the law!
That guy has got a vicious face—a mean and hangdog look.
He must be Skinny Louie or some other well-known crook."

Professor Otto Weinstein and his plump but charming spouse,
Released from jail next morning, sadly drove back to their house.
Then they went into their garden and together dug a hole
For the Freedom of the City on a handsome parchment scroll. —Newman Levy.

The Lost Fox Trot

I WAS seated one day at the radio,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the rheostat keys.

I do not know how I was tuning,
Or what was the wave length then.
But I struck one cyclone of fox trot
Like the shrieks of a million men.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the cats on the back-yard fence,
And it tortured my fevered spirit
Because it would not go hence.

It roused all my pain and sorrow,
Like the stick of a murderer's knife;
It seemed like the ultimate echo
Of modern discordant life.

And I sought, but I sought it vainly,
To tune out that curse malign
That came from the soul of the radio
To torture this heart of mine.

My aërial I disconnected,
And the vacuum tubes turned down,
And coil after coil I attempted,
But that fox trot I couldn't drown.

In anguish I smashed my receiver,
But still there came over the wire
The saxophone wails of that fox trot,
Jazzing it higher and higher.

It may be that Death's bright angel
May silence that fox trot at last.
It may be that only in Heaven
Is the day of the fox trot past!
—Gelett Burgess.

The Rural Telephone

I KNOW now why farmers grow round-shouldered and their wives flat-chested and their daughters scream and drop the soup plates at any unexpected sound.

It is not the hardship of tilling the soil or doing the dishes or currying the stock that does it. It is the telephone.

At this point it is your cue to turn the page with a disgusted sigh of "Another one of those chestnuts about not being able to get the right number or everyone on the wire listening in." Do not obey that impulse. It is nothing like that.

The thing that does the harm is the numbering system.

In the truly rural community wherein we boarded last summer, the typical telephone number is something like 325-log-6-to-the-base-10-M-ring-52. It is nothing like the simple city system, where you call Main 99 and get Branch 55—but there I go pulling that one and I promised I wouldn't! I apologize. But you know yourself how hard it is to quit smoking cigarettes.

However, as I was saying, the usual rural number is one that it takes an adding machine to remember. I call to mind the regular scene when the telephone rang as we were eating dinner.

The bell starts to ping. Farmer Brown freezes in his place, his forkful of spaghetti arrested halfway to his open mouth. He is trying to remember what his number is. Mrs. Brown's eyes glaze. She is trying to make out whether it is their number or someone else's that is being called. Daughter Brown's lips move slowly with each ring.

She is trying to remember both, and count the rings at the same time. I furtively wipe off my sleeve with my napkin where my sudden start has caused it to impinge on my butter. I am trying to remember the proper names to call the man who invented the system. The scene is of a tenseness that would make the fortune of a dramatist.

What makes the thing worse is that some of the rings are long and some short. They all mean something different, but all, in the last analysis, something profane.

As you get used to it, of course, you realize that it is always someone else who is being called. But for the first few months you cannot get rid of the idea that maybe the call is for you, with the result that you lose seven pounds, and a haggard look creeps into your eyes. By the end of your two weeks' vacation you are a nervous wreck.

Think, then of the poor farmer who has to live with this bugbear all his life! Do you wonder that he grows round-shouldered, or that his wife grows flat-chested, or that his daughter loses her youthful bloom early? I don't.

Next summer my vacation will be spent at a hotel with a number like Beekman O and only one trunk line.

—Baron Ireland.

The Shambles of Shamgar; or, The Fatal Ox Goad

SOMEWHERE in Judah—pardon me if I'm no more specific
There dwelt a man of mighty size, and prowess most terrific.
He slew no snakes, as Hercules—no wild Nemean lion;
He did not slaughter dreadful beasts, as Dian's pet, Orion;
No Gorgon foul, nor Minotaur; he slew no dire Chimæra;
No giants fell before his blows, no foe heard his Ça ira;
He dwelt with all his mammoth strength, titanic, irrepressible,
In blissful inactivity and peace quite inexpressible!

But one day Shamgar—thus his name—heard that the rude Philistine
Had left his Gath and Askelon, his habitations pristine,
And captured Shamgar's tribesmen, and had marched them down to Gaza,
And chained them, feet and hands, before the City Council's plaza.
Cried Shamgar: "Those Philistines! I have seen 'em at Beersheba;
Compared to me, their strongest's a gelatinous amœba,
What do I care if of the Gathian land I'm not indigenous?
Those impolite Philistines soon shall taste my ire sanguigenous!"

He grasped an ox goad lying near, and hastened down to Gaza.
He slew five hundred and ninety-nine around the main piazza;
And then, to round the number up, he brained the Lord High Mayor,
And quietly went home again, an unobtrusive slayer.
Reporters from the Shechem Shriek, the Bethel Evening Yellow,
Cried, "Details! What a write-up you will get, you lucky fellow!"
But Shamgar gave an ox a poke, and said, with some asperity,
"The simple fact is all I care to hand down to posterity." —Clement Wood.

Interior of The New Westcott Model
The Closure
$1795

It Was Bound to Come

The development of "The Closure" permits The Westcott Company to now concentrate its facilities on building closed cars.

The open car is rapidly passing.

Three out of every four buyers now prefer the closed type—according to a report compiled by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce.

It was inevitable that some manufacturer should advance with this trend and concentrate on building a line of closed cars to meet every need.

Westcott takes the lead in this move by producing the new Closure—a car that combines fine car performance, closed car comfort and open car expense.

The N. A. C. C. figures show that the 40 per cent who still cling to open models give the following reasons:

REASONS FOR OPEN CARS
As Compiled by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce

ALL ELIMINATED BY THE CLOSURE

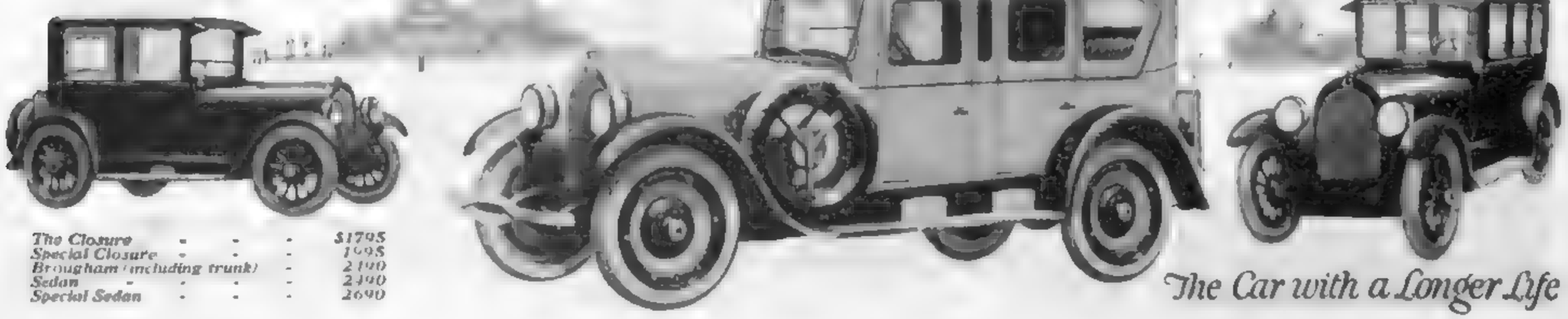
These seven arguments for the open car are answered by The Closure. 1.—It handles and rides over poor roads as easily as any open model and without developing squeaks and rattles. 2.—First cost, upkeep and depreciation are no higher. 3.—Its extra weight is only equal to that of a small child. 4.—It is not top-heavy—clings to the road like a touring car. 5.—For business and farm use it is the ideal car. 6 and 7.—It may be opened to the full enjoyment of touring.

Yet with all these open car advantages perfect weather protection is provided. Sliding windows on either side instantly ventilate the interior.

Dealers knowing the trend in public demand will appreciate the advantages of handling a line of closed cars built to meet every need. Write for full information.

THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR CO.
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

WESTCOTT



The Closure - - -	$1795
Special Closure - - -	1995
Brougham (including trunk) -	2190
Sedan - - - -	2490
Special Sedan - - -	2690

The Car with a Longer Life

Here's what improved my appetite

"When I seem to be losing my appetite I take Yeast Foam Tablets and before long I'm eating heartily again and digesting every morsel perfectly." Yeast Foam Tablets (a food—not a medicine) contain an element necessary to appetite, digestion and vigorous health—an element which many common foods are known to lack.

These tablets, eaten regularly along with your customary foods, will improve your appetite and digestion and help you get the utmost, in strength and vitality, from the food you consume.

Yeast Foam Tablets are also strongly recommended for skin disorders.

Made of selected, whole, dehydrated yeast, these tablets are easy and agreeable to take. They keep and they don't cause gas. Give them freely to children.

Sold at drug stores and made by the makers of the famous baking yeasts, Yeast Foam and Magic Yeast.

Yeast Foam Tablets

A Tonic Food

Send for large FREE SAMPLE

Name

Address

SEP 2-3

Mail coupon to Northwestern Yeast Co.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

BY JOVE!

Continued from Page 17)

"The shipping man? Great Scott! How awful! But he might give me a job, what?"

"Rupert, dare you ask him?"

"I'd dare anything now."

II

IT WAS a raw foggy morning in the country town, and the bus from Parminster, whither the Hon. Rupert Fordingbrace followed Miss Xanthine Waring home, after a decent interval, left—Fordingbrace felt distinctly—a great deal to be desired. It was a stuffy vehicle with an antiquated engine that wasted petrol noisily.

It was the property of the Parminster, Gadfield, Turnhampton and Dunbury Bus Company, with offices in Parminster. Its passengers passed the journey in grumbling at the service. But in the joyous anticipation of seeing Xanthine once more, the passengers' grumbles left Fordingbrace cold. He was to remember them afterwards, and the bus' frantic snortings on the misty road.

Xanthine herself, hatless to the winter fog, in a little coat frock all furry at wrist and waist and ankles, jumped from a gap in the garden fence as he came up the side turning to the house, on foot.

And he took her straight into his big arms. "Bother the daylight!" cried Fordingbrace. "And the folks that see! It's foggy too."

"Including dad?" questioned Xanthine with a laugh. "He's at the window. I I told him."

"And he said, Xanthine? What did he say?"

"He said—well, he asked if I were sure you were Mister Right, and I said yes. And he said ——"

"Well?"

"'Bring him to see me.' He stayed at home today to meet you."

"Then I'll go straight in," said Fordingbrace.

"Do, Rupert. And good luck."

The door opened as he mounted the steps.

"Mr. Fordingbrace?" queried the elderly, square-built, white-whiskered, navy-blue-rigged father of Miss Xanthine.

"Myself. How d'ye do?"

"Come in."

Old Waring, he knew it instinctively, sized him fore and aft as they passed into the dining room. There were two deep leather chairs before a roaring fire. The old man smiled warmly.

"There's tobacco behind you," said he.

It was better than Fordingbrace had hoped. He sat down.

"Well, young sir?" invited Waring as they settled themselves.

"I want," said Fordingbrace, "permission to hope that when I have made a position in the world I may marry your daughter, sir."

"Profession? Business? What do you earn now?"

"I earn, sir, just nothing. I've lived upon an allowance from my people. When recently my father heard that I habitually spent four times the amount he cut supplies. It was on the top of that that I met Xanthine—I mean, Miss Waring. And I felt at once that there must be things a johnny could do; that I could do them, in fact. Work, you know, and all that stuff."

"At what?" queried Waring dryly; not unkindly, but as one who doubts exceedingly.

"Well, I ventured to hope, sir, that you might—I mean you know, Miss Waring is kind enough to say she is fond of me—you might help me to begin."

"How? You couldn't go to sea! In my offices we take boys at sixteen, we break 'em up first, hammer them to pattern, and sometimes manage to make useful men of 'em at twenty-one. You're too old for that."

"I'd begin at the bottom cheerfully, sir."

"Why should you?" asked Waring. "You're not the working type. And somehow I'm not sorry. I'm glad my girl's got taste. You're a good-looking, clean-bred youngster of a good family. You could, I dare say, call at fifty houses in London where they wouldn't have a rough old buffer like me on the mat. Well, that's what I educated my girl for. I've got all the money I need, or Xanthine needs. I like you. You can have this house and two thousand a year, and ——"

"But ——" exclaimed Fordingbrace, sitting up taut.

"But what?"

"I can't. I couldn't look Xanthine in the face. She's wonderful, sir—a prize. But I can't take her like that. I've got to ——"

"Earn her?" suggested Waring.

"You get me most amazingly every time," said Fordingbrace.

"Good," said Waring. "You shall."

The corners of the firm mouth above the neat white close-clipped whiskers went up amusedly.

"What's this prize of mine worth?" he asked.

"Everything in the world."

"Be practical, lad. Is Xanthine worth a thousand pounds to you in cash?"

"Rather. She's worth ten, fifty thousand, if I had it."

"Steady, lad. Let's have a figure. Five thousand? No. Say, two. That'll do. Now, here's the proposition: You've got to make two thousand pounds. How, I don't know. That is your own affair. Go and earn it. And on the day you can come to me and show me a bank balance of that amount I'll give you Xanthine, this house and two thousand a year while you both live."

"Great Scott! You're good, sir. But what bothers me is how."

"You asked for a job. That's the job I've found you. Complete that job and you earn Xanthine. Or mind you, just as you please, you can have her now without any terms whatever if the girl chooses and you see it like that."

"No," cried Fordingbrace firmly, "I'll get that two thousand."

"Good boy," said Waring. "Shake." And his keen old eyes had something in their depths. "To encourage you," he went on smilingly, "I may as well tell you that I am—er—going to get married myself. Does that surprise you? That's why I shan't want the house. The lady is a woman of breeding whom I have wanted to marry all my life. I was engaged to her thirty-five years ago. I was master of a twin-screw steamer of ten thousand tons when I asked her to marry me. Ten days afterwards I hit a Brixham steam trawler in a thick fog in the Channel. I lost my master's ticket, and my chance of marrying this lady. Shipowners—I'm a shipowner myself today—but shipowners in those days were hard masters. We sailed to time. Fair or foul, calm or northeasterly gale, fog, fire or storm—nothing mattered. There had to be no delays, no excuses. I ought to have been going dead slow in that fog. My scheduled time called for twelve knots an hour. I was doing fifteen. The Court of Inquiry took my certificate."

"And then?" asked Fordingbrace interestedly.

"At ten," said Waring quietly, "I was a pit boy in Bolton, and I hated it. I got away to Liverpool, shipped as boy on a tramp cargo boat to San Francisco. Deserted my ship to go oyster pirating, learned to fight and work, and work and fight, to starve and sweat, and use my hands. At thirty I was master mariner. I made one mistake. And they just knocked twenty years' labor from under me, and put me where I started."

"And then, sir? And then?"

"I went to sea again. At forty I got my master's certificate again. At forty-six I sailed my own ship. At fifty-one I had two ships of my own. At fifty-two my three, my four, my fleet. It can be done, boy. I did it."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Hon. Rupert Fordingbrace with a set grin. But he was staring out of the window.

"What ails you?" demanded Waring.

Somehow he sensed the force of his homily lost in the frantic passage of the Parminster, Gadfield, Turnhampton and Dunbury Bus Company's noisy, smelling, antiquated vehicle

"Admiration, sir, chiefly. And a notion. You got your fleet. I'll have mine. I mean to present Parminster, Gadfield, Turnhampton and Dunbury with a decent bus service."

"You'll what?"

"A rival bus service to that red thing there. It's needed."

"You won't," said Waring. "I'm a principal shareholder in the existing service. And it pays hands down."

"I want that two thousand" declared Fordingbrace.

"You'd want capital?"

"The dad would come down for a sensible scheme. He said so."

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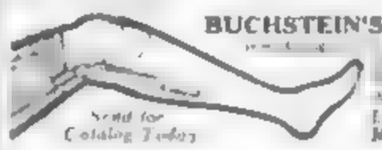

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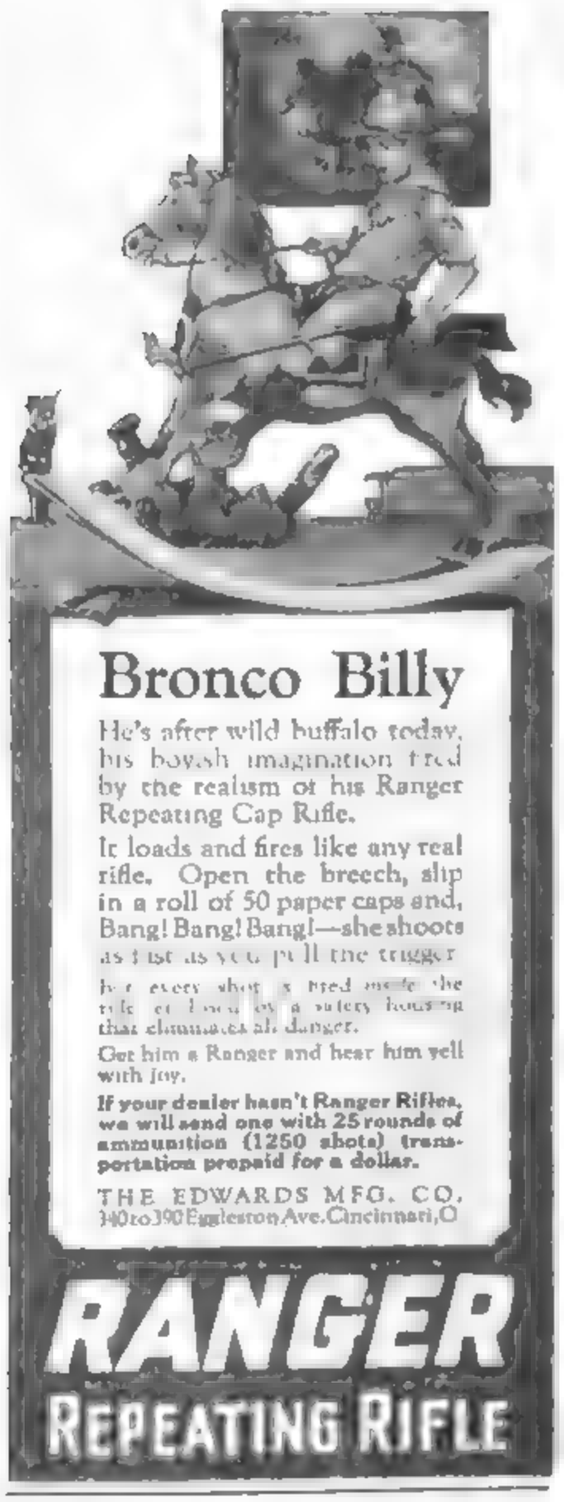

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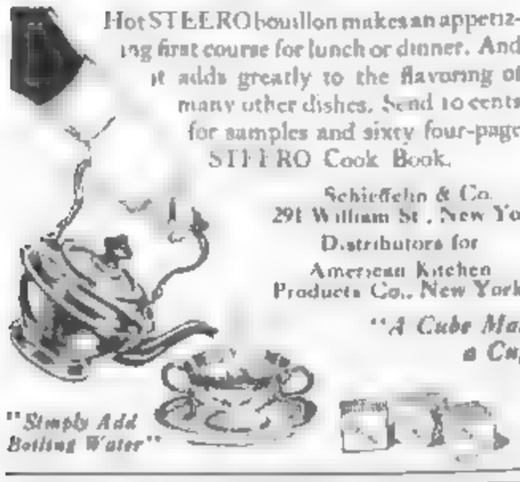

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"The Parminster County Council wouldn't grant your license. They're all shareholders. I'm on the board, too, and I'll fight you."

"Fight away," said Fordingbrace. "Do we part frank enemies?"

"Such good friends," corrected Waring, "that you may have ten minutes to talk to Xanthine before you go."

"Mr. Waring," exclaimed Rupert gratefully, "what made you such a sportsman?"

"Life!" Waring told him with a grin. "And the love of it."

II

"IF THERE ever was a norse," the cab driver was explaining to Rupert Fordingbrace, "a norse, mind you, as ate and ate and ate and didn't look it: and a keb as fell to pieces more reg'lar than this 'ere, they must be two bloomin' marvels."

"It is a hard trade," agreed Fordingbrace. "Why don't you retire?"

"'Ere, gov'nor. Oo's leg are ye pullin'? Re-tire? Re-tire! On what?"

"Pooh!" said Fordingbrace. "That horse and cab aren't worth much."

"Ho, they ain't, ain't they? Like to see you buy 'em or anything like 'em."

"Should be sorry to," said Fordingbrace. "They're not worth fifty pounds."

"Not worth fifty pounds! The 'orse and cab! 'Ere. 'Oo'd gimme fifty quid for em?"

"I would," said Fordingbrace.

The cabman blew out his weather-beaten cheeks.

"When?" he gasped at last.

"Now," said Fordingbrace, rustling in a pocketbook.

"It's a dream," raved the cabman; "a nappy dream!"

"Can I drive the cab away?" asked Fordingbrace.

"Oh, no! Of course not! Fifty quid! 'Ere, gimme me money."

Fordingbrace climbed to the box.

"I collect cabs," said he mysteriously. "And this one is a curiosity. Have you a friend who would sell me another?" And he cracked his newly purchased whip above the poor old screw that took him to the livery stable.

"Fellers," declared Jem Horrocks, the driver, entering the cabman's shelter, "there's a mad bloke about who's given me fifty quid for my 'orse and cab. And he wants some more 'orses and cabs at the same figger."

"No," asserted a many-overcoated cabman. "Those things don't 'appen. It ain't true."

"Where is 'e?" asked a blue-jowled ex-pugilist. "If I could get fifty quid for my 'orse ——"

Outside the Bull Inn, where the Hon. Rupert Fordingbrace had taken up his quarters in Parminster, there drove that afternoon three, then four, then a dozen, and finally a line of hackney cabs. Standing in the porch, his generally well-brushed black hair tossed untidily in a cold east wind, the Hon. Rupert Fordingbrace interviewed one driver after another. A small crowd halted, watched, guffawed. But Fordingbrace grinned cheerfully and did business. He neither argued nor haggled. New cab, old cab, horse young, horse old, horse fit, horse crabbed—he had one price—fifty pounds. The last cabman, hardly believing his ears, and crinkling his notes in a vain effort to convince himself that he was awake, pocketed fifty pounds for the sorriest cab and the oldest screw that ever touted for hire in Parminster.

And at six o'clock of a winter's evening Rupert Fordingbrace owned every cab in the borough of Parminster and district, and became the talk of the town. Then he went by invitation to dinner with Xanthine Waring and her father.

"Old tin of fruit," Rupert said ecstatically to Xanthine, "we've got 'em."

"Rupert! How? Tell me!"

"Dear old bunch of sweetmeats, listen."

And when he had whispered earnestly for two minutes Xanthine Waring let her pretty red lips show two ivory rows of tiny teeth in a laugh that really must make you feel years younger even to listen to in print.

"You've been buying cabs," remarked Xanthine's father at dessert. "Every cab you could get."

"All of them," corrected Fordingbrace.

"For firewood, eh?" chuckled Waring.

"No. You'll see them out again presently, I think."

"Transformed into motor busses, perhaps?" asked Waring.

"This is excellent port, sir," parried Fordingbrace.

IV

NOW there never was a time in the history of Parminster when cabmen were so happy, cabmen's wives so contented, cabmen's children better clothed, grocers and butchers and landlords that dealt with cabmen better pleased than that week. Nor was there ever greater dissatisfaction among the long-suffering townsfolk of Parminster, than when, arriving by the London trains from shopping in town, or business in the city, they found that not one single solitary cab was plying for hire.

At Steamer Lodge, four miles out, Miss Xanthine Waring was chuckling at the rain; and in the narrow old streets of Parminster the Hon. Rupert Fordingbrace chuckled even more gleefully as, wife on arm, children gorged with sweetmeats, he crossed cabman after cabman disbursing gayly the astonishing windfall that seemed so good in the spending.

And so for five days.

But at 8:30 on the sixth morning a many overcoated gentleman with mottled cheekbones and an out-of-door complexion commenced to hang about a little ruefully around the door of the Bull Inn.

"What d'ye want?" asked an indignant boots. "What yer hangin' about for?"

"What's he done with my cab?"

"Who? What cab?"

"The Fordingbrace feller. What's he done with my cab?"

"You ain't got no cab. He bought it."

Mottled-Face took several stumpy turns on the pavement. A fine misty sleet was slithering down coldly. Real cabman's weather.

"Where is he?" asked Mottled-Face at last desperately.

"Warmin' 'isself before a nice fire in the smoke room," said boots. "You go 'ome."

"'Ere," said Mottled-Face. "We was pals once, Joe. Couldn't I see him?"

"Hi shall inquire," said boots.

"There is," he reported to Fordingbrace in the smoke room, "a low cabman feller as wants to see you, sir."

"So soon?" said Fordingbrace, half aloud. "Would the management mind if ——"

"Not er tall, sir," assured the smiling boots. "Bill," he called from the hall, "wipe your feet and come in."

"Well?" asked Fordingbrace of Mottled-Face.

"Well?" said the cabman. "Well, sir, it's like this: You bought my cab. But you ain't using it. Now, sir, there ain't no cabs on the rank. You've got 'em all. Now, sir, if I had my cab back I could do

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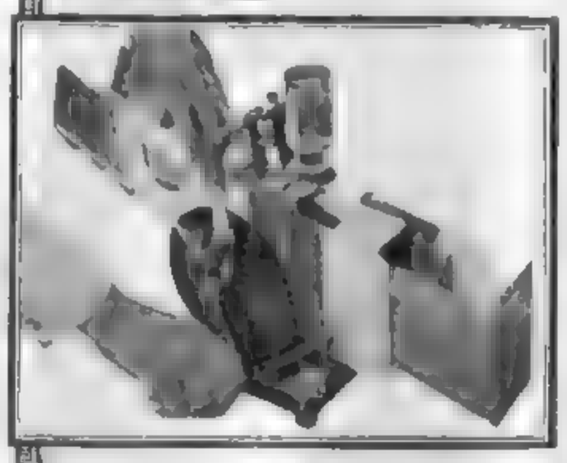

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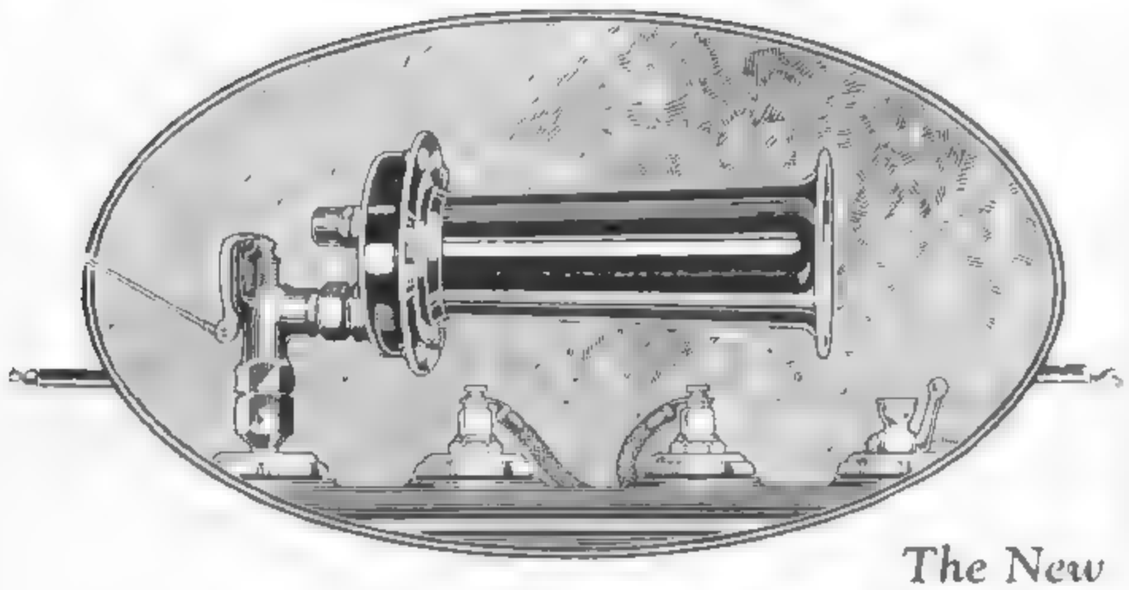

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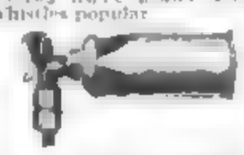

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myself a good turn—with this weather and all."

"Why, if you want it back," said Fordingbrace. "I did want to keep it. It was a nice cab. You can have it for what I gave you. Fifty pounds."

"Berlimey," stammered Mottled-Face, "I ain't got it."

"But," queried Fordingbrace, "you can hardly expect me to

"Couldn't I use it, sir? It ain't doing nothing. I'd pay hire for it. So much a day."

"How much?" asked Fordingbrace quickly.

"Well, gov'nor, say five bob."

"Say ten, and I feed the horse."

"It's hard," whined Mottled Face

"You want it. I don't."

"I'll take it."

"Good. But there is one thing I should tell you, cabby. Your name is" he consulted a notebook "Jones; William Jones. Well, your cab had a brass number plate on it, Number 47. You know what that was for?"

"So that I could ply for hire in the railway station. You can't go in without. It's a by-law."

"Well, you'll find that I've taken off that number plate. I like the look of these old brass plates, what? So you can't go into the station any more. Anywhere else, ten bob a day. Is it a go?"

"But why can't I 'ave my number plate?"

"You sold your cab as it stood, Mr. Jones. I bought it. If I am good enough to hire your own cab to you, you can't grumble."

"You won't tell the other chaps, sir?"

"On the contrary, Mr. Jones, any man who sold me a cab is welcome to do business on the same terms as yourself. You may as well tell them so."

"And no cabs in the station?"

"Not one."

"What's the game?" asked Jones too rudely.

"Mr. Jones," warned Fordingbrace, "I should hate to throw you through that window."

"You couldn't."

"Look again," said Fordingbrace

And the result of Cabman Jones' inspection led him to collect his cab without further argument and, minus number plate, but with a horse so sleek and well fed that he hardly recognized it, he was at first jeered at, then hooted, finally questioned, and lastly left watching cab after cab appear anew upon Parminster's streets.

"But 'e can't stop us going into the station if we likes," remarked the ex-pugilist.

"Of course not," agreed several others.

But they were to find that Policeman X93, who stood outside Parminster Station yard on railway duty, was not only a stickler for the law but that he had the keenest possible eye for missing number plates. Not one cab went into the station. Or would go, either, said Policeman X93. And the reason may have been not unconnected with the warm pressure of a twenty-pound note presented that morning by the Hon. Rupert Fordingbrace, and now nestling in his top left-hand tunic pocket. Duty was duty, asserted Policeman X93. And it was.

Now it is one thing to be a member of a town council like that of Parminster when affairs run in ordered sequence. It is quite another thing to occupy that position when the whole town is in uproar.

No cabs for five days, in winter. And after that no cabs in the station. One had to walk a hundred and fifty yards in a sleety drizzle, because of a stupid by-law. What if a young Londoner had bought up all the number plates for station cabs? What good were they to him? Why didn't the council buy them back? Issue fresh ones? Do something?

"But we can't," argued the mayor in the council chamber.

"There are thirty-four number plates only," he continued. "Each of them was bought and paid for by a cab driver. They are his license to ply for hire in the station. They are a monopoly with the guaranty of the council behind them."

"Cancel them," urged a councilor.

"We can't. And we can't issue more. There's a by-law about it."

"There is," corroborated the town clerk. "We looked it up."

"But," insisted the irate councilor, "we can't remain the butt and the laughing-stock of the town like this. Why, there'll be Christmas coming, the Member for Parliament will be down, people coming home for the holidays."

"Why, then suggest something, Mr. Perkins," urged the mayor.

"I'd I'd "

"What?" they asked him.

"Send for this fellow Fordingbrace. He doesn't want those number plates He wants something from us. What is it?"

From his cushioned seat near the head of the table John Wilberforce Waring laughed grimly. "Now you're talking, Mr. Perkins," he said. "This Mr. Fordingbrace does want something. He applied for what he wanted and we refused. This is his reply."

"You mean permission to run a rival bus service side by side with the Parminster, Gadfield, Turnhampton and Dunbury Company. But it's preposterous."

"He doesn't seem to think so. He says that modern vehicles, better service, cheaper fares and up-to-date organization would pay handsomely. And I think he's right."

"But," argued Councilor Perkins, "the existing company, of which I am a shareholder "

"And I," said Waring.

"Me too," said another councilor.

"And I," said the mayor. "I wonder if "

v

"WHAT beats me, Rupert," chuckled old Waring as, three months later, Fordingbrace sat facing him in the dining room at Steamer Lodge with, at that young man's feet, a dainty little person answering to the name of Xanthine, toasting tiny pink-slippered feet at a red fire "what beats me," Waring repeated, "is how you got the idea. I was talking ships, you remember, when suddenly ——"

"You said 'fleet,' sir. And to a town dweller like me, that means a fleet of what? Of motor busses, of course. Then you talked of fifteen knots an hour in a fog. And I remembered the bus I came in. Then the thing went by, the very old bus itself. They were awful, you know. And I made up my mind — "

"But the number plates?"

"I nosed about for that, sir. I had to force somebody's hands."

"You have an excellent nose, my boy. So that you think in twelve months you'll have your two thousand out of the new company?"

"There's my salary. I stipulated, you know, for a managing directorship, and my qualifying shares in the company."

The old man eyed him wistfully.

"Rupert," said he, "you've won. Will you do me a favor? You needn't wait twelve months. Xanthine knows all about it. If you like to take over this house, you see, that leaves me free to —— You know, it's an old man's love story. I want to get married, and life's short."

"You said two thousand first, sir. I'll stick to that."

"You see, the lady is in the drawing-room, hoping you'll see our point," suggested Waring.

"Rupert," came Xanthine's voice, "she's such a dear old lady."

"After all," mused Rupert, "I've proved my point. I'm not just a slacker. And if Xanthine wishes it, and you wish it, sir "

But Waring was stumping doorwards as stiffly and proudly as ever he walked a deck. And they let him go.

And if the younger couple in the dining room could sit in happiness with their life before them, they were not so quietly contented as were the owners of two snowy heads that smiled over tender memories in the drawing-room across the hall.

"And I'll clear off those cabmen's installments of repurchase on the day we're married, Mary," said Waring to the dearest old lady in all the world.

"That's a good thoughtful John," said Mary. "As you were always. If we were only younger, John!"

"Mary," he told her, "had life been easier to both of us we might not be so happy in our autumn."

A crackling ember fell in the grate. Outside the house an omnibus, one of Rupert Fordingbrace's new and efficient service, went swiftly by.

"Pooh," said Mary. "One is as old as one feels."

"What would young Rupert say to that, Mary?"

"Oh! 'By Jove!' probably," smiled Mary.

"Same thing," said Waring.

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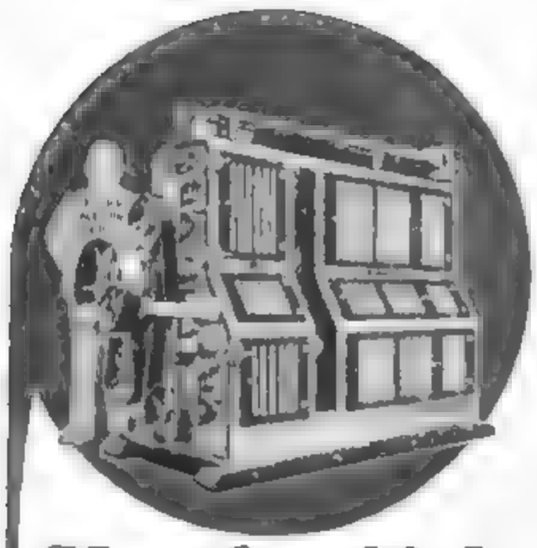

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THE HEART OF WILLIEBOY

(Continued from Page 15)

Well, all this stuff I spill about the chief's liking for loose heads don't faze none of them dames around the club none. A flock of them is waiting for him when he gets off the course and crowd around Willieboy as if he was one of them shrieks of the desert instead of a ordinary coconut cracker. Even that reverse-English flapper with the quarantine mop is there, the one I tried to scare off, and she looks at the chief like she was saying she'd love to have her head in his collection. I can't make these frails, or any of them for that matter. Tell them that a guy's no good and they'll jump outta the choir to get to him. I guess this bozo Bluebird got his other wifes by telling 'em on the quiet what he done to the first one.

In the afternoon Hargis and Willieboy plays bridge with the old Jane I'm telling you about—her name was Miss Slocum and she gets more dollars than they is ball weasels in Texas—and another skirt. I look on for a few minutes and nearly bust at the line of gab that shoots across the table.

"Oh, you naughty boy!" says this Slocum hen to the chief. "You didn't lead back my diamond. I ought to punish you by not giving you no candy, but you look so sorry ——"

Sorry! He looks like he'd like to bite her ears off. Anyway, she passes him a box of chocolates. He just lifts it up on edge and lets the whole pound dribble down his throat. Hargis takes away the empty just in time. He'd have stowed that away too.

The next day the qualifying rounds begin, and Willieboy is matched to play with a guy named Gates, who's not doped as being such a much. Hargis is got a game of his own, so me and Hammersley go around with the chief to see that he don't pull no rough stuff or maybe brain Gates with a driver. It's a soft spot for the chief. He gets around in an eighty, which Jem figures is enough to get him in the running. Hargis himself qualifies with a seventy-five.

"Say, listen!" I says to him that night. "Ain't your honor satisfied now? You beat him today."

"Not in match play," he comes back; "and besides he ain't used to the course yet."

"Well," I says, "I wish you'd get it over with. I'm getting kinda nervous about having Willieboy around. They ain't no telling what this cuckoo is likely to do most any time. I'm afraid he's gonna up and bust one of these gals around here in the jaw; they is bothering him so much."

"It'll be all over in a few days now," says Jem, "and we'll put him on the yacht and send him home."

Willieboy keeps in the running all right. He don't play so good like he did down in Tuara, but he's good enough for this gang of club-swingers around here. When he ain't playing golf the cuckoo's at the bridge table, and Hammersley tells me he's getting to be a bearcat at the game.

Finally they is only four birds left in the tournament—Hargis, the chief and two other lads. Hargis is to play a guy named Swift and Willieboy is slated to take a fall outta Folsom, the gent that was the champion the year before. I'd seen this lad play, and he's got it over the chief like a tent. The best our horse has done in the proceedings so far is a 78, and Folsom has been making a monkey outta Old Man Bogy the whole week. He ain't done nothing worse than a 72.

When they starts off the next morning they is a world-series gang on the grounds. The papers has been full of King Wullamboo and the story of the doings at Tuara has been printed all over the country. They must have been a coupla thousand in the crowd that followed us around. I'm picked to look after the chief, while Hammersley is on the job for Jem.

Just like I expected, Folsom makes a sucker outta Willieboy and has the cuckoo five down when the morning round ends. The chief slices 'em all around the lot and putts like a guy with neuritis in one arm and a broken wrist in the other. The score is 78 to 73, Folsom taking it kinda easy most of the way. Hargis wins his match in a walk-away.

Jem takes the news of Willieboy's defeat hard, he kinda figuring that he and the chief would play for the championship and maybe get his honor back.

"Maybe he'll come strong in the afternoon," says Hammersley.

"Not a chance," says I. "The lad ain't used to playing with clothes on and they cramp his style. Send that baby out there in the almost altogether and I'll bet everything you got that he'll clean up."

"Out of the question," says Hammersley.

"Not to be thought of," says Hargis.

"Shoot yourself!" says I. "I ain't got no honor that's been lost in the shuffle."

Well, the afternoon match starts and Willieboy ain't no better than he was in the morning. He loses the first hole on a rotten putt that a three-year-old kid coulda made with a broomstick without looking. That puts him six behind the champ. He gets a coupla lucky breaks on the next three holes and the score don't get no worse. By this time Folsom's beginning to smile sarcastic at Willieboy and the crowd starts to slip the chief the razberry. That gets my goat, and when my baby slices the next drive into the rough stuff I get hot. I takes the chief off in a corner and whispers to him and he nods yes.

"Sure!" I says.

"Sure!" he comes back.

"Then let's go!" I yells.

Willieboy don't need no more instructions. He throws his coat on the ground and kicks his slippers off. The crowd looks on quiet, and Folsom's mouth hangs open; but they ain't seen nothing yet. Off comes the chief's shirt. Some of the women in the crowd let loose a yell and starts to beat it. But we go right ahead. In a minute Willieboy ain't got nothing on but his pants.

"What's this?" busts out Folsom.

"This's the way the chief plays best," I comes back. "You're used to clothes and this bird ain't. You want to give him a square break, don't you?"

"Yes," says the champ; "but he can't ——"

"Why can't he?" I butts in. "They ain't nothing in the rules that says a guy's got to dress so and so, is they?"

"Maybe not," says Folsom; "but ——"

"They ain't no buts about it!" I yells. "You either play or forfeit the game to the chief. He's got more clothes on than a guy in a running race, ain't he? He's got more than a prize fighter, ain't he? Are you afraid?"

"Look!" yells Folsom, pointing.

I looks. The chief has shed his pants and is standing around in his breechclout, which is a thick bunch of rags about two feet across. Some of the Janes beats it, but the rest of the crowd sticks and is with us.

"Go on and play!" they yells. "Give him a chance!"

"Shoot or forfeit!" I says.

"All right," comes back Folsom. "You can't bluff me."

We resumes the game. The chief goes into the rough with his mashie and wallops the ball on the green without no trouble at all. Folsom is nervous or something, because it takes him three to get the same place. Willieboy sinks a thirty-foot putt for a three, while the other bozo just skins through on a five. That only leaves us five in the red, but I ain't scared. Without no clothes I figures it's a cinch. Any guy that could make a 74 over that bunch of rocks and tree stumps that we had down in Tuara ought to get over this billiard table in hardly nothing at all.

The next three holes is tied. Folsom's got his grip back by now and does some of the prettiest shooting I see in a long time, but he ain't got nothing on Willieboy. Twelve is bogy for the three holes and they both does it in ten.

After that they ain't nothing to it at all. At the fifteenth hole they is all even. The sixteenth is a short baby of about two hundred and fifty yards. The chief overdrives and has to take a three. Folsom cleans up with two shots. We is now one in the hole, but I ain't worried. On the seventeenth Willieboy goes out in a three, which is two under bogy and two less than Folsom needs.

All even at the eighteenth. Willieboy takes a mean swing and tops the pill and I let loose a groan. It looks like curtains, especially after Folsom drives one onto the green. The chief is two hundred yards away. He grabs a mid-iron and hardly without looking swipes at the ball. I glue my eye to it and then gives a yell. Flop!

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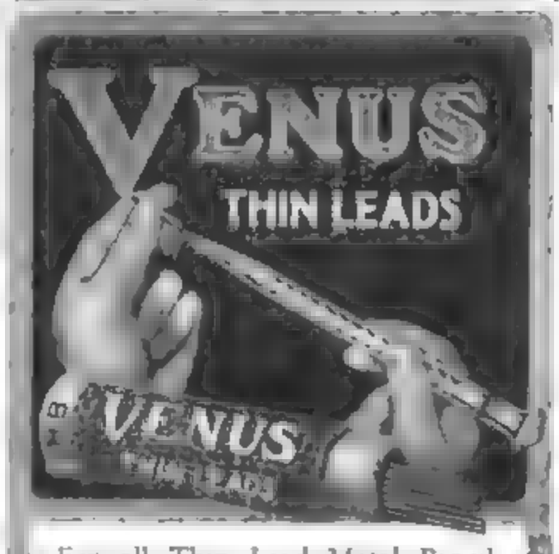

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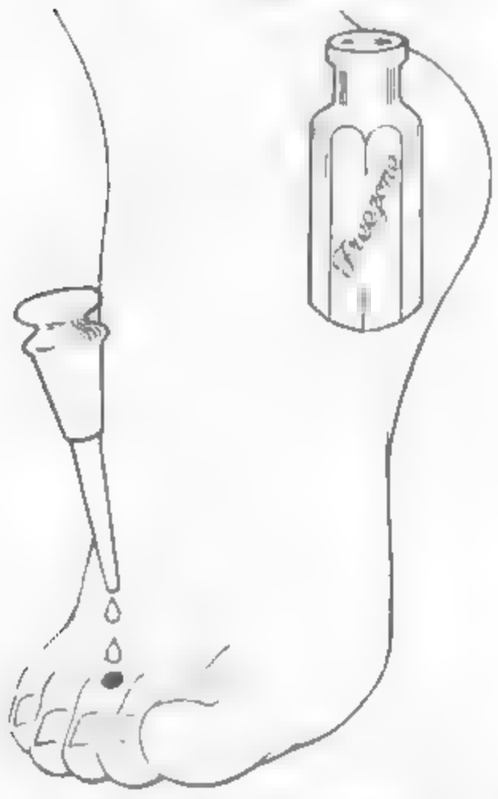

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Out in two! You shoulda heard that mob! Folsom is so excited he makes a rotten putt and the works is over.

"Good work, chief!" says I, patting him on the back.

"Where pants?" he asks. "Golf can play without, bridge no can."

IV

THEY wasn't nothing talked about around the club that night but the wonderful game put up by Willieboy on the afternoon round, him making the course in sixty-nine after a rotten start. Hargis, however, ain't got over the shock yet of that bozo doing his act in a G string.

"You might as well get used to it," says I. "The chief's gonna do the same thing tomorrow when he plays you."

"What will they say at home?" sighs Hammersley.

"What will they say down in Tuara," I comes back, "when they gets the news that you handicapped this baby with a straitjacket? Suppose you was playing golf with an Eskimo and he made you wrap yourself up in a walrus skin; what would you say, huh?"

"But, my dear boy," butts in the bright lad that owns the yacht, "Eskimos don't play golf."

"Higgins is right," says Hargis. "It wouldn't be fair to handicap his majesty with clothing. His style calls for freedom."

"Yes," says I, "and for raw fish," and I points to Willieboy, who's wandering around near the bowl. I make a run for him and get there just in time to grab his fingers and lead him away.

This boy Folsom that we trimmed is a tough loser and makes a howl to the contest committee.

They spend a coupla hours looking through the rules, but don't see nothing about what kinda necktie a cuckoo's got to wear for a golf row.

"But what about customs?" argues the champ.

"What's customs got to do with this?" I barks. "This lad represents the Tuara Country Club, and if they'd seen him today after he shed his knickers and the rest they'd a barred him off the course for being overdressed."

The debate finally finishes up with a decision that Willieboy can play in anything he wants; but they is a notice issued saying that the women should keep away from the links, which, of course, is a invitation for them to come early and get in the rush.

After a while I miss Willieboy, but I finally finds him out on the porch with Miss Slocum. The old Jane is giggling and fussing around him and the chief's got the kinda grin on him that he has when he's getting ready to nail a new head over his door. Pretty soon a bunch of flappers come out to drag him into a bridge fight and I grab the chance to put this Slocum baby next to herself.

"It ain't none of my business," I says; "but I wouldn't get so thick with Willieboy. What do you know about him?"

"I think he's wonderful," she coos back. "So simple and so kingly."

"He's simple like a snake," I comes back; "and as for being kingly, he ain't got nearly so much power as the assistant precinct committeeman of the third ward of a town that ain't got but two wards. This Tuara that he's the boss of is a pebble out in the ocean with nothing on it but some goats and a coupla hundred natives that ain't half as respectable as the goats."

The old hen just looks at me frosty.

"You can do what you want," I says; "but I'm just tipping you to watch out. The chief ain't civilized and you better not be anywheres alone with him. He's just as like to crown you as not."

"Crown me?" she asks. "You mean make me queen?"

Outside of being silly, this old Jane must be cuckoo.

"No," I says; "bean you. Knock you on the head with a putter. Down in Tuara that's the way a guy grabs off his wifes—busts them over the dome with a club and drags 'em home."

Miss Slocum just sniffs and walks away, and I take my troubles to Hargis.

"Listen, Jem!" says I. "They is a old hen around here that ain't in her right senses and is getting thick as the devil with Willieboy, and I don't like it. You never can tell what that bloke will do."

"I've noticed her," says Hargis; "and she is just one of those empty-headed females that is man-crazy. I heard his majesty inviting her to visit Tuara and she said she would."

"The hell!" says I.

"After the match tomorrow," says Jem, "we'll take a automobile ride and before he knows it he'll be on the yacht and on his way home. I'm getting a bit nervous about his majesty myself, especially with these balmy women about."

"Not to mention the goldfish," I adds.

"There won't be any further trouble with them," says Hargis.

"Did you hide the bowl out?"

"No," grins Jem; "but the fish is all gone."

We get through the night with no more troubles, and in the morning Hargis and the chief start out on the championship match. Willieboy is wearing clothes at the start, but after he loses the first hole he sheds the whole layout. Then he begins getting good. At the end of the first nine he's one up on Jem and the course record has been shot to pieces. They is enough birdies and eagles pulled to stock up a zoo.

Willieboy behaves himself pretty good, except on the eighth hole, when a caddy gets in the way of one of his shots and is knocked clean off his feet. The chief walks over, and me not liking the look in his eyes hot-foots right after him. It was mighty lucky too. He's just about to wipe the boy over the head with his iron when I grab his arm.

"Cut it out!" I hisses. "Where do you think you are?"

"Him stop fine shot," says he, calm. "Why no kill? Plenty boy. No?"

"It ain't good form," I tells him. "Over in this country you're penalized a stroke for every caddie you kill on purpose."

"So!" says Willieboy with a expression like he was thinking that was a terrible punishment just for bumping off one kid.

Well, the game goes on with another caddie. They is playing even all the time, and when they finishes the eighteen holes they is square, both of 'em having cracked out a 68, which is three better than par and one better than the course record.

"Maybe," says I to Hargis on the way to the golf club, "you'll lose your honor altogether. This bozo is playing a bang-up game."

"I may lose the match," comes back Jem, "but my honor has been indicated."

"You haven't finished the game yet," says I, meaning nothing in particular, but I musta had a hunch.

V

AFTER lunch I says to Willieboy, "Gonna win this afternoon?"

"Me no play," comes back the chief.

"What's that?" I asks.

"Me no play," he repeats.

"What are you talking about?" I says. "You got to go thirty-six holes in these champ matches."

"Me know. Me no play."

"Are you sick?" I asks.

"No," says he. "Me want play bridge."

I argues with the bird, abuses him and does everything but bust him one in the jaw, but they ain't nothing doing. He feels like playing bridge and they ain't nothing gonna stop him. I calls over Hargis and Hammersley, but they don't have no more luck than me. We does find out, though, that Miss Slocum is responsible. She's kinda sore at me and Jem for trying to crab her act; and wanting to show us what a drag she's got with Willieboy, talks him into quitting the golf row for bridge. Can you beat them women?

We try everything with the chief, but it ain't any use. Finally I sinks my pride and tries to get the old hen to call off the game, but she just gives me the ice-house look. She won't even talk to me, and she walks away before Jem and Hammersley have a chance to threaten her with the British fleet.

Well, they ain't nothing to do but call the last half of the match off until the next morning, when Willieboy says he will play. We slips the gallery the info that the chief has had a fainting spell and that the works is off for that day.

I'm so disgusted with the whole layout that I suggest to Hargis that we grab off Willieboy and take him to the yacht, but they ain't nothing stirring. That damn honor of his is still hitting on all six and he's gonna stick around until next Christmas if necessary to pull it outta the fire.

I breeze out for a walk, and when I comes back Willieboy and Miss Slocum and Hammersley and another skirt is playing bridge. Hargis is sitting off to a side, so I joins him.

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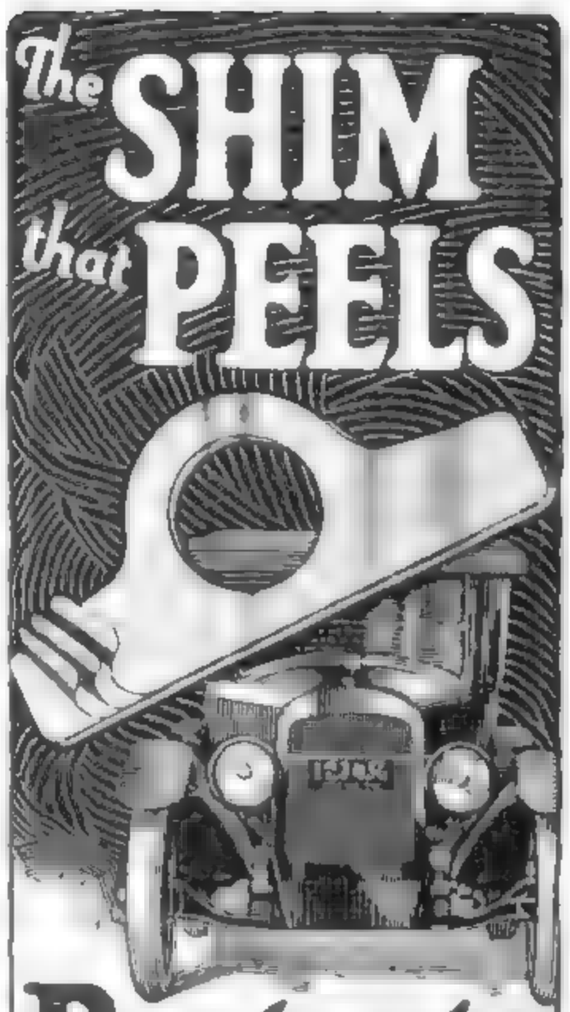

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"You'd think them cuckoos was playing for a million fish," says I, "to see how serious they take it."

"Not exactly fish," comes back Jem; "but the fish bowl. They've got that up for a prize and the chief is crazy to win it."

"I guess," says I, "he wants to use it for a ice box to grab a cold snack outta when his wifes is late at the Dorcas Society."

"I shouldn't be surprised," opines Jem.

Hargis is altogether too witty for me, so I drifts over to the bridge table. Miss Slocum's Willieboy's partner and I stands behind her, hoping that I will give her bad luck. It's the exciting part of the game, the last rubber, and they is all about even. The guy that wins this mess grabs off the fish bowl. The other babies get the bid for three spades, and from what I can see of Miss Slocum's cards she and the chief ain't got a Chinaman's chance of stopping 'em.

But Willieboy's hand ain't so bad and he grabs off a coupla tricks quick. His peroxide pal's got four little spades, and by the time the other guys has used up all their trumps in ruffing and suchlike Miss Slocum's still got one. I walks over and takes a look at the chief's mitt. He's got a heart in his hand, and three diamonds, all of which is good. His partner's got three clubs, which ain't no good, besides the trump.

Willieboy leads his heart. It's the only one left and is as good as wheat in the bin. The other bozos, being outta trumps, is hog-tied helpless. Miss Slocum hesitates around and then the flathead slaps her trump on it. You should 'a' seen the mean glare that pops into the chief's eyes! He holds himself in, but when that Lizzie comes back with a club hell busts loose. I see the chief get to his feet and reach under his coat. Just as I jumps around the table to get to him he pulls out a knife that looks like it's a foot long. He must 'a' carried it in one of his pants legs. A regular carver, it was. With a yell he reaches out and grabs the gal by her yellow mop. Everybody's knocked too silly to make a move. He swings the sticker in the air, when I hits his arm and knocks it up. I'm in time to save the Jane's head, but not her hair. Practically all of it's in Willieboy's hand. He gets ready for another swing.

"Jem!" I shouts. "Hammersley! Grab him! Grab him!"

I see Hargis make a dive towards his feet and the next thing I knows the chief flops on the floor.

"Get the machine!" I yells to Hammersley.

"Outside!" says he.

Willieboy's been knocked silly by the fall he took. The three of us grabs him and hustles him out to the car. Jem jumps to the wheel and me and Hammersley hold the chief down in back. Boy, I'll bet we made them thirty miles to Frisco in less than thirty minutes, and they was less than thirty words said on the whole drive. Willieboy struggles for a while and moans something about his fish bowl, but me and Hammersley ain't no weak sisters and he ain't got no chance to bust away.

We gets to the dock where the yacht is hitched, yells for a gangplank, drags the chief up on the deck and slaps him in one of the cabins, which we locks. Then we hunts up the captain.

"When can you sail?" asks Hargis.

"In an hour, if necessary," says the skipper.

"It's a good deal more than necessary," comes back Jem. "His majesty is in that cabin. Take him straight to Tuara and dump him off. Don't let him get away."

"Aren't you coming along?" the captain asks Hammersley.

"No!" shouts this baby. "I seen enough of Tuara."

"You and me both," says I.

Jem don't say nothing. He looks kinda sad.

"How about your honor?" I can't help asking.

"Even the demands of honor," says Hargis dignified, "have their limitations."

"Well," I grins, "the Slocum baby oughta be satisfied, anyways."

"How so?" asks Hammersley.

"She can brag," says I, "about being the only frail in the world that ever got her hair bobbed by a king."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Table of Contents

February 3, 1923

Cover Design by Norman Rockwell

SHORT STORIES — PAGE

Possessions—*Earl Derr Biggers* . . . 8
The Heart of Willieboy—*Sam Hellman* . . . 14
The Girl Who Would be Queen—*Teresa Hyde Phillips* . . . 16
By Jove!—*J. C. Howard* . . . 17
The Pooch—*John Nelson James* . . . 18

ARTICLES

The Sunny Side of a Small Town—*Corinne Lowe* . . . 6
Retrogressives and Others . . . 10
Europe's Larger Food Needs—*Alonzo Englebert Taylor* . . . 11
The Magnetic West: Sungates—*Joseph Hergesheimer* . . . 20
In the Trail of an Election . . . 23
The Pole Creek People—*E. W. Howe* . . . 32

SERIALS

Leave it to Psmith (In eight parts)—*P. G. Wodehouse* . . . 3
Adventuring (Second part)—*Tristram Tupper* . . . 12
The Silent Partner (Third part)—*Maximilian Foster* . . . 26

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials . . . 22
Short Turns and Encores . . . 24
Sense and Nonsense . . . 85

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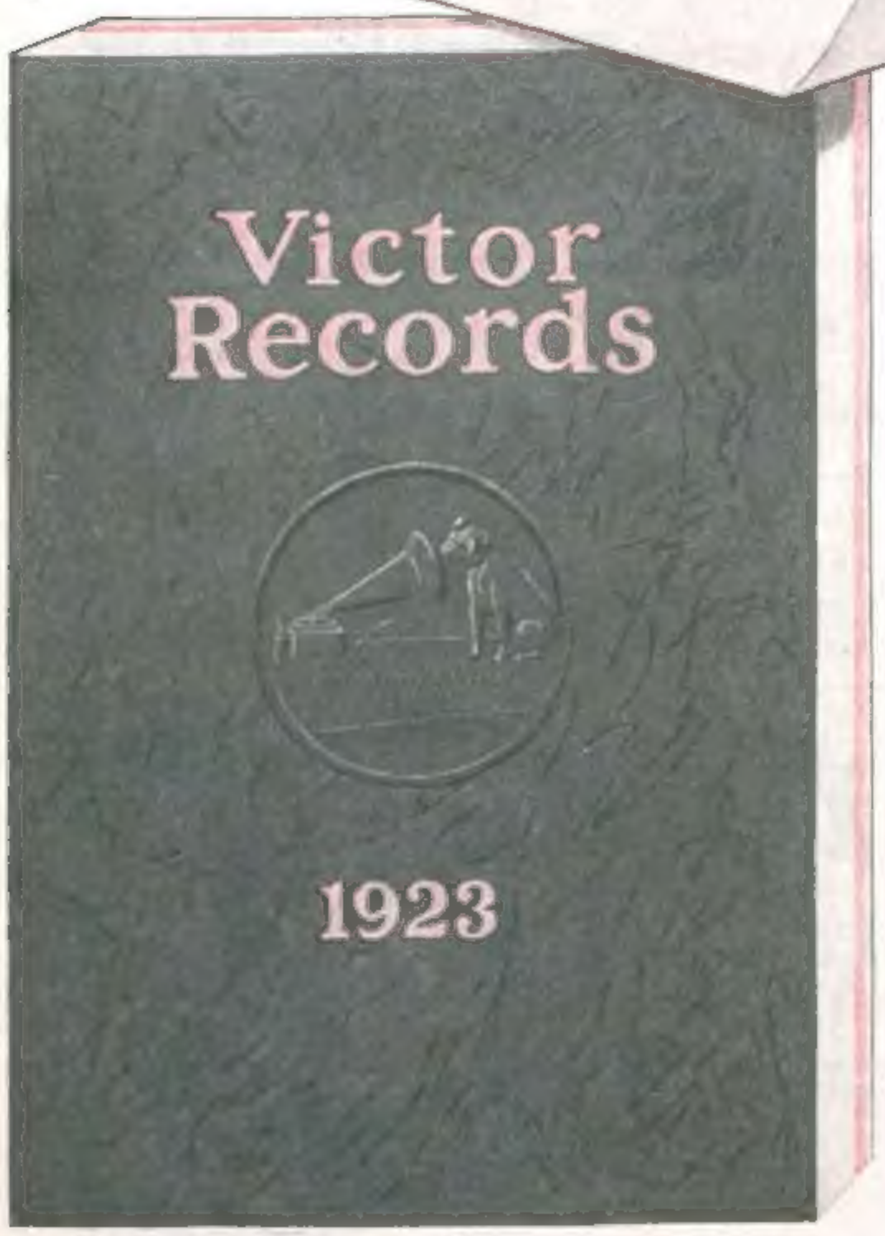

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